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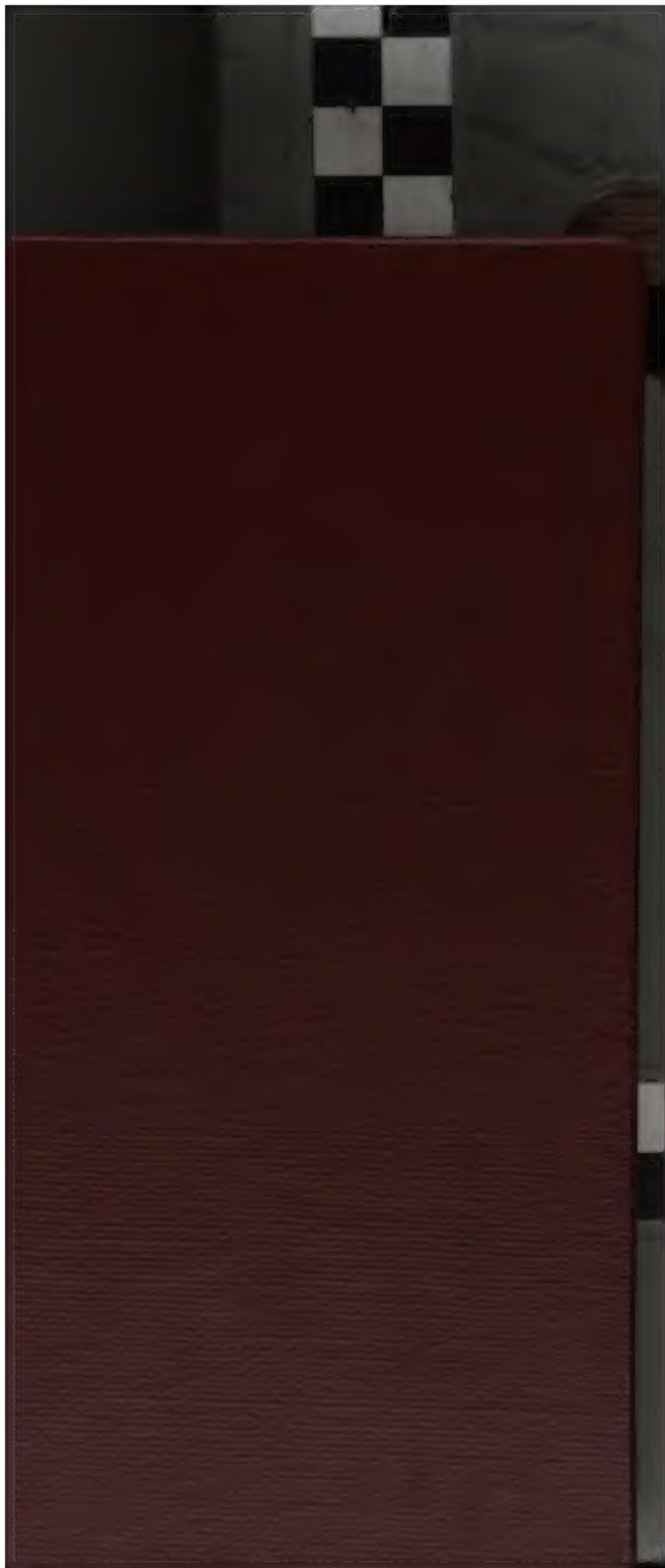
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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

THE ILIAD, OF HOMER

WITH A VERSE TRANSLATION.

BY

^{William Charles}
W. C. GREEN, M.A. (1832-1914)

**RECTOR OF HEPWORTH, SUFFOLK; LATE FELLOW OF KING'S
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND ASSISTANT MASTER IN
RUGBY SCHOOL.**

VOL. I.

BOOKS I-XII.

**London:
LONGMANS AND CO.**

1884

25-2



ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Θ.

Θεῶν ἄγορή, Τρώων κράτος.

Ἦώς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν,
Ζεὺς δὲ θεῶν ἄγορῇν ποιήσατο τερπικέραυνος.
ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμπιοιο.
αὐτὸς δὲ σφ' ἄγέρει, θεοὶ δ' ὑπὸ πάντες ἄκουον·
"κέκλυτέ μεν, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θείαιαι, 5
ὄφρ' εἴπω τὰ με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
μήτε τις οὖν θήλεια θεὸς τό γε μήτε τις ἄρσιν
πειράτω διακέρσαι ἑμὸν ἔπος, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες
αἰνεῖτ', ὄφρα τάχιστα τελευτήσω τάδε ἔργα.
ὅν δ' ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλοντα νοήσω 10
ἔλθόντ' ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἄρηγέμεν ἢ Δαναοῖσιν,
πληγῆς οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐλεύσεται Οὐλυμπόνδε,
ἢ μιν ἐλὼν ῥίψω ἐς Τάρταρον ἡρόεντα,
τῆλε μάλ', ἦχι βάθιστον ὑπὸ χθονὸς ἔστι βέρεθρον,
ἐνθα σιδήρειαί τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκεος οὐδός, 15
τόσσον ἐνερθ' Ἴδμεν ὅσον οὐρανὸς ἔστ' ἀπὸ γαίης·
γνώσεται ἔπειθ' ὅσον εἰμὶ θεῶν κάρτιστος ἀπάντων.
εἰ δ' ἄγε πειρήσασθε, θεοί, ἵνα εἴδετε πάντες,
σειρὴν χρυσεῖην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες,
πάντες δ' ἐξάπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θείαιαι· 20
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἐρύσαιτ' ἐξ οὐρανόθεν πεδίουνδε
Ζῆν' ὑπατον μήστωρ, οὐδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμοιτε.



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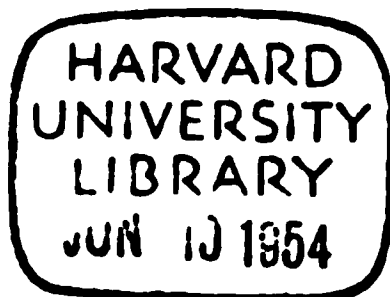
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1

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Θ.

Θεῶν ἄγορή, Τρώων κράτος.

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ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
μήτε τις οὖν θήλεια θεὸς τό γε μήτε τις ἄρσην
πειράτω διακέρσαι ἐμὸν ἔπος, ἀλλ' ἄμα πάντες
αἰνεῖτ', ὄφρα τάχιστα τελευτήσω τάδε ἔργα.
ὣν δ' ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλοντα νοήσω
ἐλθόντ' ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηγέμεν ἢ Δαναοῖσιν,
πληγῆς οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐλεύσεται Οὐλυμπόνδε,
ἢ μιν ἐλὼν ῥίψω ἐς Τάρταρον ἡρόεντα,
τῆλε μάλ', ἤχι βάθιστον ὑπὸ χθονός ἐστι βέρεθρον,
ἔνθα σιδήρειαί τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκεος οὐδός,
τόσσον ἔνερθ' Ἄλδew ὅσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαίης·
γνώσεται ἔπειθ' ὅσον εἰμὶ θεῶν κάρτιστος ἀπάντων.
εἰ δ' ὄγε πειρήσασθε, θεοί, ἵνα εἴδετε πάντες,
σειρῇ χρυσεῖην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες,
πάντες δ' ἐξάπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θέαιναι·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἐρύσαιτ' ἐξ οὐρανόθεν πεδίονδε
Ζῆν' ὑπατον μήστωρ, οὐδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμοντε.

ILIAD VIII.

Victory of the Trojans by the help of Zeus.

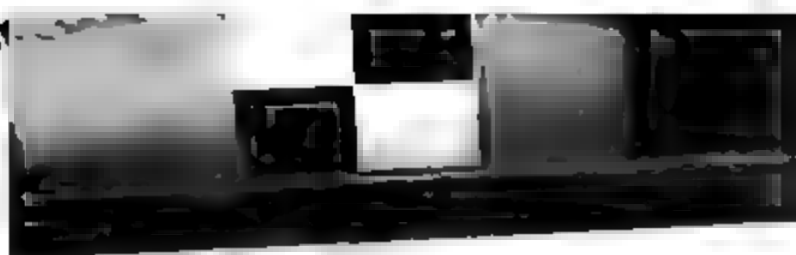
NOW saffron-kirtled morn o'er every land
Was spreading wide, when lightning-loving Zeus
A council of the gods together called
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak;
And spake himself, while all attentive heard:
"Hear every god, and every goddess hear!
That what my heart within my bosom bids
My voice may speak. Let now no power divine,
Nor goddess, no nor god, essay to thwart
This word of mine; but all in one accord
Approve, that quickly I may work mine end.
And whomso separate from the gods I see
Taking his way with purpose to bear aid
To Trojans or to Danaans, he by blows
Unseemly to Olympus shall be driven.
Or I myself will take and cast him down
To murky Tartarus, far far away,
That lowest yawning pit beneath the ground,
Whose gates are iron, whose threshold brass, as deep
From Hades down as heaven from earth is high.
Then will he learn how far of all the gods
I strongest am. Or come, ye gods, and try,
That all may know. Hang down a golden cord
From heaven, and cling ye to it every god
And every goddess; yet ye would not pull
From heaven to earth the counsellor supreme
Great Zeus, no not though ye should toil amain.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ πρόφρων ἐθέλοιμι ἐρύσσαι,
 αὐτῇ κεν γαίῃ ἐρύσαιμ' αὐτῇ δὲ θαλάσῃ.
 σειρὴν μὲν κεν ἔπειτα περὶ ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο 25
 δησαίμην, τὰ δέ κ' αὖτε μετήορα πάντα γένοιτο.
 τόσσον ἐγὼ περὶ τ' εἰμὶ θεῶν περὶ τ' εἰμ' ἀνθρώπων."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ
 μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν.
 ὃψ' δὲ δὴ μετέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη· 30
 "ὦ πάτερ ἡμέτερ' Κρονίδη, ὕπατε κρείοντων,
 εὖ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὃ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἐπικτόν·
 ἀλλ' ἔμπης Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητῶν,
 οἳ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλωνται.
 ἀλλ' ἢ τοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ' ὥς σὺ κελεύεις, 35
 βουλὴν δ' Ἀργείοις ὑποθησόμεθ', ἢ τις ὀνήσει,
 ὥς μὴ πάντες ὄλωνται ὀδυσσαμένοιο τεοῖο."

τὴν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·
 "θάρσει, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος· οὐ νύ τι θυμῷ
 πρόφρονι μυθέομαι, ἐθέλω δέ τοι ἥπιος εἶναι." 40

ὥς εἰπὼν ὑπ' ὄχεσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ' ἵππῳ
 ὠκυπέτα, χρυσέῃσιν ἐθείρῃσιν κομόωντε,
 χρυσὸν δ' αὐτὸς ἔδυνε περὶ χροῖ, γέντο δ' ἱμάσθλην
 χρυσεῖην ἐϋτυκτον, ἰοῦ δ' ἐπεβήσετο δίφρου,
 μᾶστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν· τῷ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην 45
 μεσσηγὺς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος.
 Ἴδην δ' ἱκανὲν πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
 Γάργαραν, ἐνθα τέ οἱ τέμενος βωμός τε θυήεις.
 ἐνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
 λύσας ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ἠέρα πουλὺν ἔχευεν, 50
 αὐτὰς δ' ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο κύδει γαίων,



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εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

οἱ δ' ἄρα δεῖπνον ἔλοντο κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί
 ῥίμφα κατὰ κλισίας, ἀπὸ δ' αὐτοῦ θωρήσσοντο.
 Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ὠπλίζοντο, 55
 παυρότεροι· μέμασαν δὲ καὶ ὥς ὑσμῖνι μάχεσθαι,
 χρεοῖ ἀναγκαίῃ, πρό τε παίδων καὶ πρὸ γυναικῶν.
 πᾶσαι δ' ὠύγνυντο πύλαι, ἐκ δ' ἔσσυτο λαός,
 πεζοὶ θ' ἱππῆές τε· πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' εἰς χώρον ἓνα ξυνιόντες ἵκοντο, 60
 σύν ῥ' ἔβαλον ῥινούς, σύν δ' ἔγχεα καὶ μένε' ἀνδρῶν
 χαλκεοθωρήκων· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι
 ἔπληντ' ἀλλήληρσι, πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.
 ἔνθα δ' ἄμ' οἰμωγή τε καὶ εὐχολή πέλεν ἀνδρῶν
 ὀλλύντων τε καὶ ὀλλυμένων, ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα. 65

ὄφρα μὲν ἦώς ἦν καὶ ἀέξετο ἱερὸν ἥμαρ,
 τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός·
 ἥμος δ' ἥελιος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει,
 καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατήρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα,
 ἐν δ' ἐτίθῃ δύο κῆρε ταπηλεγέος θανάτοιο, 70
 Τρώων θ' ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
 ἔλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβῶν· ῥέπε δ' αἰσιμον ἥμαρ Ἀχαιῶν.
 αἱ μὲν Ἀχαιῶν κῆρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ
 ἐξέσθην, Τρώων δὲ πρὸς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἄερθεν.
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐξ Ἴδης μεγάλη κτύπε, δαιόμενον δέ 75
 ἦκε σέλας μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν. οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
 θάμβησαν, καὶ πάντας ὑπὸ χλαρὸν δέος εἶλεν.

ἔνθ' οὐτ' Ἴδομενεὺς τλῆ μιμνέμεν οὐτ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
 οὔτε δὴ Ἀλκίονες μενέτην, θεράποντες Ἄρης.

Glorying in majesty, and gazed adown
On Troy's fair city and Achaia's ships.

Achaia's long-haired sons their meal had ta'en
Throughout their tents in haste; and, when 'twas done,
They harnessed them. And on the other side
The Trojans through the town were arming them;
Fewer in number these, but even thus
Right sternly bent to fight in conflict close,
By hard constraint, for children and for wives.
All gates were opened: out the people poured,
Both foot and horse: and loud arose the din.

And when upon one plain the armies closed,
They met with shields and spears and strength of men
In brazen corslet clad; and bossy targe
Touched bossy targe, and loud arose the din.
There wailing cry and glorying shout was heard—
Slayers and dying—streamed with blood the ground.

While yet 'twas morning-tide and day divine
Still grew, so long the spears of either host
Found mark, and warriors fell. But when the sun,
His round half run, stood in the middle heaven,
Then did the Sire hang forth the golden scales,
Wherein of death that stretcheth stark and stiff
Two fates he laid—of Troy's steed-tamers one
The other of Achaia's mail-clad men—
Then grasped midway and drew the balance. Swift
Sank heavy down Achaia's day of doom:
Till on the fruitful earth Achaia's fate
Sate low, the Trojans' to wide heaven rose high.
Then Zeus himself from Ida thundered loud,
And on the Achaian host a flaming bolt
Hurled forth: who trembling with amazement saw,
And pallid fear thrilled through the heart of all.

There neither dared Idomeneus to stay,
Nor Agamemnon, nor the Ajaces twain,
Henchmen of Ares, stayed. Stayed only one

Νέστωρ οἷος ἔμμενε Γερήνιος, οὔρος Ἀχαιῶν, 80
 οὔ τι ἐκῶν, ἀλλ' ἵππος ἐτείρετο, τὸν βάλεν ἰὼ
 δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠυκόμοιο,
 ἄκρην καὶ κορυφήν, ὅθι τε πρῶται τρίχες ἵππων
 κρανίῳ ἐμπεφύασι, μάλιστα δὲ καίριον ἐστίν.
 ἀλγήσας δ' ἀνέπαλτο, βέλος δ' εἰς ἐγκέφαλον δῦ, 85
 σὺν δ' ἵππους ἐτάραξε κυλινδόμενος περὶ χαλκῷ.
 ὄφρ' ὁ γέρων ἵπποιο παρηγορίας ἀπέταμνε
 φασγάνῳ αἵσσω, τόφρ' Ἔκτορος ὠκέες ἵπποι
 ἦλθον ἀν' ἰωχμόν, θρασὺν ἠνίοχον φορέοντες
 Ἔκτορα. καὶ νῦν κεν ἔνθ' ὁ γέρων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὄλεσσει, 90
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.
 σμερδαλέον δ' ἐβίβησεν ἐποτρύνων Ὀδυσῆα·
 "διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
 πῇ φεύγεις μετὰ νῶτα βαλὼν, κακὸς ὥς ἐν ὀμίλῳ;
 μή τίς τοι φεύγοντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πήξῃ" 95
 ἀλλὰ μὲν, ὄφρα γέροντος ἀπώσομεν ἄγριον ἄνδρα."
 ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἐσάκουσε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
 ἀλλὰ παρήϊξεν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
 Τυδείδης δ' αὐτὸς περ ἐὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη,
 στῇ δὲ πρόσθ' ἵππων Νηληιάδαο γέροντος, 100
 καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
 "ὦ γέρον, ἧ μάλα δὴ σε νέοι τείρουσι μαχηταί,
 σῇ δὲ βίῃ λέλυται, χαλεπὸν δέ σε γῆρας ὀπάζει,
 ἠπεδανὸς δὲ νῦν τοι θεράπων, βραδέες δέ τοι ἵπποι.
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐμῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσεο, ὄφρα ἴδῃαι 105
 οἷοι Τρῳεῖοι ἵπποι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίῳ

Gerenian Nestor, watchman of the host ;
Nor of free will, but by his steed's mischance :
Which Alexander, long-haired Helen's lord,
Struck with an arrow on the very crown,
Just where the forelock grows, above the skull,
Most fatal spot. In pain the stricken horse
Reared high, then, as the shaft sank in the brain,
With brazen point infixed, rolled o'er in death,
And hampered both his fellows of the yoke. .
While yet the greybeard strove with hasty blade
To cut the trace that linked the outer steed,
Came Hector's flying coursers through the rout
Bearing a dauntless driver, Hector's self.
And there and then the greybeard king his life
Had lost, but Diomedes good in fray
Was quick to mark, and with terrific shout
Odysseus to the rescue he recalled :
"Laertes' son, thou man of many wiles,
Zeus-born Odysseus, whither fliest thou
Turning thy back, a coward in the throng?
Beware lest, flying thus, pursuer's lance
Pierce thee behind. Nay stand, that I and thou
May from the greybeard drive his savage foe."

So spake he : but the man of many toils,
Godlike Odysseus, heard him not, but passed
On rushing to Achaia's hollow ships.
Then Tydeus' son, unaided though he was,
Mixed in the van of fight, and stood before
The horses of the agèd Neleus' son,
And thus to him in wingèd words he spake :
"Father, I ween the younger fighters now
Distress thee sore : thy force is all unstrung,
And grievous age is on thee. And withal
Weak is thy squire, thy horses slow of foot.
Come, mount my car, and see what steeds be these,
The steeds of Tros, well-knowing to and fro

κραιπνὰ μάλ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διωκέμεν ἡδὲ φέβεσθαι,
οὓς ποτ' ἀπ' Αἰνείαν ἐλόμην, μήστωρε φόβοιο.

τούτῳ μὲν θεράποντε κομείτων, τώδε δὲ νῶϊ

Τρῳσὶν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοις ἰθύνομεν, ὅφρα καὶ Ἑκτωρ 110
εἴσεται ἢ καὶ ἐμὸν δόρυ μαίνεται ἐν παλάμῃσιν."

ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ.

Νεστορέας μὲν ἔπειθ' ἵππους θεράποντε κομείτην

ἰφθιμοὶ, Σθένελός τε καὶ Εὐρυμέδων ἀγαπήνῳρ·

τῷ δ' εἰς ἀμφοτέρῳ Διομήδεος ἄρματ' ἐβήτην. 115

Νέστωρ δ' ἐν χείρεσσι λάβ' ἡνία συγαλόεντα,

μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους· τάχα δ' Ἑκτορος ἄγχι γέγοντο.

τοῦ δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτος ἀκόντισε Τυδέος υἱός.

καὶ τοῦ μὲν ῥ' ἀφάμαρτεν, ὃ δ' ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,

υἱὸν ὑπερθύμου Θηβαίου Ἥνιοπῆα, 120

ἵππων ἡνί' ἔχοντα βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν.

ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δὲ οἱ ἵπποι

ὠκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθις λύθη ψυχὴ τε μένος τε.

Ἑκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασεν φρένας ἡνιόχοιο.

τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' εἶασε, καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου; 125

κεῖσθαι, ὃ δ' ἡνίοχον μέθεπεν θρασύν. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν

ἵπῳ δευέσθην σημάντορος· αἶψα γὰρ εὗρεν

Ἴφιδίῳν Ἀρχεπτόλεμον θρασύν, ὃν ῥα τόθ' ἵππων

ὠκυπόδων ἐπέβησε, δίδου δὲ οἱ ἡνία χερσίν.

ἔνθα κε λουγὸς ἔην καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γέγοντο, 130

καὶ νῦ κ' ἐσήκασθεν κατὰ Ἴλιον ἡύτε ἄρνες,

εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.

βροντήσας δ' ἄρα δεινὸν ἀφῆκ' ἀρχῆτα κεραυνόν,



Swift o'er the plain to follow or to fly :
These counsellors of fear some while ago
I from Æneas took. Let then our squires
Look to thy horses twain : mine I and thou
On Troy's steed-taming sons will urge direct ;
That Hector's self may learn whether or no
My hand, as his, can wield a raging spear."

He spake : nor disobeyed Gerené's knight.
Then Nestor's steeds the squires received in charge,
Two valiant wights, Eurymedon to wit,
Lover of manly deeds, and Sthenelus.
But both the chiefs upon the chariot stept
Of Diomedes. Nestor in his hands
Then grasped the shining reins and lashed the steeds.
And soon to Hector they drew near. At whom,
As onward straight he pressed, Tydides hurled,
And missed the chieftain, but his charioteer
And squire, of mighty-souled Thebaeus son,
Eniopeus, who reined the steeds, he smote
Full in the front beside the breast ; who fell
From out the car : his coursers stayed their speed,
And there the warrior's strength and life were loosed.
Darkened was Hector's soul with anguish keen
For loss of charioteer : yet left he him
To lie awhile, though for his comrade grieved,
And sought another driver bold. Nor long
His horses lacked a ruler : soon he found
Bold Archeptolemus of Iphitus
The son, whom then behind his fleet-foot steeds
He set, and gave his hands the reins to wield.

And there had havoc been, and deeds been wrought
Irreparable ; and now in Ilion
Had all been shut, as lambs within a pen,
Had not the sire of gods and men been quick
To mark it, who with awful thunder-clap
Launched the white-flashing bolt, that close before

καὶ δὲ πρόσθ' ἵππων Διομήδεος ἦκε χαμᾶζε·
 δεινὴ δὲ φλόξ ὄρτο θεοῖου καιομένοιο, 135
 τῷ δ' ἵππῳ δέξαντε καταπτήτην ὑπ' ὄχεσφιν.
 Νέστορα δ' ἐκ χειρῶν φύγον ἤνθα συγαλόοντα·
 δῖσε δ' ὁ γ' ἐν θυμῷ, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέειπεν·
 "Τυδείδῃ, ὄγε δ' αὖτε φόβονδ' ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους.
 ἢ οὐ γινώσκεις ὅ τοι ἐκ Διὸς οὐχ ἔπετ' ἀλήκη; 140
 νῦν μὲν γὰρ τούτῳ Κρονίδης Ζεὺς κύδος ὑπάξει,
 σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε καὶ ἡμῖν, αἳ κ' ἐθέλησιν,
 δῶσει. ἀνὴρ δὲ κεν οὐ τι Διὸς νόον εἰρύσσαιτο,
 οὐδὲ μάλ' Ἰφθίμος, ἐπεὶ ἢ πολὺ φέρτερος ἐστίν."
 τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης 145
 "καὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν εἵπεις.
 ἀλλὰ τόδ' αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἰκάνει·
 "Ἐκτωρ γάρ ποτε φήσει ἐνὶ Τρώεσσ' ἀγορεύων·
 'Τυδείδης ὑπ' ἐμεῖο φοβούμενος ἵκετο νῆας.'
 ὥς ποτ' ἀπειλήσει· τότε μοι χάνοι εὐρεῖα χθών." 150
 τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ·
 "ὦ μοι, Τυδέος υἱὰ δαΐφρονος, οἶον εἵπεις.
 εἰ περ γάρ σ' "Ἐκτωρ γε κακὸν καὶ ἀνάλκιδα φήσει,
 ἀλλ' οὐ πείσονται Τρῶες καὶ Δαρδανίωνες
 καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι μεγαθύμων ἀσπιστάων, 155
 τῶν ἐν κονίῃσι βάλες θαλεροῦς παρακοίτας."
 ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας φύγαδε τράπε μώνυχας ἵππους
 αἰτία ἂν ἰωχμόν· ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶές τε καὶ "Ἐκτωρ
 ἰγχῷ θεσπεσίῃ βέλεια στονόεντα χέοντο.
 τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄνυσε μέγας κορυθαίολος "Ἐκτωρ 160
 "Τυδείδῃ, περὶ μὲν σε τίον Δαναοὶ ταχύπῳλοι
 ὄρη τε κρέασίν τε ἰδὲ πλείους δεπάρουσιν·
 νῦν δέ σ' ἀτιμήσουσι· γυναικὸς ἄρ' ἀντὶ τέτυξο.

The steeds of Diomedes fell to ground.
Affrighted both the coursers starting back
Crouched 'neath the car; from Nestor's hands down slipped
The shining reins; and sore afraid at heart
To Diomedes thus the greybeard spake:
"O son of Tydeus, haste thee, turn again
Thy firm-hoofed steeds to fly. Dost thou not know
That strength of war from Zeus attends thee not?
For now the son of Cronos glory grants
To this our foe to-day; to us again
Hereafter, if he please, will grant the same:
And man may nowise thwart the mind of Zeus,
How strong soe'er, for Zeus is mightier far."

Then answered Diomedes good in fray:
"Yea, father, all thy words are fitly said.
Yet feel I sorrow deep in heart and soul:
For Hector mid the Trojans thus will say:
'Tydides fled before me to the ships.'
Thus will he boast anon. Then were I fain
Wide earth should gape and hide me evermore."

And answer made to him Gerené's knight:
"O me, thou son of Tydeus wise in heart,
What words are thine! If Hector call thee weak
And coward, yet he will not win belief
From sons of Troy or Dardans, or from wives
Of high-souled Trojan shieldmen—wives who mourn
Their manly husbands laid in dust by thee."

With that he turned the firm-hoofed steeds to fly
Back through the battle: but the Trojans all
With Hector showered their baleful shafts amain
Behind them with a wondrous din: and loud
Great plumed Hector at his foeman cried:
"Tydides, thee the swift-horsed Danaans once
Honoured preeminent: high seat was thine,
Choice meat, full cups: but now they'll surely stint
Such meed; for weak as woman thou art found.

ἔρρε, κακὴ γλήνη, ἐπεὶ οὐκ εἴξαντος ἐμεῖο
 πύργων ἡμετέρων ἐπιβήσεται, οὐδὲ γυναῖκας 165
 ἄξιος ἐν νῆεσσι· πάρος τοι δαίμονα δώσω."

ὣς φάτο, Τυδεΐδης δὲ διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν,
 ἵππους τε στρέψαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι
 τρὶς μὲν μερμήριξε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
 τρὶς δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων κτύπε μητιέτα Ζεὺς 170
 σῆμα τιθεὶς Τρῶεσσι, μάχης ἑτεραλκεία νίκην.

"Ἐκτωρ δὲ Τρῶεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἄσας·
 "Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
 ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
 γιγνώσκω δ' ὅτι μοι πρόφρων κατένευσε Κρονίων 175
 νίκην καὶ μέγα κῦδος, ἀτὰρ Δαναοῖσί γε πῆμα
 νήπιοι, οἳ ἄρα δὴ τάδε τείχεα μηχανόωντο

ἀβλήχρ' οὐδενόσωρα· τὰ δ' οὐ μένος ἄμδν ἐρύξει,
 ἵπποι δὲ βία τάφρον ὑπερθορέονται ὀρυκτῆν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε κεν δὴ νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσι γένωμαι, 180
 μνημοσύνη τις ἔπειτα πυρὸς δηίοιο γενέσθω,
 ὥς πυρὶ νῆας ἐνιπρήσω, κτείνω δὲ καὶ αὐτούς
 Ἀργεῖους παρὰ νηυσὶν, ἀτυζομένους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ."

ὣς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο, φώνησέν τε·
 "Ἐάνθε τε καὶ σὺ Πόδαργε καὶ Αἰθων Λάμπε τε διέ, 185
 νῦν μοι τὴν κομιδὴν ἀποτίνατον, ἣν μάλα πολλὴν
 Ἀνδρομάχη, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἡετίωνος,
 ὑμῶν πὰρ προτέροισι μελίφρονα πυρὸν ἔθηκεν
 οἶνόν τ' ἐγκεράσασα πιεῖν, ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγοι,
 ἢ ἐμοί, ὅς περ οἱ θαλερὸς πόσις εὖχομαι εἶναι 190
 ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτον καὶ σπεύδετον, ἕφρα λάβωμεν
 ἀσπίδα Νεστορέην, τῆς νῦν κλέος οὐρανὸν ἵκει,
 πᾶσαν χρυσεῖην ἔμεναι, κανόνας τε καὶ αὐτήν,
 αὐτὰρ ἀπ' ὧμοιν Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο

Go, puny doll! Thou wilt not by my flight,
Or mount our towers, or bear away in ships
Our wives: myself ere that will work thy doom."

He spake: Tydides pondered much in doubt,
To turn his coursers and to face the fight.
Thrice doubtful pondered he in heart and soul;
Thrice from the crags of Ida thundered Zeus
The counsellor, presaging thus to Troy
Balance of strength and victory in fight.

Then Hector to the Trojans shouted loud:
"Ye Trojans, Lycians, and ye Dardans good
In closest fight, quit you like men, my friends,
And of impetuous valour be your thought.

Now know I that Cronion's ready will
To me grants victory and great renown,
But to the Danaans loss. Poor fools! who planned,
It seems, these ramparts, feeble, nothing worth,
That will not check my onset; for my steeds
The spade-dug trench shall lightly overleap.
But soon as to the carvèd ships I come,
Forget not then destructive fire, that I
May set the fleet aflame, and by their ships
Slay, scared before the smoke, the Argive throng."

With that he shouted to his steeds, and spake: .

"Xanthus, and thou Podargus, and withal
Æthon, and Lampus, steed divine, now pay
That careful tendance which Andromaché,
High-souled Eetion's daughter, gave; who served
You first with sweetest grain of wheat, and mixed
Wine for your drinking whenso ye might thirst;
You before me who am her manly lord.

So follow on, and haste, that we may win
The shield of Nestor, whose renown doth reach
High heaven, that all of gold it is, both targe
Itself and rods that cross the under side:

And from steed-taming Diomedes' arms

δαιδάλεον θώρηκα, τὸν Ἡφαιστος κάμε τεύχων. 195
εἰ τούτῳ γε λάβοιμεν, ἐλποίμην κεν Ἀχαιοὺς
αὐτονοχὶ νηῶν ἐπιβησέμεν οἰκειάων."

ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, νεμέσησε δὲ πότνια Ἥρη,
σεύσατο δ' εἰνὶ θρόνῳ, ἐλέλιξε δὲ μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον,
καὶ ῥα Ποσειδάωνα μέγαν θεὸν ἀντίον ἤυδα· 200
"ὦ πόποι, ἐννοσβγαί' εὐρυσθενές, οὐδέ νυ σοὶ περ
ὀλλυμένων Δαναῶν ὀλοφύρεται ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός;
οἳ δέ τοι εἰς Ἑλίκην τε καὶ Αἰγὰς δῶρ' ἀνάγουσιν·
πολλά τε καὶ χαρίεντα. σὺ δὲ σφισι βούλειο νίκην.
εἰ περ γάρ κ' ἐθέλοιμεν, ὅσοι Δαναοῖσιν ἄρωγοί, 205
Τρῶας ἀπείσασθαι καὶ ἐρυκέμεν εὐρύσπα Ζῆν,
αὐτοῦ κ' ἐνθ' ἀκάχοιτο καθήμενος οἶος ἐν Ἰδῇ."

τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη κρείων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἥρη ἀπτοειπές, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον εἶπες;
οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ γ' ἐθέλοιμι Διὶ Κρονίῳ μάχεσθαι 210
ἡμίας τοὺς ἄλλους, ἐπεὶ ἡ πολὺ φέρτερος ἐστίν."

ὣς οἳ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·
τῶν δ', ὅσον ἐκ νηῶν ἀπὸ πύργου τάφρος ἔεργεν,
πλήθεν ὁμῶς ἱππῶν τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἀσπιστάων
εἰλομένων· εἴλει δὲ θεῶ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηι 215
Ἑκτορ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν.
καὶ νῦ κ' ἐνέκρησεν πυρὶ κηλέῃ νῆας ἔϊσας,
εἰ μὴ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε Ἀγαμέμνονι πότνια Ἥρη
αὐτῇ ποιπνύσαντι βοῶς ὀτρῦναι Ἀχαιοὺς.
βῆ δ' ἵναί παρὰ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν, 220
πορφύρεον μέγα φᾶρος ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,
στή δ' ἐπ' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακήτεϊ νηὶ μελαίνῃ,
ἥ ῥ' ἐν μεσσήτῃ ἔσκε, γεγυνέμεν ἀμφοτέρωσε·

That we may strip his corslet rich and rare,
Wrought by Hephaestos. If these prizes twain
We win, then may I hope this night to force
Achaia's sons aboard their flying ships."

Boastful he spake. Whereat indignant chafed
Queen Heré, and upon her throne she shook,
That tall Olympus quivered. Turning then
Thus to Poseidon, mighty god, she spake :
"O wondrous shame! Earth-shaker stout and strong,
Dost even thou no pity feel at heart
For Danaans dying thus? They bring to thee
At Helicé and Ægæ gifts full fair
And frequent : wherefore wish them victory.
For should we will it, we the Danaans' friends,
To drive the Trojans back, and to restrain
Loud thundering Zeus, then might he fret and fume
Here sitting all alone on Ida's peak."

To whom in anger hot the earth-shaking king :
"O Heré dauntless-tongued, what words be these?
I ne'er can will that we the rest should fight
With Cronos' son, for he is mightier far."

Such converse they of heaven together held.
Meanwhile the space between Achaia's ships
And rampart flanked by sheltering trench was filled
With steeds alike and shielded men, close penned ;
Whom Hector Priam's son, swift Ares' peer,
Close penned, when Zeus gave glory to his arms.
And with consuming fire the balanced ships
He now had burned : but Heré goddess queen
Moved Agamemnon's soul to stir himself
Amain, and swiftly rouse Achaia's host.
So through the tents and ships he took his way
Bearing a purple robe of ample fold
In his broad hand : and by Odysseus' ship
He stood, that midmost lay, black-hulled and huge,
Whence either way his voice might well be heard,



Or to the tent of Ajax Telamon,
Or to Achilles' tent, those twain who ranged
Last of the line their balanced ships, secure
In their bold manhood and their mighty hands.
Thence to the Danaans his shrill shout he sent :
"Shame, Argives ! cravens base ! for comely limbs
Alone admired. Where now are gone our boasts,
Who whilom claimed to be of all the best ?
Those empty vaunts that ye in Lemnos spake—
While of the flesh of upright-hornèd kine
Ye ate your fill, and drank the bowls of wine
Crowned to the brim—bragging that each would stand
Against fivescore or tenscore sons of Troy
In field of war ? But now not even worth
One champion we are found, Hector to wit,
Who soon will burn our ships with wasting fire.
O Father Zeus, didst ever heretofore
Cross with such curse as mine a mighty king,
And rob him of great glory ? Yet I say
That never passed I by thy altar fair,
As hitherward I took my luckless way
In many-benchèd ship, but burned on all
The fat and thighs of kine, in eager hope
To waste and sack the well-walled town of Troy.
But this my prayer, O Zeus, at least fulfil ;
Grant that ourselves may flee and scape, nor thus
Achaians fall before the Trojan host."

He spake : the father pitied much his tears,
And willed to save his host and not to slay.
And straightway sent an eagle, surest bird,
Bearing a fawn, the child of fleet-foot doe,
Trussed in his talons. By the altar fair
Of Zeus he dropped it, where Achaia's sons
Gave worship to the god of oracles.

οἳ δ' αἶς οὖν εἶδονθ' ὃ τ' ἄρ' ἐκ Διὸς ἤλυθεν ὄρνις,
μᾶλλον ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.

ἔνθ' οὐ τις πρότερος Δαναῶν, πολλῶν περ ἑόντων,
εὗξατο Τυδείδαο πάρος σχήμεν ὠκείας ἵππους
τάφρου τ' ἐξελάσαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι, 155
ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρῶτος Τρώων ἔλεν ἄνδρα κορυστήν,
Φραδμονίδην Ἀγέλαον. ὃ μὲν φύγαδ' ἔτραπεν ἵππους·
τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρῳ πῆξεν
ὤμων μεσσηγύς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσευ.
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ. 160

τὸν δὲ μετ' Ἀτρεΐδαι Ἀγαμέμνων καὶ Μενέλαος,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντες θοῦριν ἐπικειμένοι ἀλκὴν,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἰδομενῆος
Μηριόνη, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρεϊφόντῃ,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Εὐρύπυλος Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός. 165
Τεῦκρος δ' εἵνατος ἦλθε, καλίντονα τόξα τιταίνων,
στῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος σάκεϊ Τελαμωνιάδαο.
ἔνθ' Αἴας μὲν ὑπεξίφερεν σάκος· αὐτὰρ δ' ἡ ἦρος
παπτήνας, ἐπεὶ ἄρ' τιν' οἷστεύσας ἐν ὀμίλῳ
βεβλήκοι, ὃ μὲν αὖθι πεσὼν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὄλεσκεν, 170
αὐτὰρ δ' αὖτις ἰών, παῖς ὥς ὑπὸ μητέρα, δύσκειν
εἰς Αἴανθ'· ὃ δὲ μιν σάκεϊ κρύπτασκε φαεινῷ.

ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον Τρώων ἔλε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων;
Ὅρσ' ἰλοχον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Ὀρμενον ἠδ' Ὀφελίστην
Δαίτορά τε Χρομίον τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Λυκοφόντην 175
καὶ Πολυαιμονίδην Ἀμοπάονα καὶ Μελάνιππον
πάντας ἐπασσυντέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.

And they, when now they saw that sent of Zeus
The bird had come, leapt on their Trojan foes
More fierce, and turned their spirit to the fight.

There of the Danaans, many though they were,
Before the son of Tydeus none could claim
That his fleet steeds he drove and from the trench
Urged forth in open fight to meet the foe.

He, far the first, a helmèd Trojan slew,
The son of Phradmon, Agelaüs named :

Who now had turned his steeds in act to fly,
When in his back exposed the foeman fixed
The spear between the shoulders, and right on
He drave it through the breast. From out his car
He fell, and loud his armour on him rang.

Next after him the sons of Atreus came,
With Agamemnon Menelaus : these
Ajaces twain, clothed with impetuous might,
Fast followed : these Idomeneus and his squire
Meriones, peer of Enyalios

Man-slaughtering power : and these Eurypylus
Evæmon's glorious son. Ninth Teucer came
Bending the springing bow, and took his stand
Beneath the targe of Ajax Telamon.

And there, as Ajax ever and anon
Lift up his targe, the hero peered thereout
And shot an arrow. Whomso in the throng
He smote, there fell he slain and left his life :
But back, as to a mother doth a child,
Shrank Teucer, and with Ajax shelter found,
Who hid him safe beneath his shining shield.

There whom of Troy slew noble Teucer first?
First fell Orsilochns, and Ormenus,
And Ophelstes, Daitor, Chromius,
And godlike Lycophontes, and the son
Of Polyæmon, Amopaon named,
And Melanippus ; in succession swift

τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν γήθησε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
 τόξου ἄπο κρατεροῦ Τρώων ὀλέκοντα φάλαγγας
 στῆ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἰὼν, καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον εἶπεν 180
 "Τεῦκρε, φίλη κεφαλῇ, Τελαμῶνι, κοίρανε λαῶν,
 βάλλ' οὕτως, αἶ κέν τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένηαι
 πατρί τε σφ' Τελαμῶνι, ὃ σε τρέφε τυτθὸν ἑόντα
 καὶ σε νόθον περ ἑόντα κομίσσατο φ' ἐνὶ οἴκῳ
 τὸν καὶ τηλόθ' ἑόντα εὐκλείης ἐκίβησον. 185
 σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ ἐξερέω ὥς καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται
 αἶ κέν μοι δώῃ Ζεὺς τ' αἰγίοχος καὶ Ἀθήνη
 Ἴλιον ἐξαλαπάξαι, εὐκτῆμενον πτολίεθρον,
 πρῶτόν τοι μετ' ἐμὲ πρεσβήιον ἐν χερὶ θήσω,
 ἢ τρίποδ' ἢ δὺς ἵππους αὐτοῖσιν ὄχεσφιν 190
 ἢ γυναιῖχ', ἢ κέν τοι ὁμὸν λέχος εἰσαναβαίνοι."

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφάνει Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων
 "Ἀτρεΐδῃ κῦδιστε, τί με σπεύδοντα καὶ αὐτὸν
 ὀτρύνεις; οὐ μὲν τοι, ὅση δύναμις γε πάρεστιν,
 παύομαι, ἀλλ' ἐξ οὗ προτὶ Ἴλιον ὠσάμεθ' αὐτούς, 195
 ἐκ τοῦ δὴ τόξοισι δεδεγμένος ἄνδρας ἐναίρω.
 ὁκτὼ δὴ προέηκα τανυγλώχινας οἰστούς,
 πάντες δ' ἐν χροῖ πῆχθεν ἀρηιθόων αἰζηῶν
 τοῦτον δ' οὐ δύναμαι βαλέειν κύνα λυσσητῆρα."

ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἄλλον οἶστὸν ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ἱαλλεν 200
 "Εκτορος ἀντικρὺς, βαλέειν δέ ἐ ἔτετο θυμός.
 καὶ τοῦ μὲν ῥ' ἀφάμαρθ', ὃ δ' ἀμύμονα Γοργυθίωνα,
 υἷὸν ἔην Πριάμοιο, κατὰ στῆθος βάλεν ἰφί,
 τὸν ῥ' ἐξ Αἰσύμηθεν ὀπυιομένη τέκε μήτηρ,
 καλὴ Καστιάνερα, δέμας εἰκυῖα θεῆσιν. 205

All these he made to touch the fruitful earth.
 And glad was Agamemnon king of men
 To see him dealing from his mighty bow
 Death to the ranks of Troy. Toward him he went,
 And stood beside the chief, and thus he spake :
 "Teucer, dear head, thou son of Telamon,
 Prince of a people, shoot thou ever thus,
 And, if thou mayst, to Danaans be a light,
 And to thy father Telamon, who reared
 Thy infancy, and bastard though thou wert
 Fostered thee in his home. Him, though he now
 Bide far away, exalt thou to renown.
 And out I tell thee what shall e'en be done :
 If with Athené ægis-wielding Zeus
 Grant me the spoil of Ilion's well-built hold,
 To thee the first next to myself will I
 A special guerdon in thy hand bestow,
 Or tripod, or two steeds with car complete,
 Or woman captive who shall share thy bed."

And answer thus the noble Teucer made :
 "Glorious Atrides, wherefore urge me thus
 Who am myself right eager? Never yet,
 Far as my strength doth serve me, do I cease ;
 But since we drove the host to Ilion
 I with my bow lie still in wait, and slay
 Our foemen. Long-barbed arrows I have sped
 Already eight, and all firm lodgment found
 In lusty warriors' flesh. Yet one is here
 A raging hound whom still I cannot strike."

He spake, and from the string another shaft
 Launched full at Hector, whom he yearned to strike.
 And him he missed, but hit upon the breast
 Noble Gorgythion, Priam's gallant son,
 Whose mother from Æsymé came to wed
 Her lord, a woman goddess-like in form,
 Castianira fair, and bare a son.

μήκων δ' ὥς ἐτέρωσε κάρη βάλεν, ἥ τ' ἐνὶ κήπῳ
καρπῷ βριβομένη νοτίησί τε εἰαρινῇσιν·
ὥς ἐτέρωσ' ἤμυσσε κάρη πῆληκε βαρυνθέν.

Τεῦκρος δ' ἄλλον οἷστόν ἀπὸ νευρήφιεν ἱάλλεν·
Ἔκτορος ἀντικρὺς, βαλέειν δέ ἐ ἴετο θυμός. 310
ἀλλ' ὃ γε καὶ τόθ' ἄμαρτε· παρέσφηλεν γὰρ Ἀπόλλων·
ἀλλ' Ἀρχεπτόλεμον, θρασὺν Ἔκτορος ἡνιοχῆα,
ἰέμενον πόλεμόνδε βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν.
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ἰκνύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη ψυχὴ τε μένος τε. 315
Ἔκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασεν φρένας ἡνιόχοιο.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' εἶασε καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταῖρου,
Κεβριόνην δ' ἐκέλευσεν ἀδελφεὸν ἐγγὺς εἶοντα
ἵππων ἥνι' ἐλεῖν· ὃ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπίθηςεν ἀκούσας.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο χαμαὶ θόρε παμφανόωντος 320
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· ὃ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ
βῆ δ' ἰθὺς Τεῦκρου, βαλέειν δέ ἐ θυμὸς ἀνώγει.
ἦ τοι ὃ μὲν φαρέτρης ἐξείλετο πικρὸν οἷστόν,
θῆκε δ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ· τὸν δ' αὖ κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ
αὐερόνonta παρ' ὤμον, ὅθι κλῆις ἀποέργει 325
αὐχένα τε στῆθός τε, μάλιστα δὲ καίριον ἐστίν,
τῇ ῥ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶτα βάλεν λίθῳ ὀκρίοντι,
ῥῆξε δέ οἱ νευρήν· νάρκησε δὲ χεὶρ ἐπὶ καρπῷ,
στῇ δὲ γυνῆ ἐριπών, τόξον δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
Αἶας δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησε κασσιγνήτοιο πεσόντος, 330
ἀλλὰ θέων περίβη· καὶ οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειθ' ὑποδύντε δύνω ἐρήρηες ἑταῖροι,
Μηκιστεὺς Ἐχλίοιο πάϊς καὶ δῖος Ἀλάστωρ,

And as a poppy sideways hangs the head,
That in some garden grows, weighted with fruit
And springtide showers, so burdened by the helm
Drooped to one side the warrior's failing head.

Then Teucer from the string another shaft
Launched full at Hector, whom he yearned to strike,
And missed him yet again, for the erring bolt
Apollo turned : but Archeptolemus,
Bold charioteer of Hector, on the breast
Beside the nipple, as he sought the fray,
He smote : who headlong fell from out the car,
And from their way his fleet-foot horses swerved,
While there the hero's life and strength were loosed.
But sorrow deep enshrouded Hector's soul
For loss of charioteer : whom yet he left,
Though for a comrade grieved ; and now he bade
Cebriones his brother, who was near,
To take the reins : who heard, nor disobeyed.
Then from his glittering chariot to the ground
Out leapt himself, with shout most terrible,
And seized a boulder in his hand, and made
At Teucer, whom his spirit bade him strike.
He from the quiver even now had plucked
A bitter shaft and placed it on the string :
But plumed Hector, as he drew it back,
Close by the shoulder, where the collar-bone
Parts neck and breast—the surest spot to smite—
There struck his foe, as at himself he aimed,
With jagged stone ; and breaking bowstring through
Numbed hand and wrist. Down sank he to his knees
And stood, and from his fingers fell the bow.
Then Ajax of his brother fallen thus
Was not regardless : swift he ran to him
And paced him round and covered with his shield :
Till trusty comrades twain, Mecisteus son
Of Echius, and Alastor godlike wight,

νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυρὰς φερέτην βαρεία στενάχοντα
 ὅψ' δ' αὖτις Τρώεσσιν Ὀλύμπιος ἐν μένος ὤρσεν. 338
 οἱ δ' ἰθὺς τάφροιο βαθείης ἔσαν Ἀχαιοὺς,
 Ἐκτωρ δ' ἐν πρῶτοις κίε σθένει βλεμαίνων.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τίς τε κύων σὺδ' ἀγρίου ἢ λέοντος
 ἄπτηται κατόπισθε, ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκων,
 ἰσχία τε γλουτούς τε, ἐλίσσόμενόν τε δοκεῖαι, 340
 ὥς Ἐκτωρ ὤπαζε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
 αἶν' ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὑπίστατον· οἱ δὲ φέβοντο.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ διὰ τε σκόλοπας καὶ τάφρον ἄβησαν
 φεύγοντες, πολλοὶ δὲ δάμεν Τρώων ὑπὸ χερσίν,
 οἱ μὲν δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες, 348
 ἀλλήλοισι τε κεκλόμενοι, καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν
 χεῖρας ἀνίσχοντες μεγάλ' εὐχετόωντο ἕκαστος·
 Ἐκτωρ δ' ἀμφιπεριστρώφα καλλίτριχας ἵππους,
 Γοργοῦτ' ὄμματ' ἔχων ἢ βροτολογιοῦ Ἄρης.
 τοὺς δὲ ἰδοῦσ' ἐλέησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη, 350
 αἶψα δ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
 "ὦ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, οὐκέτι νῶϊ
 ὀλλυμένων Δαναῶν κεκαδησόμεθ' ὑστάτιόν περ;
 οἳ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλωνται
 ἀνδρὸς ἑνὸς ῥιπῇ· ὃ δὲ μαίνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτῶς 353
 Ἐκτωρ Πριαμίδης, καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργεν."
 τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
 "καὶ λίην οὐτός γε μένος θυμόν τ' ὀλέσειεν,
 χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων φθίμενος ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ
 ἀλλὰ πατὴρ οὐμὸς φρεσὶ μαίνεται οὐκ ἀγαθῇσιν, 360
 σχέτλιος, αἶν' ἀλιτρός, ἐμῶν μενέων ἀπερσεύς.

Could lift his form and to the hollow ships
 Bear him away as heavily he groaned.
 Now in the sons of Troy the Olympian king
 New spirit roused again. To the deep trench
 Right backward did they force Achaia's lines :
 Hector the foremost, terrible in strength.
 And as a hound on lion or on boar
 With nimble foot close presses from behind,
 In act to seize the haunches of his game,
 And marks and foils each turn, so Hector pressed
 Achaia's long-haired sons, and ever slew
 His hindmost foe, as they before him fled.
 But when the stakes and trench they now had passed
 In flight, though many fell by Trojan hands,
 Beside the ships they rallied them and stayed,
 Each calling on his fellow, and raised their hands
 To all the gods, as each man loudly prayed.
 But Hector to and fro was turning oft
 His fair-maned steeds, and in his eyes the glance
 Of Gorgon or of slaughtering Ares shone.

These Heré, white-armed goddess, pitying saw,
 And to Athené cried in wingèd words :
 "O shame! Thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus
 Shall we no more the Danaans dying thus
 Regard, though idle at the last our aid?
 For soon the measure of their evil doom
 Fulfilling they will perish by the blast
 Of one man's fury—Hector Priam's son—
 Who with mad force no longer to be borne
 Doth rage, and now hath wrought unnumbered woes."

To whom Athené, stern-eyed power, replied :
 "Nay surely he his strength and life would lose
 And in his fatherland by Argive hands
 Be slain, did not my sire with mind perverse
 Rage madly—cruel is he, framing still
 Some mischief, and a thwarter of my zeal.

οὐδέ τι τῶν μέμνηται, δ' οἱ μάλα πολλάκι νῆον
 τειρόμενον σώεσκον ὑπ' Εὐρυσθέως ἀέθλων.
 ἦ τοι δ' μὲν κλαίεσκε πρὸς οὐρανόν, αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ Ζεὺς
 τῇ ἐπαλεξήσουσαν ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν προΐαλλεν· 365
 εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τάδε ἦδε' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσιν,
 αὐτέ μιν εἰς Ἄϊδαο κυλάρταο προῦπεμψεν
 ἐξ ἐρέβους ἄξοντα κύνα στυγεροῦ Ἄϊδαο,
 οὐκ ἂν ὑπεξέφυγε Στυγὸς ὕδατος αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα.
 νῦν δ' ἐμὲ μὲν στυγίει, Θέτιδος δ' ἐξήνυσσε βουλὰς, 370
 ἦ οἱ γούνατ' ἔκυσσε καὶ ἔλλαβε χειρὶ γενείου
 λισσομένη τιμῆσαι Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον.
 ἔσται μὲν δ' ἂν αὐτὲ φίλην γλαυκώπιδα εἴπῃ.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν νῶϊν ἐπέντυε μώνυχας ἵππους,
 ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ καταδῶσα Διὸς δόμον αἰγιόχοιο 375
 τεύχεσιν εἰς πόλεμον θωρήξομαι, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι
 ἦ νῶϊ Πριάμοιο παῖς κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ
 γηθήσει προφανέντε ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας.
 ἦ τις καὶ Τρώων κορέει κύνας ἠδ' οἰωνούς
 δημῷ καὶ σάρκεσσι, πεσῶν ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν." 380
 ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη.
 ἦ μὲν ἐποιχομένη χρυσάμπυκας ἔντυεν ἵππους
 Ἥρη πρίσβα θεά, θυγάτηρ μέγαλοιο Κρόνοιο·
 αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίη, κόρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
 πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἑανὸν πατρὸς ἐπ' οὔδει, 385
 ποικίλον, ὃν ῥ' αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν,
 ἦ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδύσα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
 τεύχεσιν εἰς πόλεμον θωρήσσετο δακρυόεντα.
 εἰ δ' ὄχρεα φλόγεια ποσὶ βήσετο, λάζετο δ' ἔγχος
 βριθὲν μέγα στιβαρόν, τῇ δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν 390

Nor bears he this in mind, how many a time
 His son I rescued, when in sore distress
 By labours that Eurystheus on him laid.
 He raised his cry to heaven, from heaven I came
 Sent down by Zeus to bear him powerful aid.
 O had I in my wisdom surely known
 How this would be—what time that son of Zeus
 Was sent to Hades jailor of Hell-gate
 To bring from nether-gloom fell Hades' hound—
 He had not 'scaped the headlong flood of Styx.
 But me my sire now hates, and works the will
 Of Thetis, who his knees did kiss, and touched
 With fondling hand his chin, entreating much
 For honour to her city-storming son.
 Yet time shall be when he again shall call
 His stern-eyed daughter dear. But go thou now,
 Harness our firm-hoofed steeds; and I the while,
 Entering the house of aegis-bearing Zeus,
 Will arm me for the fight: that I may see
 If plumed Hector, Priam's son, will joy
 When we do show us on the battle bridge.
 Surely some Trojan then will richly feed
 With fat and flesh the dogs and carrion birds,
 Beside the vessels of Achaia slain."

She spake. Nor white-armed Heré disobeyed,
 Daughter of mighty Cronos, goddess queen:
 But went her way to harness for the car
 Her steeds with golden frontlet shining bright.
 Meanwhile the maid of aegis-bearing Zeus,
 Athené, loosed and on the Father's floor
 Cast down her flowing mantle, broidered web
 By her own hands and labour deftly wrought,
 And donned the tunic of cloud-gathering Zeus,
 And braced her armour for the tearful war.
 Then on the fiery car she set her foot
 And grasped her lance, long, heavy, stout, wherewith

ἤρῳν τοῖσιν τε κοτέσσεται ὄμβριμοπάτρη.
 Ἥρη δὲ μάστγι θεῶς ἐκεμαίετ' ἄρ' ἵππους
 αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἃς ἔχον Ὠραι,
 τῆς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὐλυμπός τε,
 ἡμὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἢδ' ἐπιθεῖναι. 395
 τῇ ῥα δι' αὐτῶν κεντρηνεκίας ἔχον ἵππους.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Ἴδηθεν ἐπεὶ ἴδε, χάσαιτ' ἄρ' αἰνῶς,
 Ἴριον δ' ἄτρυνεν χρυσοπτερον ἀγγελέουσαν·
 "βάσκει ἴθι, Ἴρι ταχεῖα, πάλιν τρέπε μηδ' ἔα ἄντην
 ἔρχεσθ'· οὐ γὰρ καλὰ συνοισόμεθα πτόλεμόνδε. 400
 ᾧδε γὰρ ἐξερῶ, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
 γυνῶσιν μὲν σφῶιν ὑφ' ἄρμασιν ὤκέας ἵππους,
 αὐτὰς δ' ἐκ δίφρου βαλέω, κατὰ θ' ἄρματα ἄξω,
 οὐδέ κεν ἐς δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτούς
 ἔλκε' ἀπαλθήσειςθον ἃ κεν μάρπτῃσι κεραυνός,
 ὅφρ' εἰδῇ γλαυκῶπις ὅτ' ἂν φ' πατρὶ μάχῃται. 405
 Ἥρη δ' οὐ τι τόσον νεμεσίζομαι οὐδὲ χολοῦμαι·
 αἰεὶ γὰρ μοι ἔωθεν ἐνικλᾶν ὅττι κε εἶπω."

ὣς ἔφατ', ᾧρτο δὲ Ἴρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα,
 βῆ δ' ἐξ Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον. 410
 πρῶτησιν δὲ πύλῃσι πολυπτύχου Οὐλύμποιο
 ἀντομένη κατέρυκε, Διὸς δέ σφ' ἔννεπε μῦθον·
 "πῇ μέματον; τί σφῶιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μαίνεται ἦτορ;
 οὐκ ἰάα Κρονίδης ἐπαμυνέμεν Ἀργείοισιν.
 ᾧδε γὰρ ἠπειλήσας Κρόνου πάϊς, ἧ τελείη περ, 415
 γυνῶσειν μὲν σφῶιν ὑφ' ἄρμασιν ὤκέας ἵππους,
 αὐτὰς δ' ἐκ δίφρου βαλέειν, κατὰ θ' ἄρματα ἄξειν.
 οὐδέ κεν ἐς δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτούς

She quells the ranks of men who move to wrath
That maiden daughter of a mighty sire.
Then Heré swiftly touched with lash the steeds.
Self-moved before them groaned the gates of heaven
Kept by the Hours; for to their charge is given
Olympus and wide heaven, and now to ope
The massy cloud rolled back, and now to close.
There through these gates the goaded steeds they urged.

But Father Zeus, from Ida when he saw,
Was much in wrath, and Iris golden-winged
Straight bade he forth to be his messenger:
"Hie thee, fleet Iris, turn them back again,
Nor let them meet me; for 'twill not be well
That we in combat close. For thus I say—
And this my word shall surely be fulfilled—
The swift steeds in their chariot I will lame,
And hurl themselves from out the seat, and break
The shattered car: nor ten revolving years
Shall serve to heal their wounds, where once my bolt
Has stricken home. So shall the stern-eyed maid
Know what it is to battle with her sire.
But Heré not so much my vengeance moves
Or wrath; for it is ever thus her wont
To thwart my purpose, whatsoe'er I say."

He spake: and storm-foot Iris rose to bear
The message. Down from Ida's peaks she sped
To tall Olympus, where the goddess pair
At valley-rent Olympus' outmost gate
She met, and stayed, and told the word of Zeus:
"O whither bent, ye twain? What madness moves
Your hearts within your bosoms? Cronos' son
Forbids you aid the Argives: for he threats
Thus—and his threat he surely will fulfil—
The swift steeds in your chariot he will lame,
And hurl yourselves from out the seat, and break
The shattered car: nor ten revolving years:

ἔλκε' ἀπαλθήσεσθον ἃ κεν μάρπτῃσι κεραυνός.
 ὄφρ' εἰδῆς, Γλαυκῶπις, ὅτ' ἄν σφ' πατρὶ μάχης 410
 Ἥρῃ δ' οὐ τι τόσον νημεσίζεται οὐδὲ χολοῦται·
 αἰεὶ γάρ οἱ θυθευ ἐνικλᾶν ὅττι κε εἶπῃ.
 ἀλλὰ σύ γ' αἰνοτάτη, κύον ἀδεές, εἰ ἑτεόν γε
 τολμήσεις Διὸς ἄντα πελώριον ἔγχος ἀεῖραι·
 ἢ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦς' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκεία Ἴρις, 415
 αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίην Ἥρῃ πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
 "ὦ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, οὐκέτ' ἐγὼ γε
 νῦν εἰμὶ Διὸς ἄντα βροτῶν ἔνεκα πτολεμίζειν.
 τῶν ἄλλος μὲν ἀποφθίσθω ἄλλος δὲ βιώτω,
 ὅς κε τύχῃ· κείνος δὲ τὰ ἃ φρονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ 420
 Τρῶσί τε καὶ Δαναοῖσι δικαζέτω, ὥς ἐπιεικές."
 ὥς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπε μώνυχας ἵππους.
 τῇσιν δ' Ὀραι μὲν λῦσαν καλλίτριχας ἵππους,
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέδησαν ἐπ' ἀμβροσίῃσι κάπησιν,
 ἄρματα δὲ κλῖναν πρὸς ἐνώπια παμφανόωντα 425
 αὐταὶ δὲ χρυσεόισιν ἐπὶ κλισμοῖσι καθίζον
 μέγδ' ἄλλοισι θεοῖσι, φίλον τετιημέναι ἦτορ.
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Ἰδῆθεν εὐτροχὸν ἄρμα καὶ ἵππους
 Οὐλυμπόνδ' ἐδίωκε, θεῶν δ' ἐξέικετο θάκους.
 τῷ δὲ καὶ ἵππους μὲν λῦσεν κλυτὰς ἐνοσίγαιος, 430
 ἄρματα δ' ἅμ' βωμοῖσι τίθη, κατὰ λῖτα πετάσας·
 αὐτὸς δὲ χρύσειον ἐπὶ θρόνον εὐρύσπα Ζεὺς
 ἔζετο, τῷ δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶ μέγας πέλεμίζετ' Ὀλυμπος.
 αἱ δ' οἶαι Διὸς ἀμφὶς Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ Ἥρῃ
 ἦσθην, οὐδέ τί μιν προσεφώνεον οὐδ' ἐρέοντο. 435
 αὐτὰρ ὃ ἔγνω ᾗσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ, φώνησέν τε·
 "τίφθ' οὕτω τετήρησθον, Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ Ἥρῃ;

Shall serve to heal the wounds, where once his bolt
Has stricken home. So shall the stern-eyed maid
Know what it is to battle with her sire.
But Heré not so much his vengeance moves
Or wrath; for it is ever thus her wont
To thwart his purpose, whatsoe'er he say.
But, most presumptuous queen, thou fearless hound,
Think well if thus in very deed thou'lt dare
To lift on Zeus thy mighty rebel spear."

Thus fleet-foot Iris spake, and went her way.
Then to Athené thus did Heré speak:
"O me! thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
I now no more allow that we with Zeus
Wage battle for the sake of mortal men.
Of whom let this one perish, that one live,
Whoso may chance: and let the sire alone
Think his own thoughts and doom alone his dooms
For Trojans and for Danaans, as is meet."

She spake, and backward turned the firm-hoofed steeds.
And soon the fair-maned steeds the Hours unloosed,
And at the ambrosial mangers tethered them,
But 'gainst the shining inner wall aslope
They laid the car. The goddesses themselves
Sate them on golden seats amid the throng
Of other gods, chafing with sullen heart.

Meanwhile toward Olympus Father Zeus
From Ida drave his wheelèd car and steeds,
And to the gods enthronèd came. His steeds
The famed Earth-shaker loosed, and set the car
On a raised base, and with a cloth o'erspread.
But Thunderer Zeus took seat on golden throne,
Beneath whose feet the great Olympus shook.
Alone Athené there and Heré sat
Apart from Zeus, nor spake him word, nor asked.
Yet knew he all in heart and thus he spake:
"Why, Heré and Athené, chafe ye thus

οὐ μὴν θῆν κάμετόν γε μάχῃ ἐνὶ κυδιανείρῃ
 ὀλλύσαι Τρώας, τοῖσιν κότον αἰνὸν ἔθεσθε.
 πάντως, οἷον ἐμόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρες ἄπτοι, 450
 οὐκ ἂν με τρέψειαν ὅσοι θεοὶ εἰς' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 σφῶν δὲ πρὶν περ τρόμος ἔλλαβε φαίδιμα γυῖα
 πρὶν πόλεμον ἰδέειν πολέμοιό τε μέγμερα ἔργα.
 ἔδε γὰρ ἐξέρειω, τὸ δὲ κεν τετελεσμένον ἦεν·
 οὐκ ἂν ἐφ' ὑμετέρων ὀχέων, πληγέντε κεραυνῷ, 455
 ἄψ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἵκεσθον, ἱς' ἀθανάτων ἔδος ἐστίν."

ὣς ἔφαθ', αἱ δ' ἐπέμυξαν Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ Ἥρῃ
 πλησῖαι αἱ γ' ἦσθην, κακὰ δὲ Τρώεσσι μεδέσθην.
 ἦ τοι Ἀθηναίη ἀκέων ἦν οὐδέ τι εἶπεν,
 σκυζομένη Διὶ πατρί, χόλος δὲ μιν ἄγριος ἦρει 460
 Ἥρῃ δ' οὐκ ἔχαδε στήθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσηύδα·
 "αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον εἶπες
 εὐ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὃ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν·
 ἀλλ' ἔμπης Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητῶν,
 οἳ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλωνται 465
 ἀλλ' ἦ τοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ', εἰ σὺ κελεύεις·
 βουλὴν δ' Ἀργείοις ὑποθησόμεθ', ἥ τις ὀνήσει,
 ὥς μὴ πάντες ὄλωνται ὀδυσσαμένοιο τρεῖο."

τῇ δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·
 "ἦοὺς δὴ καὶ μᾶλλον ὑπερμανία Κρονίωνα 470
 ὄψσαι, εἰ κ' ἐβίλησθα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρῃ,
 ὀλλύντ' Ἀργείων πουλὺν στρατὸν αἰχμητῶν·
 εὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου ἀποπαύσεται ὄβριμος Ἑκτώρ·
 πρὶν ὄρθαι παρὰ ναῦφι ποδάκεια Πηλεΐωνα.
 ἤματι τῷ ὅτ' ἂν οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ πρύμνεσσι μάχωνται, 475

In sullen mood? Ye are not weary sure
With slaying in the fight, man's field of fame,
Troy's sons, 'gainst whom your anger was so hot.
Truly my might and my resistless hands
Are such that none could turn me back, not all
The gods that hold Olympus. But ye twain
Were seized with trembling in your glorious limbs
Before the battle and the toilsome works
Of battle yet ye saw. And well 'twas so.
For thus I say, and it had been fulfilled:
Not on your cars, smit by my bolt, had ye
Resought Olympus, where immortals dwell."

He spake. Low murmured then those twain, who near
Together sat and planned the Trojans' bane,
Ev'n Heré and Athené. Silent sat
Athené, nor spake aught, at Father Zeus
Sullenly scowling, tho' wild wrath within
Was stirring her; but Heré in her breast
Pent not the swelling ire, and thus she spake:
"Dread Cronides, what word of thine is here?
We surely know too well what strength is thine,
A strength unyielding. Yet we pity sore
The Danaan spearmen, who of evil fate
Their measure filling up are doomed to die.
But truly we from war will hold our hands,
If thou dost bid: but to the Argive host
Lend counsel only that may help; and so
Not all beneath thy anger fierce shall die."

To whom in answer thus cloud-gathering Zeus:
"When dawns to-morrow, Heré, large-eyed queen,
Thou shalt, if so thou wilt, yet further see
Strong Cronides destroying wide the host
Of Argive spearmen. For from work of war
Hector the terrible shall never cease
Till from his ship the fleet-foot Peleus' son
Uprouse him, in that day when they shall fight

στείνει ἐν αἰνοτάτῳ, περὶ Πατρόκλοιο πεσόντος.
 ὥς γὰρ θέσφατον ἐστί. σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἀλεγίζω
 χυομένης, οὐδ' εἴ κε τὰ νεύατα πείραθ' ἱκῆαι
 γαίης καὶ πόντοιο, ἔν' Ἰαπετός τε Κρόνος τε
 ἡμενοὶ οὐτ' αὐγῆς Ἵπερίονος Ἡελίοιο 480
 τέρποντ' οὐτ' ἀνέμοισι, βαθὺς δέ τε Τάρταρος ἀμφίς.
 οὐδ' ἦν ἐνθ' ἀφίκηαι ἀλωμένη, οὐ σευ ἐγὼ γε
 σκυζομένης ἀλέγω, ἐπεὶ οὐ σέο κύντερον ἄλλο."

ὥς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὐ τι προσέφη λευκώλενος Ἥρη.
 ἐν δ' ἔπεισ' Ὀκεανῷ λαμπρὸν φάος ἠελίοιο, 485
 ἔλκον νύκτα μέλαιναν ἐπὶ ζεῖδωρον ἄρουραν.
 Τρῶσιν μὲν ῥ' ἀέκουσιν ἔδω φάος, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοῖς
 ἄσπασίη τρίλλιστος ἐπήλυθε νύξ ἐρεβεννή.

Τρώων αὐτ' ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο φαίδιμος Ἔκτωρ,
 νόσφι νεῶν ἀγαγών, ποταμῷ ἐπὶ δινήμεντι, 490
 ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι δὴ νεκύων διεφαίνετο χώρος.
 ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα μῦθον ἀκουον
 τὸν ῥ' Ἔκτωρ ἀγόρευε δυΐφίλος· ἐν δ' ἄρα χειρὶ
 ἔγχεσ' ἔχ' ἐνδεκάπηχυ πάροιθε δὲ λάμπετο δουρός
 αἰχμὴ χαλκεΐη, περὶ δὲ χρύσεος θέε πόρκης. 495
 τῷ δ' γ' ἐρεισάμενος ἔπια Τρῶεσσι μετηύδα·
 "κέκλυτέ μεν, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἠδ' ἐπίκουροι
 νῦν ἐφάμην νῆάς τ' ὀλέσας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
 ἀψ' ἀπονοστήσειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν·
 ἀλλὰ πρὶν κνέφας ἦλθε, τὸ νῦν ἐσάωσε μάλιστα 500
 Ἀργείους καὶ νῆας ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης.
 ἀλλ' ἢ τοι νῦν μὲν πειθόμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ
 δόρπη τ' ἐφοπλισόμεσθα· ἀτὰρ καλλίτριχας ἵππους
 λύσαθ' ὑπὲρ ὀχέων, παρὰ δὲ σφισι βάλλετ' ἰδωδῆν."

Hard by the vessels' sterns in fellest strait
Thick-thronged around Patroclus' fallen corse.
For so 'tis fate. And of thy wrath I reck
No whit, no not if to the depth and end
Of earth and sea thou go, where sit the twain
Iapetus and Cronos, never cheered
By rays of upper sun or breath of winds,
But girt around by deep Tartarean gloom.
No, not shouldst thither in thy roaming come,
Heed I thy sullen mood: for other power
Than thee more houndlike surely there is none."

So spake he: white-armed Heré answered naught.
And now in ocean flood the shining sun
Dropt down, and o'er the grain-abounding lands
Drew in his wake black night. To men of Troy
Unwished the sunset: to Achaia's host
Welcome, thrice-prayed for, came the murky night.

But glorious Hector now a council called
Leading his Trojans from the ships apart,
Beside the eddying river, where a place
Shone void and clear amid the frequent dead.
There from their steeds dismounting to the ground
They heard while Hector spake, beloved of Zeus.
A spear in hand he held, cubits eleven
Its length, whose shaft was tipped with flashing brass
Bound on by ring of gold: on this he leant,
And mid the Trojan armies thus he spake:
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies!
I surely said that now I should destroy
The ships, and all Achaia's host withal,
Ere back I turned to wind-swept Ilion.
But darkness came too soon: nought else but this
Saved men and ships upon the sea-smit strand.
But truly now let us obey black night
And ready make our meal: your fair-maned steeds
Unloose ye from the cars, and give them food.

ἐκ πόλιος δ' ἄξεσθε βόας καὶ ἴφια μῆλα 505
 καρκαλίμως, οἶνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζεσθε,
 σιτόν τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγεσθε,
 ὥς κεν παννύχιοι μέσφ' ἡοῦς ἤρυγενεῖης
 καίωμεν πυρὰ πολλὰ, σέλας δ' εἰς οὐρανὸν ἱκῇ,
 μή πως καὶ διὰ νύκτα κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ 510
 φεύγειν ὀρμήσωσιν ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης.
 μή μὴν ἀσπουδί γε νεῶν ἐπιβαῖεν ἔκηλοι,
 ἀλλ' ὥς τις τούτων γε βέλος καὶ οἴκοθι πέσση,
 βλήμενος ἢ ἰφ' ἢ ἔγχει ὀξυόεντι
 νηὸς ἐπιθρώσκων, ἵνα τις στυγέῃσι καὶ ἄλλος 515
 Τρῶσιν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοισι φέρειν πολύδακρυν Ἄρηα.
 κήρυκες δ' ἀνὰ ἄστν διίφιλοι ἀγγελλόντων
 παῖδας προθήβας πολιοκροτάφους τε γέροντας
 λήξασθαι περὶ ἄστν θεοδμήτων ἐπὶ πύργων·
 θηλύτεραι δὲ γυναῖκες ἐνὶ μεγάροισι ἐκάστη 520
 πῦρ μέγα καιόντων· φυλακὴ δέ τις ἔμπεδος ἔστω,
 μή λόχος εἰσέλθῃσι πόλιν λαῶν ἀπεόντων.
 ὧδ' ἔστω, Τρῶες μεγαλήτορες, ὥς ἀγορεύω·
 μῦθος δ' ὅς μὲν νῦν ὑγιής, εἰρημένος ἔστω·
 τὸν δ' ἡοῦς Τρῶεσσι μεθ' ἵπποδύμοις ἀγορεύσω. 525
 ἔλπομαι εὐχόμενος Διὶ τ' ἄλλοισιν τε θεοῖσιν
 ἐξελάαν ἀνθένδε κύνας κηρεσσιφορήτους,
 οὐκ κῆρες φορέουσι μελαινάων ἐπὶ νηῶν.
 ἀλλ' ἢ τοι ἐπὶ νυκτὶ φυλάξομεν ἡμέας αὐτούς,
 πρῶι δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες 530
 νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγείρομεν ὄξυν Ἄρηα.
 εἴσομαι ἢ κέ μ' ὁ Τυδείδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης
 πᾶρ νηῶν πρὸς τεῖχος ἀπώσεται, ἢ κεν ἐγὼ τάσ

And from the city drive ye kine with speed
And lusty sheep, and buy ye honeyed wine,
And bread from out your homes : gather withal
Great store of wood, that through the livelong night
Till morning early-born our fires may burn
Innumerable, whose blaze may mount to heaven :
Lest in the night Achaia's long-haired sons
Haply may stir themselves to flee away
O'er the broad ridges of the billowy sea.
Nay, let them not untroubled and at ease
Get them aboard ; but so that ev'n at home
Each may have wounds to nurse, by arrow struck
Or beechen spear, as on his ship he leaps.
So shall all others shuddering fear to bring
On Troy's steed-taming sons a woful war.
And let the holy heralds loved of Zeus
Proclaim throughout the town that stripling boys
And gray-haired grandsires man the god-built towers
Around the wall, but let the women folk,
Each in her halls, burn ample store of fire.
And let sure watch be kept : lest, while the host
Is absent here, an ambush win the town.
Thus be it, high-souled Trojans, as I say.
Let this my word, wholesome for present need,
Suffice. Yet further, when the morrow dawns,
Mid the steed-taming Trojans I will speak.
I hope indeed—and so to Zeus I pray
And all the gods—that we shall drive forth hence
These doom-led hounds, whom sure an evil doom
Leads to their end upon their black-hulled ships.
But for the night look we to guard ourselves ;
And with the early dawn don we our arms,
And at the hollow ships awake keen war.
Then will I know if Diomedes stout,
The son of Tydeus, from Achaia's ships
Will force me to our wall, or I slay him

χαλκῷ δ' ἠρώσας ἕναρα βροτόεντα φέρωμαι
 αὖριον ἦν ἀρετὴν διαείσεται, αἶ κ' ἐμὸν θυγχεὶς 535
 μείνῃ ἐπερχόμενον. ἀλλ' ἐν πρώτοισιν, ὅτω,
 κείσεται οὐτήθεις, πολέες δ' ὀμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι,
 ἡελίου ἀνιόντος ἐς αὖριον. εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼν ὥς
 εἶην ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήραος ἥματα πάντα,
 τιόμην δ' ὡς τίετ' Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων, 540
 ὡς νῦν ἡμέρη ἦδε κακὸν φέρει Ἀργείοισιν."

ὥς Ἐκτωρ ἀγόρευ', ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶες κελάδησαν.
 οἳ δ' ἵππους μὲν ἔλυσαν ὑπὸ ζυγῷ ἰδρᾶοντάς,
 δῆσαν δ' ἱμάντεσσι παρ' ἄρμασι οἷσι ἕκαστος·
 ἐκ πόλιος δ' ἄξαντο βόας καὶ ἵφια μῆλα 545
 καρπαλίμως, οἶνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζοντο
 σῖτόν τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγοντο.
 κνίσην δ' ἐκ πεδίου ἄνεμοι φέρον οὐρανὸν εἴσω.
 οἳ δὲ μέγα φρονέοντες ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας
 εἶατο παννύχιοι, πυρὰ δὲ σφισι καίετο πολλά· 550
 ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρο φαιεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
 φαίνεται ἀριπρεπεία, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ·
 ἐκ τ' ἔφανεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρόωνες ἄκροι
 καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερράγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,
 πάντα δὲ εἶδεται ἄστρο, γέγηθε δὲ τε φρένα ποιμήν· 555
 τόσσα μεσηγὺ νεῶν ἠδὲ Πάνθοιο ῥοάων
 Τρώων καιόντων πυρὰ φαίνεται Ἰλιόθι πρό·
 χίλι' ἄρ' ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ καίετο, παρ δὲ ἑκάστῳ
 εἶατο πεντήκοντα σέλαι πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
 Ἴπποι δὲ κρῖ λευκὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας, 560
 ὀσταότες παρ' ὀχεσφιν, εὐθρονον Ἡῶ μένον.

With brazen lance, and bear his bloody spoils,
To-morrow shall he prove his valour well,
If he abide the coming of my spear.
But, as I think, amid the foremost he
Will stricken lie, with many comrades round,
When mounts the morrow's sun. For O were I
As sure to live immortal, ever young
Through all my days, and honoured as the gods
Athené and Apollo, as I am
Sure that this day doth bring the Argives bane."

Thus Hector spake. The Trojans roared acclaim.
They loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And tethered them with reins, each by his car.
And from the city kine and lusty sheep
They drove with speed, and bought them honeyed wine,
And bread from out their homes: and gathered too
Great store of wood. And of their feast the winds
Bore the sweet savour heavenwards from the plain.
Thus with high hopes upon the battle bridge
All night they camped, and countless blazed their fires.
And as in heaven around the shining moon
The stars gleam sharp and clear in windless calm—
And all the peaks stand out, and jutting bluffs,
And glens: and boundless ether parted wide
Uncurtains all high heaven: and in full tale
Are seen the stars, to shepherd's heart a joy—
So countless 'twixt the ships and Xanthus' stream
The watchfires blazed in front of Ilion.
Burned on the plain a thousand fires: by each
Sat fifty men within the flame's bright glow:
While champing barley white and rye their steeds
Stood by the cars and waited fair-throned morn.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ι.

Λιπαί.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν Τρῶες φυλακὰς ἔχον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
θεσπεσίη ἔχε φύζα, φόβου κρυέντος ἑταίρη,
πένθει δ' ἀτλήτῳ βεβολήατο πάντες ἄριστοι
ὥς δ' ἄνεμοι δύο πόντον ὀρίνετον ἰχθυόεντα,
Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τῷ τε Θρήκηθεν ἄητον,
ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης· ἄμυδις δέ τε κῦμα κελαινόν
κορθύνεται, πολλὸν δὲ παρέξ ἄλλα φύκος ἔχευεν·
ὥς ἔδαττετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι νῆσσι Ἀχαιῶν.

Ἄτρεΐδης δ' ἄχει μεγάλῳ βεβολημένος ἦτορ
φοίτα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κελεύων
κλήδην εἰς ἀγορὴν κικλησκέμεν ἄνδρα ἕκαστον,
μηδὲ βοᾶν· αὐτὸς δὲ μετὰ πρῶτοισι πονεῖτο.
ἔξον δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ τετιηότες· ἂν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἴστατο δάκρυ χέων ὥς τε κρήνη μελάνυδρος,
ἣ τε κατ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης δνοφερὸν χέει ὕδωρ.
ὥς ὁ βαρὺ στενάχων ἔπε' Ἀργείοισι μετηύδα·
"ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
Ζεὺς με μέγα Κρονίδης ἄτη ἐνέδησε βαρεῖη,
σχέτλιος, ὅς τότε μὲν μοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν
Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,
νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλεύσατο, καί με κελεύει
δυσκλῆα Ἀργὸς ἰκίσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολλὸν ὤλεσα λαόν.

ILIAD IX.

Embassy to entreat Achilles.

SUCH watch the Trojans kept. Achaia's host
Dread Panic, comrade she of shuddering Flight,
Fast bound : and all the bravest and the best
Were stricken sore with grief intolerable.
And vexed and tossed as is the fishful main
When north and west wind meet, two Thrace-born blasts,
With sudden squall—the black waves tumbling crowd
High heaped ; the beach with tangle thick is strewn—
So tossed, so vexed, their souls within them swayed.

And stricken to the heart with mighty woe
The son of Atreus ranged the camp, and bade
The clear-voiced heralds to the council call
Each man with several summons, not with shout ;
And in the toil himself bore foremost part.
They came and sate in council sorrowing :
But Agamemnon rose and stood, whose tears
Fell as the dropping of a deep black spring,
That down the steep cliff pours its waters dark.
So he sore groaning 'mid the Argives spake :
“ Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Zeus Cronides fast to a heavy fate
Hath bound me—cruel god ! whose nod once pledged
The sack of well-walled Troy and safe return ;
Yet meant he but to lure me to my bane :
And now—the strength of all my people lost—
Inglorious bids to Argos take my way.

οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενέει φίλον εἶναι,
 ὅς δὴ πολλάων πολλῶν κατέλυσε κάρηνα.
 ἦδ' ἔτι καὶ λύσει· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον. 25
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼ εἶπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
 φεύγωμεν ξὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν·
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τροίην αἰρήσομεν εὐρυάγυιαν."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
 δὴν δ' ἄνεω ἦσαν τετιηότες υἱες Ἀχαιῶν. 30
 ὅψε δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
 "Ἄτρεϊδῃ, σοὶ πρῶτα μαχήσομαι ἀφραδέοντι,
 ἦ θέμις ἐστί, ἄναξ, ἀγορῇ· σὺ δὲ μή τι χολωθῆς.
 ἀλκὴν μὲν μοι πρῶτον ὀνειδίσας ἐν Δαναοῖσιν,
 φὰς ἔμεν ἀπτόλεμον καὶ ἀνάλκιδα· ταῦτα δὲ πάντα 35
 ἴσας' Ἀργείων ἡμὲν νέοι ἠδὲ γέροντες.
 σοὶ δὲ διάνδιχ' ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω·
 σκῆπτρῳ μὲν τοι ἔδωκε τετιμῆσθαι περὶ πάντων,
 ἀλκὴν δ' οὐ τοι ἔδωκεν, ὃ τε κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
 δαιμόνι', οὕτω που μάλα ἔλπεαι υἱας Ἀχαιῶν 40
 ἀπτολέμους τ' ἔμεναι καὶ ἀνάλκιδας ὡς ἀγορεύεις·
 εἰ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται ὥς τε νέεσθαι,
 ἔρχεο· πὰρ τοι ὁδός, νῆες δὲ τοι ἄγχι θαλάσσης
 ἐστᾶσ', αἷ τοι ἔποντο Μυκῆνηθεν μάλα πολλαί.
 ἀλλ' ἄλλοι μενέουσι κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί 45
 εἰς ὃ κέ περ Τροίην διαπέρσομεν. εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτοί,
 φευγόντων ξὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν·
 νῶϊ δ', ἐγὼ Σθένελός τε, μαχησόμεθ' εἰς ὃ κε τέκμωρ
 Ἰλίου εὕρωμεν· ξὺν γὰρ θεῷ εἰλήλουθμεν."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπίαχον υἱες Ἀχαιῶν, 50
 μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο.
 τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετεφώνεεν ἱππῶτα Νέστωρ·

So Zeus, methinks, will have it, Zeus the strong,
Who many cities' heads ere now hath bowed,
And yet will bow, for matchless is his might.
Then come, obey we all, e'en as I say,
Take ship, and fly to our dear father-land;
For now we ne'er shall win wide-streeted Troy."

He spake: but they were hushed and silent all.
Long were Achaia's sons in sorrow mute:
At last spake Diomedes good in fray:
"Atrides, first with thee, who art unwise,
I will contend, as is our right, my king,
In council; wherefore be not moved to wrath.
My courage thou didst heretofore impugn
Before the Danaans, and didst call me there
Unwarlike coward; and these words of thine
Are known to every Argive, young and old.
Now surely 'tis thyself to whom the son
Of crooked-counselled Cronos halved his boon,
And gave thee sceptred honour chief of all,
But courage not—which is the mightiest power.
What, sire! dost really deem Achaia's sons
Unwarlike cowards, as thy words would say?
Nay if thine own heart hasteth to return,
Go thou: the way is near, and by the sea
The ships that from Mycenæ followed thee
Stand not a few. But others here will stay,
Long-haired Achaians, till at last we sack
Troy's city. Or let them too, if they will,
Take ship and fly to their own father-land;
Yet will we twain, myself and Sthenelus,
Fight till we work the end of Ilion:
For not without a god we hither came."

So spake he: and Achaia's sons all roared
A loud acclaim, in wonder at the words
Of the steed-taming prince. Then straight uprose
Nestor, Gerenæ's knight, and 'mid them spake:

"Τυδείδῃ, περὶ μὲν πολέμῳ ἔνι καρτερός ἐσσι,
 καὶ βουλῇ μετὰ πάντας ὁμήλικας ἔπλεν ἄριστος.
 οὐ τίς τοι τὸν μῦθον ὀνόσσεται, ὅσσοι Ἀχαιοί, 55
 οὐδὲ πάλιν ἐρέει· ἀτὰρ οὐ τέλος ἶκεο μύθων.
 ἢ μὴν καὶ νέος ἐσσί, ἐμὸς δέ κε καὶ πάϊς εἴης
 ὀπλότατος γενεῆφιν· ἀτὰρ πεπνυμένα βάζεις
 Ἀργείων βασιλῆας, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μοῖραν ζειπες.
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐγών, ὃς σεῖο γεραίτερος εὐχομαι εἶναι, 60
 ἐξείπω καὶ πάντα διίξομαι· οὐδέ κέ τίς μοι
 μῦθον ἀτιμήσει, οὐδέ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.
 ἀφρήτωρ ἀθέμιστος ἀνέστιός ἐστιν ἐκείνος
 ὃς πολέμου ἔραται ἐπιδημίου ὀκρυόεντος.
 ἀλλ' ἢ τοι νῦν μὲν κειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ 65
 δόρπα τ' ἐφοπλισόμεσθα, φυλακτῆρες δὲ ἕκαστοι
 λεξάσθων παρὰ τάφρον ὀρυκτὴν τείχεος ἐκτός.
 κούροισιν μὲν ταῦτ' ἐπιτέλλομαι· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα,
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ, σὺ μὲν ἄρχε· σὺ γὰρ βασιλεύτατος ἐσσί.
 δαίνυ δαῖτα γέρουσι· ἔοικέ τοι, οὐ τοι ἀεικές. 70
 κλείαί τοι οἴνου κλισίαι, τὸν νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
 ἡμάτιαι Θρήκηθεν ἐπ' εὐρέα πόντον ἄγουσιν·
 πᾶσά τοι ἔσθ' ὑποδεξίῃ, πολέεσσι ἀνάσσεις,
 πολλῶν δ' ἀγρομένων τῷ πείσεαι ὃς κεν ἄριστην
 βουλήν βουλεύσῃ. μάλα δὲ χρεὼ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς 75
 ἐσθλῆς καὶ πυκινῆς, ὅτι δήμοι ἐγγύθι νηῶν
 καίουσιν πυρὰ πολλά· τίς ἂν τάδε γηθήσειεν;
 νύξ δ' ἢ δ' ἢ διαρραΐσει στρατὸν ἢ σαώσει."
 ὣς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδὲ πίθοντο,
 ἐκ δὲ φυλακτῆρες σὺν τεύχεσιν ἐσσεύοντο
 ἀμφὶ τε Νεστορίδην Θρασυμήδεα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 ἠδ' ἀμφ' Ἀσκάλαφον καὶ Ἰάλμενον υἱας Ἄρης,
 ἀμφὶ τε Μηριόνην Ἀφαρῆά τε Δηίπυρόν τε,

"Tydides, thou in war art passing strong,
 And best in counsel too among thy peers.
 Of all Achaians none will blame thy words,
 Nor gainsay: yet thou reachedst not the end.
 Truly thou'rt young, and mightest be my son,
 My youngest born; yet utterest words full wise
 To Argive kings, for all was fitly said.
 But come, and I, who claim more years than thou,
 Will speak and set forth all in full: and none—
 Not Agamemnon's self—will scorn my words.
 Surely a tribeless, lawless, homeless man
 Is he who loves to stir the strife of war
 In his own people, that abhorred plague.
 But let us now indeed obey black night,
 And spread our meals: and let the several guards
 Be ranged along the trench without the wall.
 To our young men this charge I give: but then
 Take thou the lead, Atrides, for thou art
 The chiefest king, and to our elders make
 A feast, as fits thee well nor misbeseems.
 Thy tents are full of wine, which day by day
 O'er the wide waters from the shore of Thrace
 Achaia's ships convey: all stores thou hast
 For hospitality, and thou art a king
 O'er many. But when many thus have met,
 Him shalt thou follow who shall counsel best.
 And all Achaia's sons have now sore need
 Of counsel good and shrewd: for near our ships
 Burn many foemen's watch-fires; and this night
 Will work our army's ruin or will save."

He spake: they heard attentive and obeyed.
 Out hasted then the guards, in armour clad,
 Gathering round Thrasymedes Nestor's son,
 A people's shepherd, and the war-god's sons
 Ascalaphus and Ialmenus; and around
 Meriones, Aphareus, Delpyrus,

ἦδ' ἀμφὶ Κρείοντος υἱόν, Λυκομήδεα δῖον.
 ἐπὶ δ' ὅσων ἡγεμόνες φυλάκων, ἑκατὸν δὲ ἑκάστῳ 85
 κοῦροι ἅμα στείχον, δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἔχοντες.
 καὶ δὲ μέσων τάφρου καὶ τείχεος ἴζον ἰόντες·
 ὦθα δὲ πῦρ κήαντο, τίθεντο δὲ δόρκα ἕκαστος.
 Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ γέροντας ἀολλύας ἤγε· Ἀχαιῶν 90
 ἐς κλισίην, παρὰ δὲ σφί τιθῃ μενοεικέα δαῖτα·
 οἳ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείαθ' ἐτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἱαλλον.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἰδητίος ἔξ ἔρον ἔντο,
 τοῖς ὁ γέρον πάμπρωτος ὑφαινέμεν ἤρχετο μῆτιν
 Νέστωρ, οὗ καὶ πρόσθεν ἀρίστη φαίνεται βουλή· 95
 ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·
 «Ἀτρεΐδῃ κῦδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
 ἐν σοὶ μὲν λήξω, σέο δ' ἄρξομαι, οὐνεκα πολλῶν
 λαῶν ἔσσι ἀναξ καὶ τοι Ζεὺς ἐργυάλιξεν
 σκῆπτρόν τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσι βουλευήσθαι 100
 τῷ σε χρή περὶ μὲν φάσθαι ἔπος ἦδ' ἐπακούσθαι,
 κρηῆναι δὲ καὶ ἄλλῳ, ὅτ' ἂν τινα θυμὸς ἀνώγῃ
 εἰπεῖν εἰς ἀγαθόν· σέο δ' ἔξεσται ὅττι κεν ἄρχῃ.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ἔρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἀριστα.
 οἷον ἐγὼ νοέω, ἤμην πάλαι ἦδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν,
 ἐξ ἔτι τοῦ ὅτε, διογενὲς Βρισηΐδα κούρην
 χρομένου Ἀχιλλῆος ἔβης κλισίῃθεν ἀπούρας
 οὐ τι καθ' ἡμέτερόν γε νόον· μάλα γάρ τοι ἐγὼ γι 105
 πόλλ' ἀπεμυθεόμην. σὺ δὲ σὺ μεγαλήτορι θυμῷ
 εἴξας ἄνδρα φέριστον, ὃν ἀθάνατοί περ ἔτισαν,
 ἠτίμησας· εἰδὼν γὰρ ἔχεις γέρας. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦ

And godlike Lycomedes Creion's son:
Seven captains were there of the guards; with each
Went young men full fivescore, bearing in hand
Their lances long. The space between the wall
And trench they sought, and took their ground; and there
Kindled their fires and spread their several meals.

Meanwhile Atrides gathered to his tent
Achaia's greybeards all; and by them set
A full and pleasant feast: who laid their hands
Upon the meats before them ready spread.
But when desire of meat and drink was stayed,
To them did Nestor first of all begin
To weave his prudent words, the greybeard sage
Whose counsel still of old the best was seen.
He now right wisely 'mid their council spake:
"Most honoured son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, I with thee will end,
From thee begin; because thou art a king
Of many peoples, and dost hold from Zeus
Sceptre and laws, to be their counsellor.
Wherefore above all other 'tis thy right
To say thy word, and yet withal to hear
And ratify what other man may say
Moved by his spirit for the public weal:
And what he prompts must still on thee depend.
But I will speak as seemeth me the best:
For better judgment none will form than this—
My judgment both of old, and yet to-day,
Ay ever since that time when, Zeus-born prince,
Braving the chieftan's wrath thou ledst away
The maid Briseis from Achilleus' tent,
We in no wise approving. I for one
Spake strong against it: but thou gavest way
To thy proud heart, and on the bravest man
(Whom ev'n immortals honoured) castest scorn,
For thou didst take and holdest yet his prize.

φραζόμεσθ' ὥς κέν μιν ἀρεσσάμενοι πεπύθωμεν
 δώροισιν τ' ἄγαθοῖσι ἔπεσσι τε μαιλιχίοισιν."

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
 "ὦ γέρον, οὐ τι ψεῦδος ἐμὰς ἄτας κατέλεξας. 115

ἁσάμην, οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀναίνομαι. ἀντί νυ πολλῶν
 λαῶν ἐστὶν ἀνὴρ ὃν τε Ζεὺς κῆρι φιλήσῃ,
 ὥς τῦν τοῦτον ἔτισε, δάμασσε δὲ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἁσάμην φρεσὶ λευγαλέῃσι πιθήσας,
 ἂψ ἐθέλω ἀρίσται, δόμεναί τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα· 120

ὑμῖν δ' ἐν πάντεσσι περικλυτὰ δῶρ' ὀνομήνω,
 ἔπτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
 αἰθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἐείκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους
 πηγυλὸς ἀθλοφόρους, οἳ ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.
 οὐ κεν ἀλῆιος εἴη ἀνὴρ ᾧ τόσσα γένοιτο, 125
 οὐδέ κεν ἀκτῆμων ἐριτίμοιο χρυσοῖο,
 ὅσσα μοι ἠνέικαντο ἀέθλια μώνυχες ἵπποι.

δώσω δ' ἐπτὰ γυναῖκας ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας,
 Λεσβίδας, ἃς, ὅτε Λέσβον εὐκτιμένην ἔλεν αὐτός,
 ἐξελόμεν, αἱ κάλλει ἐνίκων φύλα γυναικῶν. 130

τάς μὲν οἱ δώσω, μετὰ δ' ἔσσεται ἦν τότε ἀπηύρων,
 κούρη Βρισηῆος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὄρκον ὁμοῦμαι
 μή ποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἠδὲ μυγῆναι
 ἢ θέμις ἀνθρώπων πέλει, ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ γυναικῶν.

ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρέσσεται· εἰ δέ κεν αὖτε 135
 ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοὶ δώωσ' ἀλαπάξαι,
 νῆα ἄλκις χρυσοῦ καὶ ἑλκτοῦ νηυσάσθω
 εἰσελθῶν, ὅτε κεν δατεώμεθα ληῖδ' Ἀχαιοί,
 Τρηνάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐείκοσιν αὐτὸς ἐλίσθω,

But even now tho' late, devise we plan
That may appease his wrath, and win him o'er
By kindly presents and by honeyed words."
Then answered Agamemnon king of men:
"Father, too truly do thy words declare
My folly. Fool I was: nor can myself
Deny the charge. Worth a whole host is he
Whom Zeus doth dearly love, as now this man
He honours, and afflicts Achaia's host.
But since, obedient to a baneful mood,
I wrought the folly, I to make it good
Am willing, and unstinted price to pay.
And now before you all the glorious gifts
I'll name—Seven tripod urns unscathed by fire,
Of gold ten talents, twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve steeds withal, prize-bearers, stout of limb,
Whose nimble feet have gained them many a prize.
Not landless he, nor poor in precious gold,
To whom may fall those many stores of wealth,
The prizes that my firm-hoofed steeds have won.
Seven women will I also give, well-skilled
In faultless work, of Lesbian race, whom I
Chose out when by his hand fair Lesbos fell,
Passing all womankind in comeliness.
These will I give him: and with them shall be
The maid of Briseus, whom erewhile I took.
And hereto will I swear a mighty oath,
That never have I climbed her bed or lain
Beside her, as a man with woman may.
All this at once shall be his own. But more—
If gods hereafter grant us grace to sack
Priam's great city, let him enter in
And freight his ship with piles of brass and gold
When our Achaian host divides the spoil.
And twenty Trojan women let him take
At his own choice, the fairest of the fair,

αἶ κε μετ' Ἀργείην Ἑλένην κάλλισται ἔωσιν. 140
 εἰ δέ κεν Ἄργος ἰκοίμεθ' Ἀχαικόν, οὐθαρ ἀρούρης,
 γαμβρός κεν μοι ᾖσι· τίσω δέ ἐ ἴσον Ὀρέστη,
 ὅς μοι τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλίῃ ἐνὶ πολλῇ.
 τρεῖς δέ μοι εἰσὶ θυγατρὲς ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ ἐϋπῆκτῃ,
 Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Λαοδίκη καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα· 145
 τάων ἦν κ' ἐθέλῃσι φίλην ἀνάεδνον ἀγέσθω
 πρὸς οἶκον Πηληϊός· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ μείλια δώσω
 πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσ' οὐ πά τις ἐγὼ ἐπέδωκε θυγατρὶ.
 ἔπτα δέ οἱ δώσω εὐ ναιόμενα πτολίεθρα,
 Καρδαμύλην Ἐνόπην τε καὶ Ἴρην ποιήσσαν 150
 Φηραί τε ζαθείας ἡδ' Ἀνθείαν βαθύλειμον
 καλὴν τ' Αἰπείαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν.
 πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγυὲς ἀλός, νέαται Πύλου ἡμαθδέοντος·
 ἐν δ' ἄνδρες ναίουσι πολύρρηνες πολυβοῦνται,
 οἳ κέ ἐ δωτῆνσι θεὸν ὥς τιμήσουσιν 155
 καὶ οἱ ὑπὸ σκῆπτρῳ λιπαρὰς τελέουσι θέμιστας.
 ταῦτά κέ οἱ τελέσαιμι μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
 δμηθῆναι. Ἄλδης τοι ἀμείλιχος ἡδ' ἀδάμαστος·
 τούνεκα καὶ τε βροτοῖσι θεῶν ἔχθιστος ἀπάντων.
 καὶ μοι ὑποστήτω, ὅσσον βασιλεύτερος εἰμί 160
 ἡδ' ὅσσον γενηὲ πρόγενέστερος εὐχομαι εἶναι."
 τὸν δ' ἡμαίβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
 "Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
 δῶρα μὲν οὐκέτ' ὀνοστὰ δίδως Ἀχιλῆϊ ἀνακτι·
 ἀλλ' ὄγετε, κλητοὺς ὀτρύνομεν, οἳ κε τάχιστα 165
 ἔλθωσ' ἐς κλισίην Πηληϊάδῃ Ἀχιλῆος.
 εἰ δ' ὄγε, τοὺς ἂν ἐγὼν ἐπιόψομαι, οἳ δὲ πιθέσθων.
 Φοῖνιξ μὲν πρῶτιστα δίφιλος ἡγησάσθω,

By Argive Helen's self alone surpassed.
 But to Achaian Argos if we come,
 That land of milk, my daughter he shall wed;
 And I will honour him as my own son
 Orestes, who last-born and best-beloved
 In rich abundance there to manhood grows.
 Three daughters have I in my firm-built hall,
 Chrysothemis, Laodice, and third
 Iphianassa. Lead he which he will
 An unbought welcome bride to Peleus' home.
 And presents with her I will give in store
 As never father yet with daughter gave.
 Seven towns withal, well peopled, I will give
 Cardamyle to wit, and Enope,
 And grassy Ira, Phere the divine,
 Antheia's deep-soiled meads, Æpeia fair,
 And vine-clad Pedasus. Hard by the sea
 On sandy Pylos' border lie they all.
 And they are rich in sheep and rich in kine
 Who dwell therein: and they will honour him
 With gifts ev'n as a god, and goodly dues
 Obedient to his sceptre they will pay.
 All this I will for him perform, if he
 Will bate his anger. Let him then be bent—
 Hades indeed is unappeased, unbent;
 And therefore is to mortals of all gods
 The hatefullest. And let him yield to me,
 Who am the lordlier king and elder born."

Then Nestor answered him, Gerené's knight:
 "Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
 Great Agamemnon, gifts that none can blame
 To king Achilles thou dost offer now.
 Come, send we chosen men, who with all speed
 May get them to the tent of Peleus' son.
 Or come, whom I shall name, let them obey.
 First Phoenix, loved of Zeus, shall lead the way;

αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Αἴας τε μέγας καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
 κηρύκεν δ' Ὀδῖος τε καὶ Εὐρυβάτης ἄμ' ἐπέσθων. 170
 φέρτε δὲ χερσὶν ὕδωρ, εὐφημήσαί τε κέλευσθε,
 ὄφρα Διὶ Κρονίδῃ ἀρησόμεθ', εἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ."

ὣς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ἱαζότα μῦθον βεῖπεν.
 αὐτίκα κήρυκες μὲν ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἔχευαν,
 κοῦροι δὲ κρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοῖο, 175
 νύμηναν δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σπείσαν τε πλὺν θ' ὅσον ἤθελε θυμός,
 ὀρμῶντ' ἐκ κλισίῃς Ἀγαμέμνωνος Ἀτρεΐδαο.
 τοῖσι δὲ πόλλ' ἐπέτελλε Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ,
 δειδίλλων ἐς ἕκαστον, Ὀδυσσῇ δὲ μάλιστα, 180
 πειρᾶν ὡς πεπίθοιεν ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα.

τὼ δὲ βάτην παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
 πολλὰ μάλ' εὐχομένω γαιηόχῳ ἐννοσυγαίῳ
 ῥηιδίως πεπιθεῖν μεγάλας φρένας Αἰακίδαο.
 Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθην, 185
 τὸν δ' εὖρον φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμυγι λιγείῃ
 καλῇ δαιδαλέῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργύρεον ζυγὸν ἦεν·
 τὴν ἄρετ' ἐξ ἐνάρων, πόλιν Ἡετίωνος ὀλέσσας·
 τῇ δ' γε θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, αἶδε δ' ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.
 Πάτροκλος δέ οἱ ὅλος ἐναντίος ἦστο σιωπῇ, 190
 δέχμενος Αἰακίδαην, ὅποτε λήξειεν αἰδῶν.
 τὼ δὲ βάτην προτέρω, ἡγήετο δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
 στὰν δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτοῖο, ταφῶν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεύς
 αὐτῇ σὺν φόρμυγι, λιπὼν ἔδος ἐνθα θάασσεν.
 ὡς δ' αὖτως Πάτροκλος, ἐπεὶ ἶδε φῶτας, ἀνίστη. 195

Great Ajax with Odysseus, godlike wight,
Be next: and with them of our heralds twain,
Eurybates and Hodijs, shall attend.
But bring ye lustral water for our hands,
And bid a holy silence, while to Zeus
The son of Cronos we for mercy pray."

So spake he, and his counsel pleased them all.
Then water on their hands the heralds poured;
And youths crowned high with wine the brimming bowls,
Made offering due, and served the cups to all.
But when libation they had made, and drunk
All that their soul desired, forth from the tent
Of Agamemnon Atreus' son they sped.
And many a charge, with earnest glance to each,
Nestor Geren's knight upon them pressed,
But chiefly on Odysseus, that they strive
To move the mind of blameless Peleus' son.

So by the margin of the sounding sea
The envoys took their way: and much they prayed
The god who girds the land and shakes the earth
For grace to move with ease the mighty mind
Of great *Æacides*. And now they reached
The tents and vessels of the *Myrmidons*:
And found the chief within, cheering his soul
With lyre, clear-toned and beauteous, rich-inlaid,
And spanned with silver bridge—The same he took
As booty when *Eetion's* town he spoiled—
With this he cheered his mind, and sang withal
The lays of heroes. O'er against him sate
Patroclus silent and alone, to wait
Until *Æacides* should cease the song.
Godlike Odysseus leading, forward came
The envoys, and before *Achilleus* stood:
Who started up amazed, with lyre in hand,
Leaving the seat whereon he sate; nor less
Patroclus, soon as e'er he saw the men,

τὰ καὶ δεικνύμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
 "χαίρετον· ἢ φίλοι ἄνδρες ἰκάνετον—ἢ τι μάλα χρεώ,
 οἳ μοι σκυζομένῳ περ Ἀχαιῶν φίλτατοι ἐστόν."

ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας προτέρῳ ἄγε διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς,
 εἶσεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησί τε πορφυρέοισιν. 100
 αἶψα δὲ Πάτροκλον προσεφώνεεν ἑγγὺς ἐόντα·
 "μείζονα δὴ κρητῆρα, Μενoitίου υἱέ, καθίστα,
 ζωρότερον δὲ κέραιε, δέπας δ' ἐντυνε ἐκάστω·
 οἳ γὰρ φίλτατοι ἄνδρες ἐμῷ ὑπέασι μελάθρῳ."

ὣς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπαίθεθ' ἑταίρῳ. 105
 αὐτὰρ δ' ἔγε κρεῖον μέγα κάββαλεν ἐν πυρὸς αὐγῇ,
 ἐν δ' ἄρα νῶτον ἔθηκ' διὸς καὶ πίονος αἰγός,
 ἐν δὲ συνὸς σιάλοιο ῥάχιν τεθαλυῖαν ἀλοιφῇ.

τῷ δ' ἔχευ Αὐτομέδων, τάμνεν δ' ἄρα διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν εὖ μίστυλλε καὶ ἄμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειρεν, 110
 πῦρ δὲ Μενoitιάδης δαῖεν μέγα, ἰσόθεος φῶς.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ πῦρ ἐκάη καὶ φλόξ ἐμαράνθη,
 ἀνθρακιὴν στορέσας ὀβελούς ἐφύπερθε τάνυσσεν,
 πᾶσσε δ' ἀλδὲ θεῖοιο, κρατευντάων ἐπαείρας.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ᾤπτησε καὶ εἰν ἑλεοῖσιν ἔχευεν, 115

Πάτροκλος μὲν σῖτον ἐλὼν ἐπένειμε τραπέξῃ
 καλοῖς ἐν κανέοισιν, ἀτὰρ κρέα νεῖμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.

αὐτὸς δ' ἀντίον ἔξεν Ὀδυσσῆος θεῖοιο

τοίχου τοῦ ἑτέροιο, θεοῖσι δὲ θῦσαι ἀνώγει.

Πάτροκλον δ' ἐταῖρον· ὃ δ' ἐν πυρὶ βάλλε θυηλάς. 120

οἳ δ' ἐπ' ὀνειῖαθ' ἐτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἱαλλον.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πῆσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,

νεῦσ' Αἴας Φοῖνικι. νόησε δὲ διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς,

Uprose. 'To whom Achilleus fleet of foot
Stretched forth his hand and thus a greeting spake :
"Hail, sirs ! right welcome are ye. Some sore need
Hath surely brought ye ; whom, tho' much in wrath,
Of all Achaia's sons I hold most dear."

So spake the godlike prince, and led them on,
And made them sit on couches purple-strewn ;
Then to Patroclus spake, who near him stood.
"Son of Menœtius, a larger bowl
Set on, and mix a stronger draught, A cup
Serve out to each. For these, who now beneath
My roof have come, are men I hold most dear."

So spake he : and Patroclus straight obeyed
His comrade dear. Then by the blazing fire
An ample board the chief cast down, whereon
Of sheep and well-fed goat two loins he placed
With chine of fatted hog thick clothed in lard.
Automedon held for the chief the joints,
Godlike Achilleus cut, and sliced with care
And spitted all. Meanwhile Menœtius' son,
A godlike hero, fed a mighty fire.
But when the fire burnt down and flame was dead,
The embers he spread smooth, and over these
Stretched spits upraised on blocks at either end,
And sprinkled o'er the meats with salt divine.
These roasted and upon the dressers laid,
Patroclus taking bread in baskets fair
Served to each table, while Achilleus served
The meats. Then 'took he seat right opposite
Godlike Odysseus, by the further wall ;
And bade his friend Patroclus give the gods
Their dues : who cast their offerings on the fire.
Then on the viands spread they laid their hands.
But when desire of meat and drink was stayed,
Ajax to Phoenix nodded sign : this marked
Godlike Odysseus, and forthwith a cup

πλησάμενος δ' οἶνοιο δέπας δαΐδεκτ' Ἀχιλῆα·
 "χαῖρ' Ἀχιλεῦ. δαιτὸς μὲν ἔϊσης οὐκ ἐπιδευεῖς, 125
 ἡμῖν ἐνὶ κλισίῃ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδου
 ἥδ' ἐκαστὸν ἐνθάδε νῦν· πάρα γὰρ μενοεικέα πολλὰ
 δαίνυσθ'. ἀλλ' οὐ δαιτὸς ἐπήρατα ἔργα μέμηλεν,
 ἀλλὰ λίην μέγα πῆμα, διοτρεφές, εἰσορόωντες
 δαΐδιμεν· ἐν δοιῇ δὲ σόας ἔμεν ἢ ἀπολέσθαι 130
 νῆας εὖσσέλμους, εἰ μὴ σύ γε δύσειαι ἀλκήν.
 ἐγγυς γὰρ νηῶν καὶ τείχεος αὖτις ἔθεντο
 Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοὶ τ' ἐπικούροι,
 κηάμενοι πυρὰ πολλὰ κατὰ στρατόν, οὐδ' ἔτι φασὶν
 σχήσεσθ' ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι. 135
 Ζεὺς δὲ σφιν Κρονίδης ἐνδέξια σήματα φαίνων
 ἀστράπτει. Ἐκτώρ δὲ μέγα σθένει βλαμεαίνων
 μαίνεται ἐκπῶγλος, πῖσυνος Διὶ, οὐδέ τι τίει
 ἀνέρας οὐδέ θεούς· κρατερὴ δὲ ἐλύσσα δέδυκεν.
 ἀρᾶται δὲ τάχιστα φανήμεναι Ἥῳ δῖαν· 140
 στεῦται γὰρ νηῶν ἀποκοψέμεν ἄκρα κόρυμβα
 αὐτάς τ' ἐμπρήσειν μαλεροῦ πυρός, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
 δρώσειν παρὰ τῇσιν ἀτυζομένους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ.
 ταῦτ' αἰνῶς δαΐδοικα κατὰ φρένα, μὴ οἱ ἀπειλὰς
 ἐκτελέσωσι θεοί, ἡμῖν δὲ δὴ αἰσιμον εἶη 145
 φθίσθαι ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, ἐκάς Ἀργεος ἵπποβότοιο.
 ἀλλ' ἄνα, εἰ μέμονάς γε καὶ ὄψ' ἐπερ υἱας Ἀχαιῶν
 τειρομένους ἐρύεσθαι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ.
 αὐτῷ σοὶ μετόπισθ' ἄχος ἔσσεται, οὐδέ τι μῆχος
 ρεχθέντος κακοῦ ἔστ' ἄκος εὐρέμεν. ἀλλὰ πολλὸν πρὶν 150
 φράζην ὅπως Δαναοῖσιν ἀλεξήσεις κακὸν ἡμαρ.

Filling with wine Achilleus thus he pledged.
"Health to Achilleus! Of the well-shared feast
We find no lack, whether within the tent
Of Agamemnon Atreus' son, or now
With thee; for full and pleasant meats are here
To feast on. But no joyous feast is now
Our need. We see a danger, Zeus-born prince,
Exceeding great, and tremble: 'tis in doubt
Whether we save or lose our well-benched ships,
Unless again thou clothe thee in thy might.
For near our vessels and our wall are camped
Proud Trojans and allies from distant lands,
With many a watch-fire burning through their host:
Nor shall we stay them more (they say) but fly
Driven to our black-hulled ships. And Cronos' son
Doth lighten on their right with fav'ring signs:
While Hector great and terrible in strength,
On Zeus reliant, raves amain, nor recks
Of men or gods, by fury fell possest.
And now he prays that dawn divine will haste
Her light: for he is bent to hew away
Our ships' high sterns, and with devouring fire
Set all ablaze, and scared before the smoke
Achaia's sons beside their ships to slay.
And greatly fears my soul that these his threats
The gods may bring to pass: and so methinks
It were our doom to perish here in Troy
From horse-cropt plains of Argos far away.
But up, if thou art minded, e'en tho' late,
To succour in their strait Achaia's sons
From Trojan rout. 'Twill be a grief to thee
Hereafter else; nor, when an ill is done,
Can means of cure be found. Wherefore in time
Take heed, and ward the Danaans' day of doom.

ὦ πέπον, ἢ μὴν σοί γε πατήρ ἐπετέλλετο Πηλεΐς,
 ἤματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν·
 'τέκνον ἐμόν, κάρτος μὲν Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ Ἡρῇ
 δώσουσ', αἱ κ' ἐθέλωσι, σὺ δὲ μεγαλήτορα θυμόν 255
 ἴσχειν ἐν στήθεσσι· φιλοφροσύνη γὰρ ἀμείνων·
 ληγέμεναι δ' ἔριδος κακομηχάνου, ὅφρα σε μᾶλλον
 τίωσ' Ἀργείων ἡμὲν νέοι ἠδὲ γέροντες.
 ὣς ἐπέειλλ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λήθεαι. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
 παύε', ἴα δὲ χόλον θυμολγία. σοὶ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων 260
 ἀξια δῶρα δίδωσι μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
 εἰ δέ, σὺ μὲν μὲν ἀκουσον, ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι καταλέξω
 ὅσσα τοι ἐν κλισίῃσιν ὑπέσχετο δῶρ' Ἀγαμέμνων·
 ἑπτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
 αἰθωνας δὲ λέβητας δέκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους 265
 πηγούς ἀθλοφόρους, οἳ ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.
 οὐ κεν ἀλῆϊος εἴη ἀνὴρ ὅς τόσσα γένοιτο,
 οὐδέ κεν ἀκτῆμων ἐριτίμοιο χρυσοῖο,
 ὅσσ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἵπποι ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.
 δώσει δ' ἑπτὰ γυναῖκας ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας, 270
 Λεσβίδας, αἷς, ὅτε Λέσβον εὐκτιμένην ἔλες αὐτός,
 ἐξέλεθ', αἱ τότε κάλλει ἐνίκων φύλα γυναικῶν.
 τὰς μὲν τοι δώσει, μετὰ δ' ἔσσεται ἦν τοτ' ἀπηύρα,
 κοῦρη Βρισῆος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὄρκον ὀμείται
 μή ποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἠδὲ μυγῆναι 275
 ἢ θέμις ἐστί, ἄναξ, ἢ τ' ἀνδρῶν ἢ τε γυναικῶν.
 ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρέσσεται· εἰ δέ κεν αὐτε
 ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοὶ δώωσ' ἀλαπάξαι,
 νῆα ἄλκι χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοῦ νηήσασθαι

Dear prince, thy father Peleus gave thee charge
 Upon that day when from thy Phthian home
 He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's aid :
 'My child, Athené will grant strength of war,
 And Heré, if they please : but thou thyself
 Check the proud spirit in thy breast, for still
 A kindly heart is best. And cease from strife,
 Worker of evil, that thou may'st the more
 Win honour of the Argives young and old.'
 Such charge the greybeard gave : but thou forgetst.
 But cease, e'en now, and thy heart-grieving wrath
 Forego. Right worthy gifts are offered thee
 By Agamemnon if thou bate thy ire.
 Nay come, and listen thou, while I rehearse
 The many gifts that Agamemnon's self
 Within his tent but now did promise thee.
 Seven tripods will he give, unscathed by fire,
 Of gold ten talents, twenty glittering pots ;
 Twelve steeds withal, prize-bearers, stout of limb,
 Whose nimble feet have won them many a prize.
 Not landless he nor poor in precious gold,
 To whom may fall those many stores of wealth,
 Prizes that Agamemnon's steeds have won.
 Seven women also will he give, well-skilled
 In faultless work, of Lesbian race, whom he
 Chose out when by thy hand fair Lesbos fell,
 Passing all womankind in comeliness.
 These will he give thee ; and with them shall be
 The maid of Briseus whom erewhile he took,
 And hereto will he swear a mighty oath,
 That never has he climbed her bed or lain
 Beside her, as a man with woman may.
 All this at once shall be thine own. But more—
 If gods hereafter grant us grace to sack
 Priam's great city, thou may'st enter in
 And freight thy ship with piles of brass and gold,

εἰσελθών, ὅτε κεν δατεώμεθα ληϊδ' Ἀχαιοί,
 Τρωιάδας δὲ γυναῖκας εἰκόσιν αὐτὸς ἐλέσθαι,
 αἶ κε μετ' Ἀργεῖην Ἑλένην κάλλισται ἔωσιν.
 εἰ δέ κεν Ἄργος ἰκοίμεθ' Ἀχαικόν, οὐθαρ ἀρούρης,
 γαμβρός κέν οἱ ἔοις· τίσει δέ σε ἴσον Ὀρέστη,
 ὅς οἱ τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλίῃ ἐνὶ πολλῇ.
 τρεῖς δέ οἱ εἰσὶ θυγατρὲς ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ εὐπῆκτῳ,
 Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Λαοδίκη καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα·
 τάων ἦν κ' ἐθέλησθα φίλην ἀνάεδνον ἄγεσθαι
 πρὸς οἶκον Πηλῆος· ὃ δ' αὐτ' ἐπὶ μείλια δώσει
 πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσ' οὐ πώ τις ἐῖς ἐπέδωκε θυγατρὶ.
 ἑπτὰ δέ τοι δώσει εὐ ναιόμενα πτολίεθρα,
 Καρδαμύλην Ἐνόπην τε καὶ Ἴρην ποιήεσσαν
 Φηράς τε Ζαθέας ἠδ' Ἀνθειαν βαθύλειμον
 καλήν τ' Αἴπειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν.
 πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγὺς ἁλός, νέαται Πύλου ἡμαθόεντος·
 ἐν δ' ἄνδρες ναίουσι πολύρρηνες πολυβοῦται,
 οἳ κέ σε δωτίνῃσι θεὸν ὥς τιμήσουσιν
 καὶ τοι ὑπὸ σκῆπτρῳ λιπαρὰς τελέουσι θέμιστας.
 ταῦτά κέ τοι τελέσειε μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
 εἰ δέ τοι Ἀτρεΐδης μὲν ἀπήχθετο κηρόθι μᾶλλον,
 αὐτὸς καὶ τοῦ δῶρα, σὺ δ' ἄλλους περ Παναχαιοὺς
 τειρομένους ἐλέαιρε κατὰ στρατόν, οἳ σε θεὸν ὥς
 τίσουσ'· ἦ γάρ κέ σφι μάλα μέγα κῦδος ἄροιο.
 νῦν γάρ χ' Ἑκτορ' ἔλοισ, ἐπεὶ ἂν μάλα τοι σχεδὸν ἐλ-
 λύσσαν ἔχων ὀλοήν, ἐπεὶ οὐ τινά φησιν ὁμοῖον
 οἳ ἔμεναι Δαναῶν οὕς ἐνθάδε νῆες ἔνεικαν."

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

When our Achaian host divides the spoil.
And twenty Trojan women thou may'st take
At thine own choice, the fairest of the fair,
By Argive Helen's self alone surpassed.
But to Achaian Argos if we come,
That land of milk, his daughter thou shalt wed;
And he will honour thee as his own son
Orestes, who last-born and best-beloved
In rich abundance there to manhood grows.
Three daughters has he in his firm-built hall,
Chrysothemis, Laodicé, and third
Iphianassa. Lead thou which thou wilt
An unbought welcome bride to Peleus' home.
And presents with her he will give in store,
As never father yet with daughter gave.
Seven towns withal, well-peopled, he will give,
Cardamylé to wit, and Enopé,
And grassy Ira, Pherae the divine,
Antheia's deep-soiled meads, Æpeia fair
And vine-clad Pedasus. Hard by the sea
On sandy Pylos' border lie they all.
And they are rich in sheep and rich in kine
Who dwell therein: and they will honour him
With gifts ev'n as a god, and goodly dues
Obedient to his sceptre they will pay.
All this he pays thee, if thou bate thy wrath.
But if thy heart so hateth Atreus' son,
Himself and these his gifts, yet pity thou
In their sore strait Achaia's general host;
Who as a god will honour thee, for thou
Wilt surely win them passing great renown.
For now thou may'st slay Hector, who will come
Full near to thee, possesst with baneful rage:
Since of the Danaans whom our vessels bare
Hither to Troy, he reckons none his peer."

To him replied Achilles fleet of foot:

“διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν’ Ὀδυσσεύ,
 χρή μὲν δὴ τὸν μῦθον ἀπηλεγέως ἀποειπεῖν,
 ἣ περ δὴ φρονέω τε καὶ ὥς τετελεσμένον ἔσται, 310
 ὥς μὴ μοι τρύζητε παρήμενοι ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος.
 ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀἶδαο πύλῃσιν
 ὅς χ’ ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ εἶπῃ.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ἔρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.
 οὔτ’ ἐμέ γ’ Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα πεισέμεν οἶω 315
 οὔτ’ ἄλλους Δαναούς, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦεν
 μάρνασθαι δηίοισιν ἐπ’ ἀνδράσι νωλεμέσ αἰεί.
 ἴση μοῖρα μένοντι, καὶ εἰ μάλα τις πολεμίζοι·
 ἐν δὲ ἱῇ τιμῇ ἡμὲν κακὸς ἦδὲ καὶ ἐσθλός.
 κάτθαν’ ὁμῶς ὃ τ’ ἀεργὸς ἀνὴρ ὃ τε πολλὰ ἐοργώς. 320
 οὔδέ τί μοι περίκειται, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ
 αἰὲν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν παραβαλλόμενος πολεμίζειν.
 ὥς δ’ ὄρνις ἀπτῇσι νεοσσοῖσιν προφέρῃσιν
 μάστακ’, ἐπεὶ κε λάβῃσι, κακῶς δ’ ἄρα οἱ πέλει αὐτῇ,
 ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ πολλὰς μὲν αὐπνους νύκτας ἴαυον, 325
 ἥματα δ’ αἱματόεντα διέπρησσον πολεμίζων
 ἀνδράσι μαρνάμενοις δάρων ἔνεκα σφετεράων.
 δώδεκα δὴ σὺν νηυσὶ πόλις ἀλάπαξ’ ἀνθρώπων,
 πεζὸς δ’ ἑνδεκά φημι κατὰ Τροίην ἐρίβωλον·
 τάων ἐκ πασέων κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλά 330
 ἐξελόμην, καὶ πάντα φέρων Ἀγαμέμνονι δόσκον
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ ὃ δ’ ὀπισθε μένων παρὰ νηυσὶ βοῇσιν
 δεξάμενος διὰ παῦρα δασάσκετο, πολλὰ δ’ ἔχεσκεν.
 ἄσσα δ’ ἀριστήεσσι δίδου γέρα καὶ βασιλεῦσιν,
 τοῖσι μὲν ἔμπεδα κεῖται, ἐμεῦ δ’ ἀπὸ μούνου Ἀχαιῶν 335
 εἴλετ’, ἔχει δ’ ἄλοχον θυμαρέα· τῇ παριαύων
 τερπέσθω. τί δὲ δεῖ πολεμιζέμεναι Τρώεσσιν

"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,
Thou many-counselled man, my word herein
I must speak bluntly forth, ev'n as I think
And will most surely do, lest flocking here
Ye sit beside me to make idle moan.
For him I hate, ay, as the gates of death,
Whose heart hides aught but what his lips forthtell
And I will say as seemeth me the best.
Me neither will Atrides, as I ween,
Persuade, nor other Danaan; since to fight
Untiringly and alway with the foe
Brought me no thanks. The laggard ever bore
Like share with warrior, fought he never so:
One honour had the coward and the brave.
Death comes not less to him of many deeds
Than to the deedless idler. And what gain
Results from all the ills my soul endured,
Who ever risked my life in brunt of war?
Ev'n as the mother-bird to unfledged young
Bears in her beak whate'er she find, yet fares
Herself but scantily—so through sleepless nights
Full many I lay, and fought through bloody days
With men who battled for their own dear wives.
Twelve cities sacked I, sailing with my ships,
Eleven on land in deep-soiled plain of Troy.
From all these cities many treasures rich
I took. To Agamemnon Atreus' son
I brought and gave them all: who stayed behind
By the swift ships, and gathering in the spoils
Apportioned out but little, much retained.
Prizes he gave to chieftains and to kings:
But while the rest yet keep their own secure,
From me alone of all Achaia's host
He took, and holds, the wife my heart held dear.
Let him e'en take his pleasure by her side.
But wherefore need the Argives war on Troy?

Ἄργεῖους; τί δὲ λαὸν ἀνήγαγεν ἐνθάδ' ἀγείρας
 Ἄτρεΐδης; ἢ οὐχ' Ἑλένης ἔνεκ' ἠυκόμοιο;
 ἢ μῶνοι φιλέουσ' ἀλόχους μερόπων ἀνθρώπων 340
 Ἄτρεΐδαι; ἐπεὶ ὅς τις ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἐχέφρων,
 τὴν αὐτοῦ φιλέει καὶ κήδεται, ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ τὴν
 ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλεον δουρικτητὴν περ ἐοῦσαν.
 νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ χειρῶν γέρας εἴλετο καὶ μ' ἀπάτησεν,
 μή μεν πειράτω εὖ εἰδότος· οὐδέ με πείσει. 345
 ἀλλ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, σὺν σοί τε καὶ ἄλλοισιν βασιλεῦσιν
 φραζέσθω νήεσσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δῆιον πῦρ.
 ἢ μὲν δὴ μάλα πολλὰ πονήσατο νόσφιν ἐμεῖο,
 καὶ δὴ τεῖχος ἔδειμε, καὶ ἤλασε τάφρον ἐπ' αὐτῷ
 εὐρείαν μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλοπας κατέπηξεν· 350
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς δύναται σθένος Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
 ἴσχειν. ὄφρα δ' ἐγὼ μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν πολέμιζον,
 οὐκ ἐθέλεσκε μάχην ἀπὸ τείχεος ὀρνύμεν Ἑκτωρ,
 ἀλλ' ὅσον ἐς Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἵκανεν·
 ἔνθα ποτ' οἶον ἔμιμνε, μόγις δέ μεν ἔκφυγεν ὁρμήν. 355
 νῦν δ', ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλω πολεμιζέμεν Ἑκτορι δίφ,
 αὔριον ἰρὰ Διὶ ρέξας καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν,
 νηήσας εὖ νῆας, ἐπὴν ἄλαδε προερύσσω,
 ὄψεαι, ἣν ἐθέλησθα καὶ εἴ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήλη,
 ἦρι μάλ' Ἑλλήσποντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα πλεύσας 360
 νῆας ἐμάς, ἐν δ' ἄνδρας ἐρεσσέμεναι μεμαῶτας.
 εἰ δέ κεν εὐπλοτὴν δώῃ κλυτὸς εἰνοσίγαιος,
 ἡματί κεν τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἰκοίμην.
 ἔστι δέ μοι μάλα πολλὰ τὰ κάλλιπον ἐνθάδε ἔρρων·
 ἄλλον δ' ἐνθένδε χρυσὸν καὶ χαλκὸν ἐρυθρόν 365
 ἠδὲ γυναῖκας εὐζῶνους πολίων τε σίδηρον

Why led Atrides here his gathered host?
Say, was it not for long-haired Helen's sake?
Do then alone of all speech-gifted men
The sons of Atreus love their wives? Nay, sure
Whoe'er is good and wise loves well his own
And cherishes: and so loved I that maid
With all my heart, although a spear-won bride.
But now, since from my hands he took my prize
And played me false, let him not try me more
Who know him well: he never will persuade.
But let him e'en with thee and other kings,
Odysseus, counsel how to save his ships
From foemen's fire. Surely without my aid
Full many labours he has wrought: a wall
He now has built, and dug thereto a trench
Both broad and deep, and set it thick with stakes.
Yet even thus the slaughtering Hector's might
He cannot check. But while among your host
I battled, Hector dared not stir the fight
Out from the city-wall, but just so far
As to the Scaean gates and oak-tree came.
There once he faced me singly, and my charge
Hardly escaped. But now, since I to war
With godlike Hector choose not, I will pay
To-morrow morn due sacrifice to Zeus
And other gods, then freighting well my ships
Will drag them seawards down; and thou shalt see,
If so thou wilt and carest for the sight,
Bound for the fishful Hellespont betimes
My ships and shipmen lab'ring at the oar.
And if the famed Earth-shaker speed our voyage,
To deep-soiled Phthia in three days I come.
Full many stores I have, which there I left
Bound hither to my bane: and gold from hence
And ruddy brass, and well-girt women-slaves,
And iron grey I take—my share of spoil.

ἄξομαι, ἄσσω ἔλαχόν γε· γέρας δέ μοι, ὅς περ ἔδωκεν,
 αὐτὶς ἐφυβρίζειν ἔλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 Ἀτρεΐδης. τῷ πάντ' ἀγορευέμεν ὥς ἐπιτέλλω,
 ἀμφαδόν, ὅφρα καὶ ἄλλοι ἐπισκύζονται Ἀχαιοί, 370
 εἴ τινα που Δαναῶν ἔτι ἔλπεται ἐξαπατήσκειν,
 αἶν ἀναιδείην ἐπιδεικνύμενος· οὐδ' ἂν ἐμοί γε
 τετλαίῃ κύνεός περ ἐὼν εἰς ὧπα ἰδέσθαι.
 οὐδέ τί οἱ βουλὰς συμφράσσομαι, οὐδέ τι ἔργον·
 ἐκ γὰρ δὴ μ' ἀπάτησε καὶ ἤλιτεν. οὐδ' ἂν ἔτ' αὐτὶς 375
 ἐξαπάφοιτο ἔπεσσι· ἄλλος δέ οἱ. ἀλλὰ ἔκηλος
 ἐρρέτω· ἐκ γὰρ εὖ φρένας εἵλετο μητιέτα Ζεὺς.
 ἐχθρὰ δέ μοι τοῦ δῶρα, τίω δέ μιν ἐν καρδὸς αἴσῃ.
 οὐδ' εἴ μοι δεκάκισ καὶ εἰκοσάκισ τόσα δοίῃ
 ὅσσα τέ οἱ νῦν ἔστι, καὶ εἴ ποθεν ἄλλα γένοιτο, 380
 οὐδ' ὅσ' ἐς Ὀρχομενὸν ποτινίσσεται, οὐδ' ὅσα Θήβας
 Αἴγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται,
 αἷ θ' ἐκατόμπυλοι εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἂν ἐκάστας
 ἀνέρες ἐξοιχνεύσι σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν·
 οὐδ' εἴ μοι τόσα δοίῃ ὅσα ψάμαθός τε κόνις τε, 385
 οὐδέ κεν ὥς ἔτι θυμὸν ἐμὸν πείσει· Ἀγαμέμνων,
 πρίν γ' ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἐμοὶ δόμεναι θυμολγέα λῶβην.
 κούρην δ' οὐ γαμέω Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο,
 οὐδ' εἴ χρυσεῖη Ἀφροδίτῃ κάλλος ἐρίζοι,
 ἔργα δ' Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκῶπιδι ἰσοφαρίζοι· 390
 οὐδέ μιν ὥς γαμέω· ὃ δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλον ἐλέσθω,
 ὅς τις οἷ τ' ἐπέοικε καὶ ὅς βασιλεύτερος ἐστίν·
 ἦν γὰρ δὴ με σόωσι θεοὶ καὶ οἵκαδ' ἵκωμαι,
 Πηλεΐς θὴν μοι ἔπειτα γυναῖκα γαμέσσεται αὐτός.
 πολλὰ Ἀχαιῖδες εἰσὶν ἂν Ἑλλάδα τε Φθίην τε, 395

But that my prize he took again who gave—
 Insulting—Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 Our sovereign lord. To whom declare ye all,
 Ev'n as I charge ye, in the public ear:
 So may Achaians all be wroth, if yet
 He hopes to cozen other Danaan chief,
 He that is ever clothed in shamelessness;
 Yet, hound-like tho' he be, he will not dare
 To look me in the face. Nor will I join
 His counsels or his deeds. He played me false,
 And wronged me; nor shall cozen me with words
 Again: be once enough. But let him go,
 By me untroubled, to his bane, for Zeus
 The counsellor hath reft him of his mind.
 His gifts I hate; I prize him at a hair.
 No, not if ten times o'er or twenty times
 His gifts were told; not all his present store
 With other joined thereto; not all the wealth
 That to Orchomenus or Egyptian Thebes
 Flows in, where countless treasures hoarded lie,
 That hundred-gated town whose every gate
 Pours forth two hundred men with steeds and cars.
 No, not if gifts in number as the sand
 Or dust he bring, not even so my mind
 Will Agamemnon move, till he have made
 For grievous outrage done atonement full.
 No child of Agamemnon will I wed,
 Be she to golden Aphrodité peer
 In beauty, and in skill of handiwork
 A rival of Athené, stern-eyed queen.
 Not e'en so will I wed her. Let him choose
 Some other of Achaia's sons, whoe'er
 May fit himself, forsooth, some lordlier king.
 For if gods speed me and I reach my home,
 Peleus himself shall find me then a bride.
 In Hellas and in Phthia many maids

κοῦραι ἀριστήων οἳ τε πτολίεθρα ῥύονται
 τάων ἦν κ' ἐθέλωμι φίλην ποιήσομ' ἄκοιτιν.
 ἔνθα δέ μοι μάλα πολλὸν ἐπέσσυτο θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ
 γήμαντι μνηστὴν ἄλοχον, εἰκυῖαν ἄκοιτιν,
 κτήμασι τέρπεσθαι τὰ γέρων ἐκτήσατο Πηλεΐς. 400
 οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸι ψυχῆς ἀντάξιον οὐδ' ὅσα φασὶν
 Ἴλιον ἐκτήσθαι εὐ ναιόμενον πτολίεθρον,
 τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθέμεν υἱας Ἀχαιῶν,
 οὐδ' ὅσα λάϊνος οὐδὸς ἀφήτορος ἐντὸν ἐέργει
 Φοῖβου Ἀπόλλωνος, Πυθοῖ ἐνι πετρηέσση. 405
 ληιστοὶ μὲν γάρ τε βόες καὶ ἴφια μῆλα,
 κτητοὶ δὲ τρίποδες τε καὶ ἵππων ξανθὰ κάρηνα
 ἀνδρῶς δὲ ψυχὴ πάλιν ἐλθέμεν οὔτε ληιστὴ
 οὔθ' ἐλετή, ἐπεὶ ἄρ κεν ἀμείψεται ἔρκος ὀδόντων.
 μήτηρ γάρ τέ μέ φησι θεά, Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα, 410
 διχθαδίας κῆρας φερέμεν θανάτοιο τέλοσδε.
 εἰ μὲν κ' αὖθι μένων Τρώων πόλιν ἀμφιμάχωμαι,
 ὦλετο μὲν μοι νόστος, ἀτὰρ κλέος ἄφθιτον ἔσται·
 εἰ δέ κε οἴκαδ' ἵκωμι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
 ὦλετό μοι κλέος ἐσθλόν, ἐπὶ δηρὸν δέ μοι αἰὼν 415
 ἔσσεται, οὐδέ κέ μ' ὦκα τέλος θανάτοιο κιχείη.
 καὶ δ' ἂν τοῖς ἄλλοισιν ἐγὼ παραμυθησαίμην
 οἴκαδ' ἀποπλείω, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δῆτε τέκμων
 Ἰλίου αἰπεινῆς· μάλα γάρ ἐθεν εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
 χεῖρα ἔην ὑπερέσχε, τεθαρσῆκασι δὲ λαοί. 420
 ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν ἰόντες ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν
 ἀγγελίην ἀπόφασθε (τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ γερόντων),
 ὅφρ' ἄλλην φράζωνται ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μῆτιν ἀμείνω,
 ἥ κέ σφιν νῆάς τε σόφω καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
 νηυσὶν ἐπι γλαφυρῆς, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφισιν ἦδε γ' ἐτοίμη. 425

There be, Achaia's daughters, born of chiefs
Who keep strong cities. Whom I will of these,
I to my bed may take. There oft and much
My noble spirit wished to woo and wed
A wife, a fitting partner, and enjoy
The wealth that Peleus won, my greybeard sire.
For life to me is more than all the store
That Ilion, that well-peopled city, owned
Once, as they say, in peace, ere yet had come
Achaia's sons. And life is more than all
That in the temple hoarded lies behind
The stony threshold of the archer-god
Phoebus Apollo, on high Pytho's crag.
For kine and lusty sheep may come by spoil,
And tripod urns and steeds of tawny mane
Are goods that may be won : but breath of life
By spoil or winning cannot come again,
Once it hath passed the barrier of the teeth.
Me too—my goddess mother Thetis says,
The silver-footed dame—two fates at choice
Await, to lead me to the goal of death.
If biding here around Troy's walls I fight,
Return is lost to me for evermore,
But I shall gain a name imperishable.
But if to home and fatherland I go,
My noble name is lost, but long my life,
Nor soon will death o'ertake and bring the end.
Such lot is mine. And to the rest of ye
My counsel is, 'Sail home : ' for Ilion's end
Ye will not see ; o'er whom loud-thundering Zeus
Holds shielding hand, whereat her hosts are bold.
But go your way, and to Achaia's chiefs
Bear back plain word—as is the greybeards' part—
That other plan and better they devise
To save the ships and save Achaia's host
Beside the hollow ships : since nought avails

ἦν τὺν ἐφράσσαντο, ἐμεῦ ἀπομνηνίσαντος
 Φοῖνιξ δ' αὖθι παρ' ἄμμι μάνων κατακοιμηθήτω,
 ὄφρα μοι ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδ' ἔπηται
 αὔριον, ἦν ἐθέλῃσιν· ἀνάγκη δ' οὐ τί μιν ἄξω."

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ 430
 μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀπέειπεν.
 ὃψ' δὲ δὴ μετέειπε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ
 δάκρυ ἀναπρήσας· περὶ γὰρ δία νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν·
 "εἰ μὲν δὴ νόστον γε μετὰ φρεσὶ, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
 βάλλεαι, οὐδέ τι πάμπαν ἀμύνειν νηυσὶ θεῶσιν 435
 πῦρ ἐθέλεις αἰδοῦλον, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ,
 πῶς ἂν ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ σείο, φίλον τέκος, αὖθι λιποῖμην
 οἶος; σοὶ δέ μ' ἔπεμπε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Πηλεΐς
 ἤματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν
 νήπιον, οὐ πῶ εἰδόθ' ὁμοίου πολέμοιο 440
 οὐδ' ἀγορέων, ἵνα τ' ἄνδρες ἀριπρεπέες τελέθουσιν.
 τούνεκά με προέηκε διδασκόμεναι τάδε πάντα,
 μύθων τε ῥητῆρ' ἔμεναι πρηκτῆρά τε ἔργων.
 ὥς ἂν ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ σείο, φίλον τέκος, οὐκ ἐθέλοιμι
 λείπεσθ', οὐδ' εἰ κέν μοι ὑποσταίῃ θεὸς αὐτός, 445
 γῆρας ἀποξύσας, θήσειν νέον ἡβώοντα,
 οἷον ὅτε πρῶτον λίπον Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα,
 φεύγων νείκεα πατὴρ Ἀμύντορος Ὀρμενίδαο,
 δε μοι παλλακίδος περιχώσατο καλλικόμοιο,
 τὴν αὐτὸς φιλέσκειν, ἀτιμάζεσκε δ' ἄκοιτιν, 450
 μητέρ' ἐμήν. ἦ δ' αἶν ἐμὰ λισσέσκετο γούνων
 παλλακίδι προμιγῆναι, ἵν' ἐχθήρει γέροντα.

What now they planned, for still my wrath endures.
For Phoenix, let him bide the night with us,
And rest him here: that with me he may sail
To-morrow to our own dear fatherland,
If so he please: I shall not force his will."

He spake: but they in silence all were mute,
Awed at his words; for he full strongly spake.
At length amid them Phoenix, greybeard knight,
Found words and spake, with bursting flood of tears,
So sorely feared he for Achaia's ships:
"If of return indeed thou hast a thought,
Glorious Achilleus, and thus utterly
Deniest thine aid to ward the wasting fire
From our swift ships, since wrath hath seized thy soul;
How can I then away from thee, dear son,
Be left behind alone? With thee I came
By Peleus, greybeard knight, sent on that day
When thee to Agamemnon's aid he sent
From Phthia; thee a child, nought knowing yet
Of doubtful war, or council, where full soon
Men shine conspicuous forth. Wherefore thy sire
Despatched me too, to teach thee all that lore,
To speak where words are meet, where deeds, to do.
I would not then consent, dear son, of thee
Thus to be left behind. No not although
A god himself should promise me to strip
My slough of age and make me young again,
As once I was, when Hellas first I left,
Land of fair women; fleeing, in his wrath,
Amyntor son of Ormenus, my sire.
Wroth was he with me for a woman's sake,
A fair-haired paramour, whom now he loved,
Scorning my mother his true wedded wife.
But she besought me ever at my knees
The grey-beard with her rival to forestall,
That she might loathe him. I obeyed her hest

τῇ πιθόμην καὶ ἔρεξα· πατήρ δ' ἐμός αὐτίκ' οἷσθεις
 πολλὰ κατηράτο, στυγερὰς δ' ἐπεκέκλειτ' ἐρινύς,
 μή ποτε γούνασι οἷσιν ἐφέσσεσθαι φίλον υἱόν 455
 ἐξ ἐμέθεν γεγαῶτα· θεοὶ δ' ἐτέλειον ἐπαράς,
 Ζεὺς τε καταχθόνιος καὶ ἐπαινή Περσεφόνεια.
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ βούλευσα κατακτάμεν ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ·
 ἀλλὰ τις ἀθανάτων παῦσεν χόλον, ὃς ῥ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 δήμου θῆκε φάτιν καὶ ὀνειδέα πόλλ' ἀνθρώπων, 460
 ὥς μὴ πατροφόνος μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν καλεοίμην.
 ἐνθ' ἐμοὶ οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἐρητύειτ' ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός·
 πατρός χυομένοιο κατὰ μέγαρα στρωφᾶσθαι
 ἢ μὴν πολλὰ ἔται καὶ ἀνεψιοὶ ἀμφὶς ἔοντες
 αὐτοῦ λισσόμενοι κατερήτυον ἐν μεγάροισιν, 465
 πολλὰ δὲ ἴφια μῆλα καὶ εἰλίποδας ἑλικας βούς
 ἔσφαζον, πολλοὶ δὲ σύες θαλέθοντες ἀλοιφῇ
 αὔομενοι τανύοντο διὰ φλογὸς Ἥφαιστοιο,
 πολλὸν δ' ἐκ κεράμων μέθυ πίνετο τοῖο γέροντος.
 εἰνάνυχες δέ μοι ἀμφ' αὐτῷ παρὰ νύκτας ἱαυον· 470
 οἳ μὲν ἀμειβόμενοι φυλακὰς ἔχον, οὐδέ ποτ' ἔσβη
 πῦρ, ἕτερον μὲν ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ εὐερκέος αὐλῆς,
 ἄλλο δ' ἐνὶ προδόμφ, πρόσθεν θαλάμοιο θυράων.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτῃ μοι ἐπήλυθε νύξ ἑρεβεννή,
 καὶ τότε ἐγὼ θαλάμοιο θύρας πυκινῶς ἀραρυίας 475
 ῥήξας ἐξῆλθον, καὶ ὑπέρθυρον ἐρκίον αὐλῆς
 ῥεῖα, λαθὼν φύλακας τ' ἄνδρας δμῳάς τε γυναῖκας.
 φεύγον ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε δι' Ἑλλάδος εὐρυχόριοι,
 Φθίην δ' ἐξικόμην ἐριβώλακα, μητέρα μῆλων,
 ἐς Πηλῆα ἀναχθ'. ὃ δέ με πρόφρων ὑπέδεκτο, 480
 καί με φίλησ' ὥς εἴ τε πατήρ δὲν παῖδα φιλήσῃ
 μοῦνον τηλύγετον πολλοῖσιν ἐπὶ κτεάτεσσιν,
 καὶ μ' ἀφνειὸν ἔθηκε, πολὺν δέ μοι ὤπασε λαόν·

And did the deed. My father straight perceived,
And cursed me deeply, calling to his aid
The abhorred Furies. Never on his knees
(He prayed) might sit a son by me begot.
And to these prayers the gods fulfilment brought,
The nether Zeus and dread Persephoné.
Him first I purposed with keen sword to slay,
But some immortal power my anger checked,
And set before my mind the people's voice
And all mankind's reproaches; for I feared
Achaian lips should call me parricide.
Then could my soul no more be bent to bear
Life in our halls beneath a father's ire:
Though friends indeed and kinsmen flocking round
Besought me much, to stay me in my home.
And many were the lusty sheep they slew,
And kine of clumsy foot and curvèd horn;
Many the swine, all rich with fat, they singed
Lying wide-stretched across the Fire-god's flame:
Many the jars whereout was drunk the wine,
The greybeard's store. And so for nights thrice thrice
Around me close they slept or watched in turn:
Nor e'er was quenched the fire; one burning still
Beneath the cloister of the well-walled court,
One in the hall before my chamber door.
But when the tenth dark night came on, I brake
The solid chamber door, and got me out,
And o'er the courtyard wall full lightly leapt
Unseen by watching men or women slaves.
Then fled I far through Hellas' plains, and came
To deep-soiled Phthia, mother land of flocks,
To Peleus Phthia's king: who took me in
With kindly zeal, and gave me love, as gives
A father to an only son, late-born,
Well-loved, to all his ample substance heir.
Wealthy he made me too, and gave in charge.

ναῖον δ' ἐσχατιήν Φθίης, Δολόπεσσι ἀνάσσων.
 καί σε τοσοῦτον ἔθηκα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ, 484
 ἐκ θυμοῦ φιλέων, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλεσκες δμ' ἄλλω
 οὔτ' ἐς δαῖτ' ἵεναι οὔτ' ἐν μεγάροισι πάσασθαι,
 πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἐπ' ἐμοῖσιν ἐγὼ γούνεσσι καθίσσας
 ὄψου τ' ἄσαιμι προταμῶν καὶ οἶνον ἐπισχών.
 πολλάκι μοι κατέδυσσας ἐπὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα 490
 εἶνον ἀποβλύζων ἐν νηπιέῃ ἀλεγεινῇ.
 ὥς ἐπὶ σοὶ μάλα πολλὰ πάθον καὶ πολλὰ μόγησα,
 τὰ φρονέων, ὃ μοι οὐ τι θεοὶ γόνον ἐξετέλειον
 ἐξ ἐμεῦ· ἀλλὰ σὲ παῖδα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
 ποιεύμεν, ἵνα μοί ποτ' ἀεικέα λογιὸν ἀμύνης. 495
 ἀλλ', Ἀχιλλεῦ, δάμασον θυμὸν μέγαν, οὐδέ τί σε χρή
 νηλεὲς ἦτορ ἔχειν· στρέπτοι δέ τε καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί,
 τῶν περ καὶ μέλλων ἀρετὴ τιμὴ τε βίη τε.
 καὶ μὴν τοὺς θυέεσσι καὶ εὐχολῆς ἀγανῆσιν
 λοιβῇ τε κνίσῃ τε παρατρικῶς· ἄνθρωποι 500
 λισσόμενοι, ὅτε κέν τις ὑπερβῇ καὶ ἀμάρτη.
 καὶ γάρ τε Λιταί εἰσι Διὸς κοῦραι μεγάλοιοι,
 χολαί τε ῥυσαί τε παραβλῶπές τ' ὀφθαλμῷ,
 αἱ ῥά τε καὶ μετόπισθ' Ἄτης ἀλέγουσι κιοῦσαι.
 ἢ δ' Ἄτη σθεναρὴ τε καὶ ἀρτίπος, οὔνεκα πάσας 505
 πολλὸν ὑπεκπροθείει, φθάνει δέ τε πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν
 βλάπτουσ' ἀνθρώπους· αἱ δ' ἐξακίονται ὀπίσσω.
 ὅς μὲν τ' αἰδέσεται κούρας Διὸς ἄσσον ἰούσας,
 τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὤνησαν καὶ τε κλύον εὐχομένοιο·
 ὅς δέ κ' ἀνήνηται καὶ τε στερεῶς ἀποείπῃ, 510
 λίσσονται δ' ἄρα ταί γε Δία Κρονίωνα κιοῦσαι

A numerous folk ; thus of the Dolopes
A prince in Phthia's border land I dwelt.
There reared I thee, Achilleus peer of gods,
To be what now thou art, with hearty love.
For thou with none but me would'st seek the feast,
Nor taste the viands in the hall, till I
Set thee upon my knees and fed thy wants,
Cutting thy meat and holding wine to thee.
Oft didst thou stain my bosom, when thy lips
Spilled out the wine in froward childishness.
Much then for thee I suffered, much I toiled :
This thinking, that the gods ordained me not
Child of my own ; wherefore, O peer of gods
Achilleus, I would make of thee a son,
To guard me in my age from shameful harm.
But now, Achilleus, tame thy mighty wrath :
A ruthless heart it fits thee not to have.
The very gods to mercy may be moved,
Whose honour worth and might are more than ours.
And these by sacrifice and soothing prayers
And outpoured wine and savour sweet mankind
Turn and entreat for trespass and for wrong.
For Supplications are of mighty Zeus
The daughters ; lame and wrinkled to the view,
Shamefaced with sidelong glance : who following close
The track of Sin watch heedfully the while.
Now Sin is strong of limb and firm of foot :
Wherefore she far outruns them all, and comes
To every land the first, upon mankind
Working her harms : they follow her, and heal.
Whoso reveres the daughters of great Zeus
As they approach, him do they greatly bless
And hear his prayer : but whoso shall reject
And sternly say them nay—then do they go
To Zeus the son of Cronos making suit
That Sin may dwell with him, till he in turn

τῷ Ἄτρεϊϊ δὲμ' εἰπεσθαι, ἵνα βλαφθεὶς ἀποτίσῃ.
 ἀλλ' Ἀχιλεὺ πόρε καὶ σὺ Διὸς κούρησιν εἰπεσθαι
 τιμὴν, ἣ τ' ἄλλων περ ἐπυγνόμπτει νόον ἐσθλῶν.
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ μὴ δῶρα φέροι, τὰ δ' ὀπισθ' ὀνομάζοι 515
 Ἀτρεΐδης, ἀλλ' αἶν ἐπιζαφέλωσ χαλεπαῖνοι,
 οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ γέ σε μῆνιν ἀπορρίψαντα κελοίμην
 Ἀργείοισιν ἀμυνέμεναι, χατέουσί περ ἔμπτῃς·
 νῦν δ' ἄμα τ' αὐτίκα πολλὰ διδοῖ, τὰ δ' ὀπισθεν ὑπέστη,
 ἄνδρας δὲ λίσσεσθαι ἐπιπροέηκεν ἀρίστους 520
 κρινάμενος κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαικόν, οἳ τε σοὶ αὐτῷ
 φίλτατοι Ἀργείων· τῶν μὴ σύ γε μῦθον ἐλέγξης
 μηδὲ πόδας· πρὶν δ' οὐ τι νεμεσσητὸν κεχολῶσθαι
 οὕτω καὶ τῶν πρόσθεν ἐπευθόμεθα κλέα ἀνδρῶν
 ἡρώων, ὅτε κέν τιν' ἐπιζάφελος χόλος ἴκοι· 525
 δωρητοὶ τ' ἐπέλοντο παράρρητοί τε εἰσεσιν.
 μέμνημαι τόδε ἔργον ἐγὼ πάλαι, οὐ τι νέον γε,
 ὥς ἦν· ἐν δ' ὑμῖν ἐρέω πάντεσσι φίλοισιν.

Κουρήτες τ' ἐμάχοντο καὶ Αἰτωλοὶ μενεχάρμαι
 ἀμφὶ πόλιν Καλυδῶνα, καὶ ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον, 530
 Αἰτωλοὶ μὲν ἀμυνόμενοι Καλυδῶνος ἐραννῆς,
 Κουρήτες δὲ διαπραθείειν μεμαῶτες Ἄρηι.
 καὶ γὰρ τοῖσι κακὸν χρυσόθρονος Ἄρτεμις ὤρσεν,
 χυσαμένη δ' οἱ οὐ τι θαλύσια γουνῷ ἀλωῆς
 Οἰνεὺς ῥέξ· ἄλλοι δὲ θεοὶ δαίνυνθ' ἑκατόμβας, 535
 οἷον δ' οὐκ ἔρρεξε Διὸς κούρη μέγαλοιο.
 ἦ λάβει· ἦ οὐκ ἐνόησεν· ἀάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ.
 ἦ δὲ χολωσαμένη, δῖον γένος, ἰοχίαυρα

By suffering harm his folly shall atone.
Wherefore, Achilleus, to the maids of Zeus
Give thou due reverence: reverence for their claim
Doth every brave man's heart to mercy move.
If gifts indeed Atrides offered not,
Naming yet more to come, but, as before,
Still raged in furious wise, it is not I
Would bid thee cast away thy righteous wrath
And aid the Argives, tho' they need it sore.
But now not only gives he much at once
And warrants more to come, but he hath sent
With supplication chosen chiefs, the best
From all Achaia's host, dear to thyself
Above all Argives. Of such messengers
Scorn not the lips, nor turn thou back the feet:
And heretofore thine anger none will blame.
Such stories learn we of the men of old,
Those heroes, when with furious wrath possest;
How gifts could alway move, and words persuade.
I do remember me of deeds that happed
Long since, not late—how all was done—and here
Before you all, as friends, will tell the tale.

Around the city Calydon of yore
Fought the Curetes and Ætolia's sons,
Staunch warriors these, and each the other slew.
Ætolia's ranks fought for fair Calydon,
To spoil the same by war the foemen strove.
For Artemis the golden-throned had sent
A plague upon the land; in wrath for this,
That Æneus of his fruitful orchard paid
To her no offerings—other gods made cheer
With hecatombs, to her alone, the maid
Of mighty Zeus, no sacrifice was given.
Forgot he this, once meant, or ne'er in mind
Conceived, he surely sinned a mighty sin.
And she, the seed of Zeus, the arrow-queen,

ἄρσεν ἐπὶ χλοῦνην σὺν ἄγριον ἀργιόδοντα,
 ὅς παρὰ πόλλ' ἔρδεσκε ἔθων Οἰνῆος ἀλωήν· 540
 πολλὰ δ' ὃ γε προβέλυννα χαμαὶ βάλε δένδρεα μακρὰ
 αὐτῆσιν ῥίξῃσι καὶ αὐτοῖς ἄνθεσι μῆλων.
 τὸν δ' υἱὸς Οἰνῆος ἀπέκτεινεν Μελέαγρος,
 πολλῶν ἐκ πολλῶν θηρήτορας ἄνδρας ἀγείρας
 καὶ κύνας· οὐ μὲν γάρ κε δάμη παύροισι βροτοῖσιν· 545
 τόσσος ἔην, πολλοὺς δὲ πυρῆς ἐπέβησ' ἀλειτουργῆς.
 ἥ δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ θῆκε πολὺν κέλαδον καὶ αὐτήν,
 ἀμφὶ σὺνδὲ κεφαλῇ καὶ δέρματι λαχνηέντι,
 Κουρήτων τε μεσηγῇ καὶ Αἰτωλῶν μεγαθύμων.
 ὄφρα μὲν οὖν Μελέαγρος ἀρηίφίλος πολέμιζεν, 550
 τόφρα δὲ Κουρήτεσσι κακῶς ἦν, οὐδὲ δύναντο
 τεύχεος ἔκτοσθεν μίμνειν πολέες περ ἰόντες·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Μελέαγρον ἔδυ χόλος, ὅς τε καὶ ἄλλων
 εἰδάνει ἐν στήθεσσι νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων,
 ἦ τοι ὃ μητρὶ φίλῃ Ἀλθαίῃ χωόμενος κῆρ 555
 καίτο παρὰ μνηστῇ ἀλόχῳ, καλῇ Κλεοπάτρῃ,
 κούρῃ Μαρπησσης καλλισφύρου Εὐηνίνης
 Ἴδειά θ', ὅς κάρτιστος ἐπιχθονίων γένετ' ἀνδρῶν
 τῶν τότε, καὶ ῥα ἄνακτος ἐναντίον εἴλετο τόξον
 Φοῖβου Ἀπόλλωνος καλλισφύρου εἵνεκα νύμφης. 560
 τὴν δὲ τότε ἐν μεγάροισι πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
 Ἀλκυόνην καλίσκον ἐπώνυμον, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῆς
 μήτηρ ἀλκυόνης πολυπενθέος οἶτον ἔχουσα
 κλαῖ', ὅτε μιν ἐκάεργος ἀνῆρπασε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.

Was wroth, and stirred from out his grassy lair
A wild boar of the field with flashing tusks.
Who haunting Ceneus' orchard wrought great scathe.
Tall trees he cast adown in ruinous heaps,
With roots upwrenched and prostrate bloom of fruit.
Whom Meleager, son of Ceneus, slew,
Gathering from many cities to the chase
Both men and dogs. Few mortals to his death
Nought had availed—so huge the monster was,
And brought full many to their funeral fires.
Then did the goddess cause much noise and fray
About the beast, a strife for head of boar
And bristly hide between the peoples twain,
Curetes and Ætolia's high-souled race.
Now long as Meleager led the war,
Beloved of Ares, the Curetes fared
But ill, nor might they venture to abide
Without the wall, full many tho' they were.
But soon as Meleager's anger burned—
Anger that in the bosom makes to swell
The heart of men however wise they be,
He with Althaea his own mother wroth
Dallied in idlesse by his wedded wife
Fair Cleopatra—of Marpessa she
The daughter was, and she, fair-ankled dame,
Born of Evenus. Cleopatra's sire
Was Idas, strongest in that age of men
Who walked the earth; and once he took the bow
To face, in his fair-ankled bride's behalf,
Phoebus Apollo's self the archer king.
But Cleopatra by a second name
Her sire and queenly mother in their halls
Were wont to call, Halcyoné to wit;
For that her mother wept a piteous strain
Like to the sorrowing halcyon bird, what time
Far-darting Phoebus bore her swift away.

τῇ δ' γε παρκατέλεκτο χόλον θυμολυγέα πένσων, 365
 ἐξ ἄρ' αὖ μῆτρ' ἐκεχολωμένος, ἥ ῥα θεοῖσιν
 πόλλ' ἄχέουσ' ἤρ' αὖτε κασινυγνήτοιο φόνοιο,
 πολλὰ δὲ καὶ γαῖαν πολυφόρβην χερσὶν ἄλοια
 κικλήσκουσ' Ἀἰδῶν καὶ ἐπαινήν Περσεφόνειαν,
 πρόχυν καθεζομένη, δαύοντο δὲ δάκρυσι κόλποι, 370
 παιδὶ δόμεν θάνατον· τῆς δ' ἡεροφοῖτις ἔρυνος
 ἔκλυεν ἐξ ἐρέβεςφιν ἀμείλιχον ἦτορ ἔχουσα.
 τῶν δὲ τάχ' ἀμφὶ πύλας ὄμαδος καὶ δούπος ὀρώρει
 πύργων βαλλομένων. τὸν δὲ λίσσοντο γέροντες
 Αἰτωλῶν, πέμπον δὲ θεῶν ἱερῆας ἀρίστους, 375
 ἐξελθεῖν καὶ ἀμύναι, ὑποσχόμενοι μέγα δῶρον.
 ὅππῃθι κίότατον πεδῖον Καλυδῶνος ἔραυνῆς,
 ἔνθα μιν ἦνωγον τέμενος περικαλλὲς ἐλέσθαι
 πεπτηκοντόγυον, τὸ μὲν ἥμισυ οἶνοπέδοιο,
 ἥμισυ δὲ ψιλὴν ἄροσιν πεδῖοιο ταμέσθαι. 380
 πολλὰ δέ μιν λιτάνευε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Οἶνευς,
 οὔδ' οὔ ἐπεμβεβαὼς ὑψηρεφέος θαλάμοιο,
 σείων κολλητὰς σανίδας, γουνούμενος υἱόν·
 πολλὰ δὲ τὸν γε κασίγνηται καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
 ἐλλίσσονθ'· ὃ δὲ μᾶλλον ἀνάλνετο. πολλὰ δ' ἑταῖροι, 385
 οἳ οἱ κεδνότατοι καὶ φίλτατοι ἦσαν ἀπάντων·
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς τοῦ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κείνου
 πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ θάλαμος πύκ' ἐβάλλετο, τοὶ δ' ἐπὶ πύργων
 βαῖνον Κουρήτες καὶ ἐνέπρηθον μέγα ἄστυ.
 καὶ τότε δὴ Μελέαγρον εὖζωνος παράκοιτις 390
 λίσσεται ὀδυρομένη, καὶ οἱ κατέλαξεν ἅπαντα
 κήδε', ὅσ' ἀνθρώποισι πέλει τῶν ἄστυ ἀλώη·
 ἄνδρας μὲν κτείνουσι, πόλιν δὲ τε πῦρ ἀμαθύνει,

By her lay Meleager, nursing still
Heart-vexing wrath, wrath from his mother's curse,
Who, grieving, to the gods prayed oft and long
To venge her brother slain : and oft her hands
Struck earth all nourishing, as loud she called
On Hades and the dread Persephoné,
Crouched kneeling low, while tears her bosom dewed,
To bring her son to death. Erinnyes heard
In Hell, gloom-haunting fiend of ruthless heart.
And quickly round the walls of Calydon
The battle-din arose with thundering strokes
Of battered towers. Then prayed the angry prince
Ætolia's greybeards, and in embassy
The gods' most holy priests, to get him forth
And save : and ample guerdon did they pledge.
Where in bright Calydon is fattest soil
There bade they him to choose a wide domain
Surpassing fair : acres two-score and ten ;
Half meet for vines, but half, a treeless plain,
To plough and corn he better might assign.
Oft too his father Ceneus, greybeard knight,
In supplication on the threshold stood
Of his high-vaulted chamber, oft he shook
The firm door-panels, suitor to his son.
And sisters too, and queenly mother, oft
Besought, but he the more refused : and oft
His comrades, they who were to him of all
Worthiest and dearest. Yet not even thus
Might they persuade the spirit in his breast :
Till now his battered chamber felt the foe,
While on the towers the bold Curetes stepped,
And were in act to fire the mighty town.
To Meleager then his well-girt wife
Prayed weeping, and rehearsed in full the woes
That wait the dwellers in a conquered town—
Men slain, streets crumbling in the wasteful fire,

τέκνα δέ τ' ἄλλοι ἄγουσι βαθυζώνους τε γυναῖκας.
 τοῦ δ' ὠρίνετο θυμὸς ἀκούοντος κακὰ ἔργα, 594
 βῆ δ' ἰάναι, χροὺ δ' ἔντε' ἐδύσετο παμφανόωντα.
 ὥς δ' μὲν Λίτωλοῖσιν ἀπήμυνεν κακὸν ἦμαρ
 εἶξας ὃ θυμῷ· τῷ δ' οὐκέτι δῶρα τέλεσσαν
 πολλά τε καὶ χαρίεντα, κακὸν δ' ἦμυνε καὶ αὐτὸς.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὴ μοι ταῦτα νόει φρεσὶ, μηδέ σε δαίμων 600
 ἐνταῦθα τρέψει, φίλος· χαλεπὸν δέ κεν εἴη
 νηυσὶν καιομένησιν ἀμυνέμεν. ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δώροις
 ἔρχεσ' ἴσον γάρ σε θεῶ τίσουσιν Ἀχαιοί.
 εἰ δέ κ' ἄτερ δώρων πόλεμον φθισήνορα δύης,
 οὐκέθ' ὁμῶς τιμῆς ἔσεαι, πόλεμόν περ ἀλακῶν." 605
 τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
 "Φοῖνιξ ἄττα, γεραιέ, διοτρεφές, οὐ τί με ταύτης
 χρεὼ τιμῆς· φρονέω δὲ τετιμῆσθαι Διὸς αἴσῃ,
 ἥ μ' ἔξει παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν εἰς ὃ κ' αὐτμή 610
 ἐν στήθεσσι μένη καί μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρη.
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν.
 μή μοι σύγχει θυμὸν ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων,
 Ἄτρεΐδῃ ἥρωι φέρων χάριν· οὐδέ τί σε χρή
 τὸν φιλέειν, ἵνα μή μοι ἀπέχθῃαι φιλέοντι.
 καλὸν τοι σὺν ἐμοὶ τὸν κηδέμεν ὅς κ' ἐμὰ κήδῃ. 615
 ἴσον ἐμοὶ βασίλευε, καὶ ἡμισυ μείρεο τιμῆς.
 οὗτοι δ' ἀγγελέουσιν, σὺ δ' αὐτόθι λέξεο μίμνων
 εὐνῇ ἐνὶ μάλακῃ· ἅμα δ' ἡοῖ φαινομένηφιν
 φρασσόμεθ' ἢ κε νεώμεθ' ἐφ' ἡμέτερ' ἢ κε μένωμεν."
 ἦ, καὶ Πατρόκλη δ' ἔπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε σιωπῇ 620
 Φοῖνικαι στορέσαι πυκινὸν λέχος, δῆφρα τάχιστα

Children and deep-zoned women captive led.
Stirred was his spirit when those ills he heard :
And forth he went, in gleaming armour clad.
Thus warded he Ætolia's day of doom,
To his own pleasure yielding ; but no more
Paid they to him the many gracious gifts.
He saved from evil, but for nought he saved.
But thou be not thus minded. Thee, my friend,
May never god to such a temper turn !
'Twere ill for thee thus late, when ships are fired,
To bear them aid. Nay come, while gifts are thine :
Achaia's host will honour thee as god.
But if the warrior-wasting battle-plain
Giftless thou enter, thou wilt win no more
Like honour, tho' thine arm be strong to save."

To him replied Achilles fleet of foot :
"O Phoenix, aged father, Zeus-born prince,
This honour need I not : truly, I ween,
Already by the ordinance of Zeus
Honour is mine ; and mine will still remain
Beside the beakèd ships, long as my breast
Have breath, and life be stirring in my limbs.
And I will tell thee yet another thing,
Which lay thou well to heart. Vex not my mind
Wailing and grieving, while thou seek'st to please
The hero Atreus' son. It fits thee not
Him thus to love, lest I, who love thee, hate.
Who troubles me, with me to trouble him
Were best for thee. So be thou equal king
With me, and of my honour share the half.
Now these shall bear their message. Bide thou here
And couch thee in soft bed. With opening dawn
Resolve we or to seek our home or stay."

He spake, and to Patroclus silent signed
With nodding brow to lay the thick-strewn bed
For Phoenix, while the others from his tent

ἐκ κλισίης νόστοιο μεδοίατο. τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' Αἴας
 ἀντίθεος Τελαμωνιάδης μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·
 “διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
 ἴομαι· οὐ γάρ μοι δοκείει μύθοιο τελευτή 625
 τῇδ' ἢ ὁδῷ κρανέεσθαι· ἀπαγγεῖλαι δὲ τάχιστα
 χρὴ μῦθον Δαναοῖσι, καὶ οὐκ ἀγαθὸν περ ἔοντα,
 οἳ που νῦν ἔσται ποτιδέγμενοι· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
 ἄγριον ἐν στήθεσσι θέτο μεγαλήτορα θυμὸν
 σκέτλιος, οὐδὲ μετατρέπεται φιλότητος ἑταίρων 630
 τῆς ἧ μιν παρὰ νῆυσιν ἐτίομεν ἑξοχὸν ἄλλων,
 νηλὴς· καὶ μήν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆος
 ποιήνῃ ἢ οὐ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο τεθνηῶτος·
 καὶ ῥ' ὃ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μένει αὐτοῦ πόλλ' ἀποτίσας,
 τοῦ δέ τ' ἐρητύεται κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ 635
 ποιήνῃ δεξαμένου. σοὶ δ' ἄλληκτόν τε κακὸν τε
 θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι θεοὶ θέσαν εἵνεκα κούρης
 οἷης. νῦν δέ τοι ἐπὶ παρὶσχομεν ἑξοχ' ἀρίστας
 ἄλλα τε πόλλ' ἐπὶ τῇσι. σὺ δ' Ἴλαον ἔνθεο θυμὸν,
 αἶδεσσαι δὲ μέλαθρον· ὑπωρόφιοι δέ τοι εἰμέν 640
 πληθύος ἐκ Δαναῶν, μέμαμεν δέ τοι ἑξοχὸν ἄλλων
 κήδιστοί τ' ἔμεναι καὶ φίλτατοι, ὅσσοι Ἀχαιοί.”
 τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς·
 “Αἴαν διογενὲς Τελαμόνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,
 πάντα τί μοι κατὰ θυμὸν εἰσαο μυθήσασθαι 645
 ἀλλὰ μοι οἰδάνεται κραδίη χόλῳ, ὑπὸτ' ἐκείνων
 μῆσομαι, ὥς μ' ἀσύφηλον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔρεξεν
 Ἀτρεΐδης ὥς εἴ τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.
 ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς ἔρχεσθε καὶ ἀγγελίην ἀπόφασθε

Should busk them for return. Then 'mid them spake
The godlike Ajax son of Telamon :
"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,
Thou man of many counsels, let us go.
Methinks no issue will our errand find
By this our coming : wherefore with all speed
Our answer bear we, tho' not good it be,
To Danaan chiefs, who sit, I trow, and wait.
But, for Achilles—he within his breast
Hardens his mighty heart, a cruel wight,
Nor cares for comrades' love, that love wherein
We prized him more than others by our ships.
Unpitying ! Yet a blood-fine man accepts
Ev'n from a brother's slayer, or for death
Of son : and so the slayer dwelleth on
In his own people, when full price is paid,
And stayed from vengeance is the kinsman's soul
And haughty spirit, when the fine he holds.
But in thy breast the god hath set a rage
Ceaseless and evil, for a maiden's sake,
And only one. And now we tender thee
Seven, of the best, and with them much besides.
Bear then a gentle heart ; revere thy tent,
For we are here beneath thy roof, elect
Of all the Danaan thousands ; and we claim
Above all other men to be to thee
Nearest and dearest of Achaia's host."

To whom replied Achilles fleet of foot :
"O Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon,
A people's prince, meseems in all thou say'st
There is that stirs my soul. But still my heart
Swells high with anger, oft as I recal
That deed of his—what outrage Atreus' son
Before the Argive chieftains on me wrought
As on some alien wanderer spurned and scorned.
But go your way, and bear my message back.

οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμοιο μεδήσομαι αἱματόεντος 650
 πρὶν γ' υἷὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἴκτορα δῖον,
 Μυρμιδόνων ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθαι
 κτείνοντ' Ἀργείους, κατὰ τε σμῦξαι πυρὶ νῆας.
 ἄμφι δέ τοι τῇ ἐμῇ κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
 Ἴκτορα καὶ μεμαῶτα μάχης σχήσεσθαι ὁἶω." 655

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἳ δὲ ἕκαστος ἐλὼν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον
 σπείσαντες παρὰ νῆας ἴσαν πάλιν· ἦρχε δ' Ὀδυσσεύς.
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτάροισι ἰδὲ δμῳῇσι κέλευεν
 Φοῖνικι στορέσαι πυκινὸν λέχος ὅττι τάχιστα·
 αἱ δ' ἐπιπειθόμεναι στόρεσαν λέχος ὥς ἐκέλευσεν, 660
 κώεά τε ῥῆγός τε λῖνοιό τε λεπτὸν ἄωτον.
 ἐνθ' ὁ γέρων κατέλεκτο καὶ Ἡῶ διαν ἔμιμνεν.
 αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εὖδε μυχῶ κλισίης εὐπήκτου
 τῷ δ' ἄρα παρκατέλεκτο γυνή, τὴν Λεσβόθεν ἦγεν,
 Φόρβαντος θυγάτηρ Διομήδη καλλιπάρης. 665
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐλέξατο· παρ δ' ἄρα καὶ τῷ
 Ἴφιδι ἐζωνος, τὴν οἱ πόρε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς
 Σκυῖρον ἐλὼν αἰπεΐαν, Ἐνυῆος πτολίεθρον.

οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίῃσιν ἐν Ἀτρεΐδαο γέγοντο,
 τοὺς μὲν ἄρα χρυσεόισι κυπέλλοις υἷες Ἀχαιῶν 670
 δειδέχατ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἀνασταδόν, ἐκ τ' ἐρέοντο·
 πρῶτος δ' ἐξερέεινε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
 "εἰπ' ἄγε μ', ὦ πολύαιν' Ὀδυσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
 ἥ ῥ' ἐθέλει νήεσσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δήιον πῦρ,
 ἥ ἀπέειπε, χόλος δ' ἔτ' ἔχει μεγαλήτορα θυμόν." 675
 τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·

For never will I think of bloody war,
Till godlike Hector, prudent Priam's son,
On Argives dealing death, shall make his way
To tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,
And whelm the crumbling ships in smoke and fire.
But at my tent and black-hulled ships I ween
Hector tho' furious will forego the fight."

He spake: then took they each his double cup,
Libation poured, and hied them back again
Along the line of ships: Odysseus led.
Meanwhile Patroclus bade at once his men
And women-slaves to lay a thick-strewn bed
For Phoenix: they obeying, as he charged,
Strewed well the bed—fleeces, and coverlet,
And linen fine and smooth. There laid him down
The greybeard, and awaited dawn divine.
In the far corner of the well-fixed tent
Achilleus slept: by him a woman lay,
Whom he from Lesbos brought; of Phorbas she
The fair-cheeked daughter, Diomedé named.
And on the other side Patroclus lay,
With well-girt Iphis; whom the godlike chief
Gave to his friend when Scyros he o'ercame,
Enyeus' citadel, a rocky isle.

But when the envoys to Atrides' tent
Were come, Achaia's sons in golden cups
A welcome pledged them, each on every side
Upstanding from his seat, and questioned them.
And first asked Agamemnon king of men:
"Speak, tell me now, Odysseus, highly praised,
Achaia's boast, doth he consent to save
The ships from foeman's fire, or saith he nay,
Anger possessing yet his haughty soul?"

Replied Odysseus, godlike, patient chief:

“Ἄτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
 κεῖνός γ’ οὐκ ἐθέλει σβέσσαι χόλον, ἀλλ’ ἔτι μᾶλλον
 πιμπλάνεται μένεος, σὲ δ’ ἀναίνεται ἡδὲ σὰ δῶρα·
 αὐτόν σε φράζεσθαι ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἄνωγεν 680
 ὅπως κεν νῆας τε σόφῃ καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
 αὐτὸς δ’ ἠπειλήσεν ἅμ’ ἡοῖ φαινομένηφιν
 νῆας εὖσσέλμους ἅλαδ’ ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.
 καὶ δ’ ἂν τοῖς ἄλλοισιν ἔφη παραμυθήσασθαι
 οἴκαδ’ ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δῆτε τέκμωρ 685
 Ἰλίου αἰκεινῆς· μάλα γάρ ἐθεν εὐρύσπα Ζεὺς
 χεῖρα ἔην ὑπερέσχε, τεθαρσήκασι δὲ λαοί·
 ὥς ἔφατ’· εἰσὶ καὶ οἶδε τὰ εἰπέμεν, οἳ μοι ἔποντο,
 Αἴας καὶ κήρυκε δύω, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω.
 Φοῖνιξ δ’ αὖθ’ ὁ γέρων κατελέξατο· ὥς γὰρ ἀνάγει, 690
 ὄφρα οἱ ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδ’ ἔπηται
 αὐριον, ἣν ἐθέλῃσιν· ἀνάγκη δ’ οὐ τί μιν ἄξει.”

ὥς ἔφαθ’, οἳ δ’ ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ
 μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι, μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν.
 δὴν δ’ ἄνεω ἦσαν τετιηότες υἱες Ἀχαιῶν· 695
 ὄψε δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

“Ἄτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
 μηδ’ ὄφελος λίσσεσθαι ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα,
 μυρία δῶρα δίδούς· ὃ δ’ ἀγῆνωρ ἐστὶ καὶ ἄλλως·
 νῦν αὖ μιν πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀγνηνορίῃσιν ἐνῆκας. 700
 ἀλλ’ ἢ τοι κεῖνον μὲν ἐάσομεν, ἢ κεν ἴρσιν
 ἢ κε μένῃ· τότε δ’ αὖτε μαχήσεται ὀππότε κέν μιν
 θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνώγῃ καὶ θεὸς ὄρσῃ.
 ἀλλ’ ἄγεθ’, ὥς ἂν ἐγὼ εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
 νῦν μὲν κοιμήσασθε τεταρπόμενοι φίλον ἦτορ 705
 σίτου καὶ οἴνοιο· τὸ γὰρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλκή·

"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, he doth not consent
To quench his wrath, but yet the more with rage
Is filled; and thee and all thy gifts he spurns.
He bids thee 'mid the Argives frame thy plans
To save thy ships and save Achaia's host.
But for himself, he threats with opening dawn
Seawards to drag his well-benched rolling ships.
And to the rest, he saith, his counsel is,
'Sail home, since Ilion's end ye never now
Will see, for over her loud-thundering Zeus
Holds shielding hand, whereat her hosts are bold.'
Thus did he speak. And these are also here,
To say the same—ev'n these who followed me,
Ajax, and heralds twain discreet and wise.
But there with him the greybeard Phoenix lies,
For so he bade; that with him he may sail
To-morrow to their own dear fatherland,
If so he choose: he would not force his will."

So spake he: they were mute and silent all,
Awed at his words: for he full strongly spake.
Long were Achaia's sons in sorrow mute:

At last spake Diomedes good in fray:

"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, would thou hadst not sued
The blameless Peleus' son, and proffered gifts
Unnumbered. Proud enough was he before;
And now yet more thou giv'st him room for pride.
But leave we him indeed; whether he go
Or stay. He then will fight, when in his breast
The humour bids him or a god shall move.
But come, and as I say, obey we all.
Take now your rest, filled to your heart's desire
Of meat and wine—spirit and strength are they.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κε φανῇ καλῇ ῥοδεδάκτυλος Ἥώς,
καρπαλίμως πρὸ νεῶν ἐχέμεν λαόν τε καὶ ἵππους
ἐτρύνων, καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρῶτοις μάχεσθαι."

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνησαν βασιλῆες, 710
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο.
καὶ τότε δὴ σπείσαντες ἔβαν κλισίηνδε ἕκαστος,
ἔνθα δὲ κοιμήσαντο καὶ ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο.

But when the fair and rosy-fingered morn
Shines forth, then swiftly range before the ships
Thy men and steeds, O king, and give command:
And ev'n thyself amid the foremost fight."

So spake he: and the kings around him all
Approval gave, in wonder at the words
Of the steed-taming prince. Then did they make
Libation due, and sought each man his tent:
There lay they down and took the gift of sleep.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Κ.

Νυκτεγερσία, Δολανοφονία.

Ἄλλοι μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν
εὖδον παννύχιοι, μαλακῶ δεδμημένοι ὕπνῳ·
ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν
ὕπνος ἔχε γλυκερός, πολλὰ φρεσὶν ὀρμαίνοντα.
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἀστράπτῃ πόσις Ἥρης ἠυκόμοιο, 5
τείχων ἢ πολὺν ὄμβρον ἀθέσφατον ἢ χάλαζαν
ἢ νιφετόν, ὅτε πέρ τε χιὼν ἐπάλυνεν ἀρούρας,
ἢ ἐποθεὶ πτολέμοιο μέγα στόμα πευκεδανοῖο,
ὥς πυκινὴ ἐν στήθεσσι ἀνεστενάχιζ' Ἀγαμέμνων
νειώθεν ἐκ κραδίνης, τρομέοντο δέ οἱ φρένες ἐντός. 10
ἢ τοι ὅτ' ἐς πεδῖον τὸ Τρωικὸν ἀθρήσειεν,
θαύμαζεν πυρὰ πολλὰ τὰ καίετο Ἰλιόθι πρό,
αὐλῶν συρίγγων τ' ἐνοπὴν ὄμαδόν τ' ἀνθρώπων.
αὐτὰρ ὅτ' ἐς νῆας τε ἴδοι καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
πολλὰς ἐκ κεφαλῆς προθελύμνους ἔλκετο χαίτας 15
ὑψόθ' ἔοντι Διί, μέγα δὲ στένε κυδάλιμον κῆρ.
ἦδε δὲ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνεται βουλή,
Νέστορ' ἐπὶ πρῶτον Νηληϊὸν ἐλθέμεν ἀνδρῶν,
εἴ τινα οἱ σὺν μῆτιν ἀμύμονα τεκτῆναιτο,
ἢ τις ἀλεξίκακος πᾶσιν Δαναοῖσι γένοιτο. 20

ILIAD X.

Night expedition to the Trojan camp.

THE chieftains of the Panachaian host
Slept all beside their ships, the livelong night,
By slumber soft o'erborne: but Atreus' son,
Great Agamemnon, shepherd of his folk,
No sweet sleep held, with many cares distraught.
But frequent as the lightning-flashes come
Of fair-haired Heré's lord, what time he sends
Rain great and terrible, or hail, or snow
To strew the fields with white, or bodes perchance
The wide-embattled front of biting war—
So frequent in his breast and deeply drawn
From inmost heart were Agamemnon's groans,
And all within his bosom trembling shook.
Whene'er he gazed upon the Trojan plain,
Wond'ring he saw the countless fires that burned
In front of Ilion; and wond'ring heard
The sound of flutes and pipes and hum of men.
But when upon Achaia's ships and host
He turned to look, then plucked he from his head,
Lock after lock, his hair, with Zeus on high
Indignant, and deep groaned his haughty heart.
And to his mind this counsel seemed the best,
Nestor the son of Neleus first of all
To seek, if haply he might lend him aid
To frame some blameless plan that should avert
Disastrous harm from all the Danaan host.

ὀρθωθείς δ' ἔνδυνε περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,
 ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλά πέδιλα,
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἔπειτα δαφοινὸν ἐέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος
 αἰθωνος μεγάλοιό ποδηνεκές, εἴλετο δ' ἔγχος.

ὥς δ' αὐτῷς Μενέλαον ἔχεν τρόμος· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτῷ 35
 ὕπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἐφίζανε, μή τι πάθοιεν
 Ἀργεῖοι, τοὶ δὴ ἔθεν εἵνεκα πουλὺν ἐφ' ὑγρὴν
 ἤλυθον ἐς Τροίην πόλεμον θρασὺν ὀρμαίνοντες.
 παρδαλέη μὲν πρῶτα μετάφρενον εὐρὺ κάλυψεν
 ποικίλη, αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ στεφάνην κεφαλῇφιν αἰέρας 30
 θήκατο χαλκείην, δόρυ δ' εἴλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ.
 βῆ δ' Ἴμεν ἀνστήσων ὃν ἀδελφεόν, ὃς μέγα πάντων
 Ἀργείων ἦνασσε, θεὸς δ' ὥς τέλετο δῆμψ.

τὸν δ' εὖρ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι τιθήμενον ἔντεα καλά
 νηὶ παρά πρυμνῇ· τῷ δ' ἀσπᾶσιος γένετ' ἐλθών. 35
 τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
 “τίφθ' οὕτως ἠθεῖε κορύσσειαι; ἢ τιν' ἐταίρων
 ὀτρυνέεις Τρώεσσιν ἐπίσκοπον; ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
 δεῖδω μὴ οὐ τίς τοι ὑπόσχηται τόδε ἔργον,
 ἄνδρας δυσμενέας σκοπιαζέμεν οἷος ἐπελθών 40
 νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην. μάλα τις θρασυκάρδιος ἔσται.”

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
 “χρεὼ βουλῆς ἐμὲ καὶ σέ, διοτρεφὲς ὦ Μενέλαε,
 κερδαλέης, ἢ τίς κε ἐρύσσεται ἠδὲ σαώσει
 Ἀργείους καὶ νῆας, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἐτράπετο φρήν. 45
 Ἐκτορέοις ἄρα μᾶλλον ἐπὶ φρένα θῆχ' ἱεροῖσιν·
 οὐ γάρ πω ἰδόμην, οὐδὲ κλύον αὐδήσαντος,
 ἄνδρ' ἓνα τοσσάδε μέρμερ' ἐπ' ἡματι μητίσασθαι
 ὅσσ' Ἐκτωρ ἔρρεξε διίφιλος υἱας Ἀχαιῶν,
 αὐτῶς, οὔτε θεῶς υἱὸς φίλος οὔτε θεοῖο. 50

So up he stood, and round his breast he donned
His tunic, and beneath his shining feet
Bound his fair sandals, then he wrapped him round
In tawny skin, of lion bright-hued, large,
Mantling him to the feet, and took his spear.

And Menelaus likewise trembled sore,
Nor on his wakeful lids sat sleep; lest harm
Should touch the Argive host, who for his sake
Across a water wide had come to Troy,
Stirring a venturous war. First his broad back
He covered with a spotted panther skin,
Then raised and set around his head a helm
Of brass, and in his broad hand took a spear.
And forth he went his brother to uprouse,
Who o'er all Argives reigned a mighty king
And by his people honoured as a god.

Him found he as he donned his armour fair
Around his shoulders by his vessel's stern:
Who gladly saw his brother come. Then first
Addressed him Menelaus good in fray:
"Why arming thus, mine honoured lord? Dost urge
Some comrade forth a spy on Troy? Nay much
I fear me none will undertake this work,
To spy our foemen, through ambrosial night
Alone advancing. Dauntless heart were his."

And sovereign Agamemnon made reply:
"Needs both for me and thee, O Zeus-born prince
My Menelaus, counsel shrewd, to guard
And save the Argives and their ships: for now
Changed is the mind of Zeus, who hath respect
To Hector's sacrifices more than ours.
For never saw I yet, nor heard it told,
That one man in one day such deeds of dread
Devised as Hector loved of Zeus hath wrought
Upon Achaia's sons—wrought a mere man,
No darling son of goddess or of god.

ἔργα δ' ἔρεξ' ὅσα φημὶ μελησέμεν Ἀργείοισιν
 δηθά τε καὶ δολιχόν· τόσα γὰρ κακὰ μήσατ' Ἀχαιοὺς.
 ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν, Αἴαντα καὶ Ἴδομενῆα κάλεσσον
 ῥίμφα θέων παρὰ νῆας· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Νέστορα δῖον
 εἶμι, καὶ ὀτρυνέω ἀνστήμεναι, αἳ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν
 ἐλθεῖν ἐς φυλάκων ἱερὸν τέλος ἡδ' ἐπιτεῖλαι
 κείνῳ γάρ κε μάλιστα πιθοίατο· τοῖο γὰρ υἱός
 σημαίνει φυλάκεσσι, καὶ Ἴδομενῆος ὀπῶν
 Μηριόνης· τοῖσιν γὰρ ἐπετράπομέν γε μάλιστα."

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
 "πῶς γάρ μοι μῦθῳ ἐπιτέλλαι ἡδὲ κελεύεις;
 αὖθι μένω μετὰ τοῖσι, δεδεγμένος εἰς ὃ κεν ἔλθῃς,
 ἡδ' ἐγὼ μετὰ σ' αὐτίς, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπιτεῖλω;"

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
 "αἶθι μένειν, μὴ πως ἀβροτάξομεν ἀλλήλοιν
 ἐρχομένῳ· πολλὰ γὰρ ἀνὰ στρατόν εἰσι κέλευθοι
 φθέγγεο δ' ἢ κεν ἴησθα, καὶ ἐγρήγορθαι ἄνωχθι,
 πατρόθεν ἐκ γενεῆς ὀνομάζων ἄνδρα ἕκαστον,
 πάντας κυδαίνων· μηδὲ μεγαλίζεο θυμῷ,
 ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ περ πονεώμεθα. ὦδέ που ἄμμιν
 Ζεὺς ἐπὶ γιγνομένοισιν ἴη κακότητα βαρεῖαν."

ὣς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπεν ἀδελφεόν, εὖ ἐπιτεῖλας,
 αὐτὰρ ὃ βῆ ῥ' ἵναι μετὰ Νέστορα ποιμένα λαῶν.
 τὸν δ' εὗρεν παρὰ τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
 εὐνῇ ἐνι μαλακῇ· παρὰ δ' ἔντα ποικίλ' ἔκειτο,
 ἀσπίς καὶ δύο δοῦρε φαινή τε τρυφάλεια.
 παρ δὲ ζωστήρ κεῖτο παναίολος, ᾧ ῥ' ὁ γεραιός
 ζώννυθ' ὅτ' ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα θωρήσσοιτο
 λαὸν ὄγων, ἐπεὶ οὐ μὲν ἐπέτρεπε γήραϊ λυγρῷ.

Deeds he hath wrought full many, which I deem
Will work the Argives sorrow long and late,
Such woes against Achaians hath he planned.
But hie thee now, run swiftly by the ships,
And call me Ajax and Idomeneus.
To godlike Nestor I myself will go,
And bid him rise, to seek, if so he will,
The sacred band of guards, and give them charge.
For him they best will hear: his son it is
Who doth command the guards; and with him joined
Meriones squire of Idomeneus:
For 'twas to them we gave that special trust."

Then answered Menelaus good in fray:
"How means thy word of bidding and command?
Shall I remaining there with them await
Until thou come, or speed me back again
To thee, when I have given them careful charge?"

Answered him Agamemnon king of men:
"Remain thou there; lest haply as we come
We miss each other: there be many paths
That cross the camp. Speak too, where'er thou goest,
And bid them wakeful be; naming each man
By father and by kin, with titles due
To all; nor bear thee with a haughty mind;
But labour we ourselves. Zeus at our birth
Willed us, I ween, such heavy lot of woe."

So spake the king, and sent his brother forth
With careful charge. Himself then took his way
To seek out Nestor, shepherd of his folk.
Him by his tent and black-hulled ships he found
On a soft bed. Beside him lay his arms
Full richly wrought, a shield, two spears, a helm
Bright-glittering: and beside him lay withal
The supple belt that girt the greybeard's loins
When for the warrior-wasting fight he armed,
Leading his folk: for he to grievous age

ὀρθωθείς δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος, κεφαλὴν ἐπαείρας,
 Ἄτρεΐδην προσέειπε καὶ ἐξερεείνετο μύθῳ·
 "τίς δ' οὗτος κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἔρχεαι οἶος
 νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίην, ὅτε θ' εὐδουσιν βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;
 ἢέ τιw' οὐρήων διζήμενος ἢ τιw' ἐταίρων;
 φθέγγεο, μηδ' ἀκέων ἐπ' ἔμ' ἔρχεο· τίπτε δέ σε χρεώ;" 85
 τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
 "ὦ Νέστορ Νηληιάδῃ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
 γνῶσθαι Ἄτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, τὸν περὶ πάντων
 Ζεὺς ἐνέηκε πόνοισι διαμπερές, εἰς δ' κ' αὐτμὴ
 ἐν στήθεσσι μένη καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρη. 90
 πλάζομαι ὧδ', ἐπεὶ οὐ μοι ἐπ' ὀμμασι νήδυμος ὕπνος
 ἰζάνει, ἀλλὰ μέλει πόλεμος καὶ κήδε' Ἀχαιῶν.
 αἰνῶς γὰρ Δαναῶν περιδεΐδια, οὐδέ μοι ἦτορ
 ἔμπεδον, ἀλλ' ἀλαλύκτῃμαι, κραδίη δέ μοι ἔξω
 στηθέων ἐκθρώσκει, τρομέει δ' ὑπὸ φαίδιμα γυῖα. 95
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι δραίνεις, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ σέ γ' ὕπνος ἰκάνει,
 δεῦρ' ἐς τοὺς φύλακας καταβείομεν, ὅφρα ἴδωμεν,
 μὴ τοὶ μὲν καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες ἦδὲ καὶ ὕπνῳ
 κοιμήσωνται, ἀτὰρ φυλακῆς ἐπὶ πᾶγχυ λάθωνται.
 δυσμανέες δ' ἄνδρες σχεδὸν εἴαται· οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν, 100
 μή πως καὶ διὰ νύκτα μενοιγνήσωσι μάχεσθαι."
 τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
 "Ἄτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
 οὐ θῆν' Ἑκτορι πάντα νοήματα μητιέτα Ζεὺς
 ἐκτελέει, ὅσα που νῦν ἔλπεται· ἀλλὰ μιν οἶω 105
 κήδεσι μοχθήσειν καὶ πλείοσιν, εἰ κεν Ἀχιλλεύς

No whit would yield. Upon his elbow propped
Now lift he up his head: and Atreus' son
He thus addrest with words of questioning:
"And who art thou that comest thus alone
Throughout our ships and host, in darkest night,
When other mortals sleep? Is it some guard,
Or comrade that thou seekest? Speak, nor come
Thus voiceless on me. What may be thy need?"

Then answered Agamemnon king of men:
"O Nestor, Neleus' son, Achaia's boast,
Know me for Agamemnon Atreus' son;
Whom above all in troubles Zeus hath plunged,
Troubles to last so long as in my breast
Be breath, and life be stirring in my limbs.
I wander thus because upon mine eyes
Sound sleep sits not, but I am much distraught
By cares of war and of Achaian woes.
Sorely I fear for this our Danaan host;
Nor steadfast stands my mind, but to and fro
I sway, and from my breast the heart leaps forth,
While my bright limbs beneath me trembling shake.
But if thou wilt do aught—since thee, as me,
Sleep visits not—come, go we to the guards,
To see, lest haply whelmed by toil and sleep
They lie, their watchful duty clean forgot.
For foes are camped full near, nor know we well
That e'en by night they may not dare the fray."

Whom Nestor answered then, Gerené's knight:
"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, not to all his thoughts
Will Hector find that Zeus the counsellor
Fulfilment brings, as now perchance he hopes.
But, as I think, with woes more numerous yet
He will be troubled, if Achilles e'er

ἐκ χόλου ἀργαλέοιο μεταστρέψῃ φίλον ἦτορ.
 σοὶ δὲ μάλ' ἔψομ' ἐγώ· ποτὶ δ' αὖ καὶ ἐγείρομεν ἄλλους,
 ἡμὲν Τυδείδην δουρικλυτὸν ἠδ' Ὀδυσῆα
 ἠδ' Αἶαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φυλέος ἄλκιμον υἱόν. 110
 ἀλλ' εἴ τις καὶ τούσδε μετοιχόμενος καλέσειεν,
 ἀντίθεόν τ' Αἶαντα καὶ Ἰδομευῆα ἄνακτα·
 τῶν γὰρ νῆες ἔασι ἐκαστάτω, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἐγγύς.
 ἀλλὰ φίλον περ ἔοντα καὶ αἰδοῖον Μενέλαον
 νεικέσω, εἴ πέρ μοι νεμεσήσεται, οὐδ' ἐπικεύσω, 115
 ὥς εὔδει, σοὶ δ' οἴω ἐπέτρεψεν πονέεσθαι.
 νῦν ὄφελεν κατὰ πάντας ἀριστῆας πονέεσθαι
 λισσόμενος· χρεῖώ γὰρ ἰκάνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτός."
 τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
 "ὦ γέρον, ἄλλοτε μὲν σε καὶ αἰτιάασθαι ἄνωγα· 120
 πολλάκι γὰρ μεθιεῖ τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλει πονέεσθαι,
 οὔτ' ὄκνη εἰκὼν οὔτ' ἀφραδίῃσι νόοιο,
 ἀλλ' ἐμέ τ' εἰσορόων καὶ ἐμὴν ποτιδέγμενος ὀρμήν.
 νῦν δ' ἐμέο πρότερος μάλ' ἐπέγρετο καὶ μοι ἐπέστη.
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ προέηκα καλήμεναι οὐς σὺ μεταλλᾷς. 125
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν· κείνους δὲ κιχησόμεθα πρὸ πυλάων
 ἐν φυλάκεσσ'· ἵνα γάρ σφιν ἐπέφραδον ἡγέρεσθαι."
 τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
 "οὕτως οὐ τίς οἱ νεμεσήσεται οὐδ' ἀπιθήσει 130
 Ἀργείων, ὅτε κέν τιν' ἐποτρύνῃ καὶ ἀνώγῃ."
 ὥς εἰπὼν ἔνδυνε περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,
 ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα χλαῖναν περουήσατο φοινικέεσσαν
 διπλὴν ἐκταδίην, οὔλη δ' ἐπενήνοθε λάχνη.
 εἴλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ, 135
 βῆ δ' ἵεναι κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων.

Shall turn his heart to quit his grievous wrath.
But now I readily will follow thee :
And rouse we others to our company,
Tydides, spear-famed chief, Odysseus too,
Ajax the fleet, and valiant Phyleus' son.
Nay, and 'twere not amiss if one should go
And summon these besides—Ajax the great,
A peer of gods, and king Idomeneus ;
Whose ships are far to seek, not near at hand.
But Menelaus, tho' I hold him dear
And honoured, I will chide, e'en if thy wrath
Thereby I stir, nor will I hide my thought,
For that he sleeps and lets thee toil alone.
Now ought himself to toil and sue each chief,
For need no longer to be borne is ours."

Then answered Agamemnon king of men :
" O greybeard, times there are when I would bid
Thy blame be spoken ; for he oft is slack,
Nor wills to work ; not yielding to base fear,
Nor from a witless mind, but looking still
To me, and waiting ever for my lead.
But now he even rose before myself,
And sought me first. And him have I sent forth
To call those very men thou askest for.
But go we : we shall find them with the guards
Before the gates ; for there I bade them meet."

Him answered Nestor then, Gerené's knight :
" So will no Argive chafe nor disobey,
Whom he may spur to action or command."

So spake he, and around his breast he donned
A tunic, and beneath his shining feet
Bound his fair sandals ; then about him clasped
A mantle crimson-hued, double, and long,
Thick with soft wool, and grasped a mighty spear
Tipped with keen brass, and went his way along
The vessels of Achaia's mail-clad men.

πρῶτον ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον
 ἐξ ὕπνου ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ
 φθεγξάμενος. τὸν δ' αἶψα περὶ φρένας ἤλυθ' ἰωή,
 ἐκ δ' ἤλθεν κλισίης, καὶ σφεας πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν· 140
 “τίφθ' οὕτω κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν οἶοι ἀλᾶσθε
 νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην, ὅτι δὴ χρεῖά τόσον ἴκει;”

τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
 “διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
 μὴ νεμέσα· τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιοῦς. 145
 ἀλλ' ἔπευ, ὅφρα καὶ ἄλλον ἐγείρομεν, ὃν τ' ἐπέοικεν
 βουλὰς βουλεύειν, ἢ φευγέμεν ἢ μάχεσθαι.”

ὥς φάθ', ὃ δὲ κλισίηνδε κιῶν πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς
 ποικίλον ἀμφ' ὤμοισι σάκκας θέτο, βῆ δὲ μετ' αὐτούς.
 βὰν δ' ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδην Διομήδεα. τὸν δὲ κίχανον 150
 ἐκτὸς ἀπὸ κλισίης σὺν τεύχεσιν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἐταῖροι
 εὖδον, ὑπὸ κρασὶν δ' ἔχον ἀσπίδας· ἔγχεα δέ σφιν
 ὄρθ' ἐπὶ σαυρωτῆρος ἐλήλατο, τῆλε δὲ χαλκός
 λάμφ' ὥς τε στεροπὴ πατρὸς Διός. αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἦρως
 εὖδ', ὑπὸ δ' ἔστρωτο ῥινὸν βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο, 155
 αὐτὰρ ὑπὸ κράτεσφι τάπης τετάνυστο φαεινός.
 τὸν παρστὰς ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,
 λαῖξ ποδὶ κινήσας, ὤτρυνέ τε, νείκεσέ τ' ἄντην
 “ἔγρεο, Τυδέος υἱέ. τί πάννυχον ὕπνον ἀωτεῖς;
 οὐκ αἶτις ὥς Τρῶες ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίῳ 160
 εἶαται ἄγχι νεῶν, ὀλίγος δ' ἔτι χῶρος ἐρύκει;”

ὥς φάθ', ὃ δ' ἐξ ὕπνοιο μάλα κραιπνῶς ἀνόρουσεν,
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
 “σχέτλιός ἐσσι, γεραιέ· σὺ μὴν πόνου οὐ ποτε λήγεις.

Odysseus first, in counsel peer of Zeus,
Nestor Gerené's knight uproused from sleep
With summons loud. Full quickly to his soul
The voice found entrance; and from out his tent
Advancing thus the chieftains he addrest:
"Why roam ye thus alone through ships and host
In night ambrosial? what your urgent need?"

Then answered him Nestor Gerené's knight:
"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,
Achaia's boast, thou man of many wiles,
Chafe not: for direst grief doth press our host.
But follow thou; that we may likewise rouse
Some other, whomsoe'er it may beseem
Counsel to give, whether we fly or fight."

He spake. Odysseus, many-counselled man,
Entered his tent, and round his shoulders braced
A shield right richly wrought, and followed them.
Then Diomedēs, Tydeus' son, they sought:
And him outside and separate from his tent
They found, all armed: round whom his comrades slept
Pillowed upon their shields; with spears hard by,
Planted upon their butts upright, wherefrom
Blazed far a brazen sheen as of the flash
Of Father Zeus. Slept too the hero's self,
A wild bull's hide beneath his body strewn,
A bright-hued carpet stretched beneath his head.
Then by him Nestor stood Gerené's knight,
And stirring him with vigorous push of foot
Waked up, and urged him on, and roundly chid:
"Rouse thee, thou son of Tydeus! Wherefore sleep'st
A night-long sleep? Hear'st not how sons of Troy
Upon the rising ground are camped, hard by
Our ships, and scant the space that holds them back?"

He spake: the other quick from sleep upsprang,
And thus in wingèd words addrest the king:
"A stubborn carle, greybeard, art thou! Of toil

οὐ νυ καὶ ἄλλοι ἔασι νεώτεροι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν, 165

οἳ κεν ἔπειτα ἕκαστον ἐγείρειαν βασιλῆων

πάντη ἐποιχόμενοι; σὺ δ' ἀμήχανός ἐσσι, γεραιέ."

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·

"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, τέκος, κατὰ μοῖραν εἶπες.

εἰσὶν μὲν μοι παῖδες ἀμύμονες, εἰσὶ δὲ λαοὶ 170

καὶ πολῖες, τῶν κέν τις ἐποιχόμενος καλέσειεν.

ἀλλὰ μάλα μεγάλη χρεὼ βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιοὺς·

νῦν γὰρ δὴ πάντεσσιν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἴσταται ἀκμῆς

ἢ μάλα λυγρὸς ὄλεθρος Ἀχαιοῖς ἢ βιῶναι.

ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν Αἴαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φυλέος υἱόν 175

ἄνστησον (σὺ γάρ ἐσσι νεώτερος), εἴ μ' ἐλεαίρεις."

ὣς φάθ', ὁ δ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἐέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος

αἶθωνος μεγάλιοιο ποδηνεκές, εἴλετο δ' ἔγχος.

βῆ δ' ἰέναι, τοὺς δ' ἔνθεν ἀναστήσας ἄγεν ἥρως.

οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ φυλάκεσσιν ἐν ἀγρομένοισιν ἔμιχθεν, 180

οὐδὲ μὲν εὐδοντας φυλάκων ἡγήτορας εὖρον,

ἀλλ' ἐγρηγορτὶ σὺν τεύχεσιν εἶατο πάντες.

ὥς δὲ κύνες περὶ μῆλα δυσωρήσωσιν ἐν αὐλῇ

θηρὸς ἀκούσαντες κρατερόφρονος, ὅς τε καθ' ἕλην

ἔρχηται δι' ὄρεσφι· πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ἐπ' αὐτῷ 185

ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ κυνῶν, ἀπὸ τέ σφισιν ὕπνος ὄλωλεν·

ὥς τῶν νήδυμος ὕπνος ἀπὸ βλεφάρουιν ὀλώλει

νύκτα φυλασσομένοισι κακὴν· πεδίονδε γὰρ αἰεὶ

τετράφαθ', ὀππότε' ἐπὶ Τρώων ἀτοίεν ἰόντων.

τοὺς δ' ὁ γέρων γήθησε ἰδὼν, θάρσυνέ τε μύθῳ, 190

καί σφεας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"οὕτω νῦν, φίλα τέκνα, φυλάσσετε· μηδέ τι ν' ὕπνος

αἰρείτω, μὴ χάρμα γενώμεθα δυσμενέεσσιν."

Thou know'st no end. Are then none other found,
Achaia's sons, younger in years, to go
Round all our camp and rouse each sleeping king?
Greybeard, thou art indeed a restless wight."

And answer made Nestor Gerenē's knight:
"Yea, all thou say'st, my friend, is fitly said.
Sons have I blameless, people have I too
Full numerous; and of these some one might well
Bear round the summons. But it is a need
Exceeding great constrains Achaia's sons.
For on a razor's edge stands now the fate
Of all our host, destruction dire or life.
But hie thee now, Ajax the fleet arouse,
And Phyleus' son: for thou, the younger man,
May'st do my errand, if thou pitiest me."

He spake: the other wrapped his shoulders round
With skin of lion tawny-hued and large,
Mantling him to the feet, and took his spear.
Then went he on his way, and from their place
The hero roused and led the chieftains twain.

And when they came among the gathered guards,
Their captains found they not asleep, but all
Were sitting ready armed in wakeful wise.
And as the dogs around a flock in fold
Keep painful watch—when they have heard the roar
Of dauntless beast, who through the mountain wood
Approaches by large rout of men and dogs
Full sorely pressed—and all their sleep is gone:
So from the eyelids of the guards sweet sleep
Was gone, as through the evil night they watched.
For ever and anon toward the plain
They turned them as they heard the Trojans move.
And these the greybeard joyed to see, and spake
To cheer them, and in wingèd words address:
"Watch on, dear children, thus: let none by sleep
Be holden; lest we cause our foemen joy."

ὥς εἰπὼν τάφροιο διέσσυτο· τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἔποντο
 Ἄργείων βασιλῆες, ὅσοι κεκλήατο βουλήν. 195
 τοῖς δ' ἅμα Μηριόνης καὶ Νέστορος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς
 ἦισαν· αὐτοὶ γὰρ κάλεον ξυμμητιάασθαι.
 τάφρον δ' ἐκδιαβάντες ὀρυκτὴν ἐδριόωντο
 ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι δὴ νεκύων διεφαίνετο χῶρος
 πιπτόντων· ὅθεν αὐτὶς ἀπετράπετ' ὄβριμος Ἔκτωρ 200
 ὄλλυς Ἀργείους, ὅτε δὴ περὶ νύξ ἐκάλυψεν.
 ἔνθα καθεζόμενοι ἔπε' ἀλλήλοισι πύφαισκον.
 τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἤρχε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
 "ὦ φίλοι, οὐκ ἂν δὴ τις ἀνὴρ πεπίθοιθ' ἐφ' αὐτοῦ
 θυμῷ τολμήεντι μετὰ Τρῶας μεγαθύμους 205
 ἐλθεῖν; εἴ τινά που δηλὼν ἔλοι ἐσχατόωντα,
 ἢ τινά που καὶ φῆμιν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι πύθοιτο,
 ἄσσα τε μητιόωσι μετὰ σφίσιν, ἢ μεμάασιν
 αὐθι μένειν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀπόπροθεν, ἢ πόλινδε
 ἄψ ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἐπεὶ δαμάσαντό γ' Ἀχαιοὺς. 210
 ταῦτά κε πάντα πύθοιτο, καὶ ἄψ εἰς ἡμέας ἔλθοι
 ἀσκηθῆς. μέγα κέν οἱ ὑπουράνιον κλέος εἴη
 πάντας ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους, καὶ οἱ δόσις ἔσσεται ἐσθλή·
 ὅσσοι γὰρ νήεσσιν ἐπικρατέουσιν ἄριστοι,
 τῶν πάντων οἱ ἕκαστος δῖν δώσουσι μέλαιναν 215
 θῆλυν ὑπόρρηνον, τῇ μὲν κτέρας οὐδὲν ὁμοῖον·
 αἰεὶ δ' ἐν δαίτησι καὶ εἰλαπίνῃσι παρέσται."

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
 "Νέστορ, ἔμ' ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ 220
 ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων δῦναι στρατὸν ἐγγὺς ἑόντα,
 Τρώων. ἀλλ' εἴ τίς μοι ἀνὴρ ἅμ' ἔποιτο καὶ ἄλλος,
 μᾶλλον θαλπωρὴ καὶ θαρσαλεώτερον ἔσται.
 σὺν τε δὴν ἐρχομένῳ καὶ τε πρὸ δ' τοῦ ἐνόησεν

He spake, and swiftly sped across the trench :
And with him followed close those Argive kings
Who had been called to council. With them went
Meriones and Nestor's beaming son,
Whom now themselves did call their rede to share.
But when the deep-dug trench was crossed and cleared,
In a void place they seated them, where shone
An open plot amid the thick-strewn dead.
There was it that impetuous Hector stayed
His charge and turned him back from dealing death
On Argives, when the veil of night came down.
There sate they, and in turn declared their words :
Of whom spake first Nestor Gerené's knight :
"O friends, will no man on his daring heart
Reliant to the high-souled Trojans' camp
Go forth? if haply he may take some foe
Outlying on the verge, or learn some news
Among the Trojans, what their counsel is,
Whether they mean here by our ships to bide
Abroad, or to their city back again
To turn, Achaia's armies once repelled.
All this a man might learn, and come again
To us unscathed. Great would his glory be
Beneath wide heaven o'er all the tribes of men.
And good shall be his guerdon. For the chiefs
Who rule our ships shall give him, each and all,
A black ewe, mother with a sucking lamb,
A prize that nought can rival : and a place
At feast and banquet he shall alway claim."

He spake : but they were mute and silent all.
Then out spake Diomedes good in fray :
"Nestor, my heart and manly spirit prompts
Our Trojan foemen's camp, who lie so near,
To enter. But one comrade could I take,
More cheer were mine, and greater boldness too.
When two together go, what's best to do

ὅπως κέρδος ἔη· μῦθος δ' εἰ πέρ τε νοήσῃ, 225
 ἀλλὰ τέ οἱ βράσσων τε νόος λεπτή δέ τε μῆτις."

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἔθελον Διομήδεϊ πολλοὶ ἔκπεσθαι
 ἠθελέτην Ἀλάντε δύνω, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
 ἠέλεε Μηριόνης, μάλα δ' ἠέλεε Νέστορος υἱός,
 ἠέλεα δ' Ἀτρεΐδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος, 230
 ἠέλεα δ' ὁ τλήμων Ὀδυσσεὺς καταδύναι ὄμιλον
 Τρώων· αἰεὶ γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἐτόλμα.
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
 "Τυδεΐδῃ Διομήδῃς ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
 τὸν μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γ' αἰρήσῃαι ὅν κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, 235
 φαινομένων τὸν ἄριστον, ἐπεὶ μεμάασί γε πολλοί
 μηδὲ σύ γ' αἰδόμενος σῆσιν φρεσὶ τὸν μὲν ἄρειον
 καλλείπειν, σὺ δὲ χεῖρον' ὀτάσῃαι αἰδοῖ εἰκων,
 ἐς γενεὴν ὀρόων, μηδ' εἰ βασιλεύτερος ἐστίν."

ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δὲ περὶ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ. 240
 τοῖς δ' αὖτις μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
 "εἰ μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γε κελεύετε μ' αὐτὸν ἐλέσθαι,
 πῶς ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆος ἐγὼ θείοιο λαβόλμην,
 οὐ περὶ μὲν πρόφρων κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ
 ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι, φιλεῖ δέ ἐ Παιλλὰς Ἀθήνη. 245
 τούτου γε σπομένοιο καὶ ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο
 ἄμφω νοστήσαιομεν, ἐπεὶ περίοιδε νοῆσαι."

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
 "Τυδεΐδῃ, μήτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἰνεε μήτε τι νείκει·
 εἰδόσι γάρ τοι ταῦτα μετ' Ἀργείοις ἀγορεύεις. 250
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν· μάλα γὰρ νύξ ἄνεται, ἐγγύθι δ' ἡώς,
 ἄστρα δὲ δὴ προβέβηκε, παροίχῃκεν δὲ πλείων νύξ
 τῶν δύο μοιράων, τριτάτῃ δ' ἔτι μοῖρα λείλειπται."

ὣς εἰπόνθ' ὁπλοισιν ἐνὶ δεινοῖσιν ἐδύτην.

One sees before the other : but alone
Tho' one may see, yet may his mind to see
Be slower, and his single counsel weak."

He spake : and many now were fain to go
With Diomedes. Fain the Ajax pair,
Henchmen of Ares ; fain Meriones ;
Full fain the son of Nestor ; fain withal
The spear-famed Menelaus, Atreus' son.
Fain was Odysseus, much-enduring man,
The Trojan throng to enter, for his heart
Within his breast was ever venturous.

And then spake Agamemnon king of men :
"O Diomedes, to my soul most dear,
Thou son of Tydeus, whomsoe'er thou wilt,
That comrade choose, of those whom here thou seest
The best, since many to the service press.
Nor for a scruple leave the better man
And take the worse, from reverence of rank,
Looking to higher birth, or kinglier sway."

He spake, afraid for Menelaus' sake,
That hero yellow-haired. Then 'mid them all
Again spake Diomedes, good in fray :
"If now ye bid myself my comrade choose,
How could I pass divine Odysseus by?
Whose ready heart and manly spirit shines
In every toil preeminent : whom withal
Pallas Athené loves. If he be there,
E'en out of burning fire we both may come,
Since all unrivalled is his cunning wit."

To whom replied the godlike patient chief :
"Tydides, praise me not o'er much, nor blame :
For this whereof thou speak'st these Argives know.
But go we. Night is waning, dawn is near :
The stars are forward far : of night are past
Two parts and more, a third alone remains."

So spake the twain : and then in armour dread

Τυδείδῃ μὲν ἔδωκε μενεπτόλεμος Θρασυμήδης 255
 φάσγανον ἀμφηκες (τὸ δ' ἐὼν παρὰ νηὶ λάλειπτο)
 καὶ σάκος· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῇφιν ἔθηκεν
 ταυρεῖην, ἀφαλὸν τε καὶ ἄλλοφον, ἥ τε καταΐτυξ
 κέκληται, ῥύεται δὲ κάρη θαλερῶν αἰζηῶν.
 Μηριόνης δ' Ὀδυσῇ δίδου βιὸν ἠδὲ φαρέτρην 260
 καὶ ξίφος, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῇφιν ἔθηκεν
 ῥινοῦ ποιητήν· πολίσιν δ' ἔντοσθεν ἱμάσιν
 ἐντέτατο στερεῶς· ἔκτοσθε δὲ λευκοὶ ὀδόντες
 ἀργιόδοτος υἱὸς θαμέες ἔχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
 εὖ καὶ ἐπισταμένως, μέσση δ' ἐνὶ πῖλος ἀρήρει 265
 τήν ῥά ποτ' ἐξ Ἑλεῶνος Ἀμύντορος Ὀρμενίδαο
 ἐξέλετ' Αὐτόλυκος πυκινὸν δόμον ἀντιτορήσας,
 Σκάνδειαν δ' ἄρ' ἔδωκε Κυθηρίῳ Ἀμφιδάμαντι.
 Ἀμφιδάμας δὲ Μόλῳ δῶκε ξεινήιον εἶναι,
 αὐτὰρ δὲ Μηριόνη δῶκεν ᾧ παιδὶ φορῆναι 270
 δὴ τότε Ὀδυσσεύς πύκασεν κάρη ἀμφιτεθείσα.
 τὰ δ' ἐπαὶ οὖν ὀπλοισιν ἐνὶ δεινοῖσιν ἐδύτην,
 βῶν ῥ' ἵναι, λιπέτην δὲ κατ' αὐτόθι πάντας ἀρίστους.
 τοῖσι δὲ δεξιὸν ἦκεν ἑρωδιὸν ἐγγυὲς ὁδοῖο
 Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη· τοὶ δ' οὐκ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν 275
 νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίην, ἀλλὰ κλάγξαντος ἤκουσαν.
 χαῖρε δὲ τῷ ὄρνιθ' Ὀδυσσεύς, ἠράτο δ' Ἀθήνη·
 "κλυθὲ μιν, ἀγγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἥ τέ μοι αἰεὶ
 ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοις παρίστασαι, οὐδέ σε λήθω
 κινύμενος. νῦν αὖτε μάλιστά με φίλαι, Ἀθήνη, 280
 εὖ δὲ πάλιν ἐπὶ νῆας εὐκλείας ἀφικέσθαι
 ῥέξαντας μέγα ἔργον, ὃ κεν Τρώεσσι μελήσει."

They clad them. Thrasymedes staunch in war
 Gave Tydeus' son a sword of double edge
 (For he beside the ships had left his own),
 And shield besides : and on his head he set
 A bull's hide helm, plain without cone or crest,
 Such as is called a bonnet, and is worn
 By lusty youths to save the head from harm.
 But to Odysseus gave Meriones
 A bow and quiver, and a sword withal,
 And on his head a helm he set, all wrought
 Of leather—plaited firm with many a thong
 Its inner fold, to strengthen it without
 The gleaming teeth of white-tusked boar were set
 Frequent on every side with cunning skill,
 While firm-packed felt lined well the space between.
 This from Amyntor son of Ormenus
 At Eleon once Autolycus stole away,
 Forcing the close-barred house. He gave it then
 To go to Scandia with Amphidamas,
 Who in Cythera dwelt : Amphidamas
 To Molos gave it when his guest : and he
 To his own son Meriones to wear.

And now it crowned and capped Odysseus' head.

So they, when both in armour dread were clad,
 Went on their way, and all the other chiefs
 Left there behind. A heron on their right
 Pallas Athené sent, near to the way,
 Which through the gloom of night they could not see,
 But heard his scream. Rejoicing at the bird
 Odysseus to Athené made his prayer :
 "Hear me, thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
 Who standest by me still in all my toils,
 Nor move I e'er by thee unseen ! Again,
 Athené, show thy special love, and grant
 That we may glorious from the ships return,
 Some great deed done to vex the sons of Troy."

δεύτερος αὐτ' ἤρατο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
 "κέκλυθι νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο, Διὸς τέκος, ἀτρυτώνη.
 σπείῳ μοι ὥς ὅτε πατρὶ ἄμ' ἔσπεο Τυδεΐδϊ δίφῳ 285
 ἐς Θήβας, ὅτε τε πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν ἄγγελος ᾔξει.
 τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀσωπῷ λίπε χαλκοχίτωνας Ἀχαιοὺς,
 αὐτὰρ δὲ μειλίχιον μῦθον φέρε Καδμείοισιν
 κεῖσ'· ἀτὰρ ἅψ' ἀπιδὼν μάλα μέρμερα μήσατο ἔργα
 σὺν σοί, διὰ θεά, ὅτε οἱ πρόφρασσα παρέσθης. 290
 ὥς νῦν μοι ἐθέλουσα παρίσταο καὶ με φύλασσε.
 σοὶ δ' αὖ ἐγὼ ῥέξω βοῦν ἦνιν εὐρυμέτωπον
 ἀδμήτην, ἣν οὐ πά ποτ' ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν ἀνὴρ·
 τὴν τοι ἐγὼ ῥέξω, χρυσὸν κέρασιν περιχεύας."
 ὥς ἔφην εὐχόμενοι, τῶν δὲ κλύε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη. 295
 οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἠρήσαντο Διὸς κούρη μέγαλοιο,
 βάν ῥ' ἴμεν ὥς τε λέοντε δύω διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,
 ἅμ' φόνον, ἅν' νέκυας, διὰ τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἶμα.
 οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ Τρῶας ἀγήνορας εἶας· Ἐκτωρ
 εὐδαιν, ἀλλ' ἄμυδις κικλήσκετο πάντας ἄριστους, 300
 ὅσσοι ἔσαν Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες.
 τοὺς δ' οἷ γε συγκαλέσας πυκινὴν ἠρτύνετο βουλήν·
 "τίς κέν μοι τόδε ἔργον ὑποσχόμενος τελέσειεν
 δώρῳ ἔπι μεγάλῳ; μισθὸς δέ οἱ ἄρκιος ἔσται·
 δώσω γὰρ δίφρον τε δύω τ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους, 305
 οἳ κεν ἄριστοι ἔωσι θοῆς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν,
 ὅς τις κε τλαίῃ, οἳ κ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἄροιτο,
 νηῶν ὠκυπόρων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἔκ τε πυθέσθαι
 ἢ φυλάσσονται νῆες θοαὶ ὥς τὸ πάρος περ,
 ἢ ἤδη χεῖρεσσιν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῃσι δαμέντες 310
 φύξιν βουλεύουσι μετὰ σφίσιν, οὐδ' ἐθέλουσιν
 νύκτα φυλασσέμεναι, καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες αἰνῶ."
 ὥς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.

Second prayed Diomedes good in fray :

"Hear me too now, thou tameless child of Zeus !

Go with me, as thou wentest with my sire

The godlike Tydeus, when to Thebes he came

A messenger before Achaia's host.

The rest upon Asopus' bank he left,

Achaia's mail-clad men : himself bore on

Soft words of peace to them of Cadmus' line,

While thither bound : but, as he gat him back,

Devised hard deeds of dread, with thee at hand,

Goddess divine, who gav'st him ready aid.

So now stand willing by and guard thou me.

And I to thee a heifer of a year

Will sacrifice, broad-browed, unbroken yet,

Which never man hath led beneath the yoke.

This will I slay, her horns with gold o'erlaid."

So prayed they both : Pallas Athené heard.

Then they, the maid of mighty Zeus invoked,

Went onward through black night, like lions twain,

Through gore and bodies, over arms and blood.

Nor more the while did Hector leave to sleep

The manly Trojans, but together called

The bravest, all their leaders and their chiefs.

These called he, and set forth his counsel shrewd :

"Who, pray, will promise and perform this deed

For ample gift? Assured shall be his meed.

For I a car will give him, and two steeds

Of arching neck, the best that may be found

At the swift vessels of Achaia's host.

These to the man who dares—and he will win

Glory himself thereby—near the swift ships

To approach, and learn if yet our foemen guard

Their swift ships, as of old, or by our hands

Now vanquished purpose flight, nor will to keep

A night-long watch, o'erwhelmed by wearying toil."

He spake : but they were mute and silent all.

ἢ τινα συλήσων νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων.
 ἀλλ' ἐὼμ' ἐμὲν μιν πρῶτα παρεξελθεῖν πεδίοιο
 τυτθόν· ἔπειτα δέ κ' αὐτὸν ἐπαΐξαντες ἔλοιμεν
 καρπαλίμως. εἰ δ' ἄμμε παραφθαίησι πόδεσσιν,
 αἰεὶ μιν ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατόφω προτιελεῖν
 ἔγχει ἐπαΐσσω, μὴ πως προτὶ ἄστυ ἀλύξῃ."
 ὣς ἄρα φωνήσαντε παρὲξ ὁδοῦ ἐν νεκύεσσιν
 κλινθήτην· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ὤκα παρέδραμεν ἀφραδίῃσιν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἀπέην ὅσσον τ' ἐπὶ οὐρα πέλονται
 ἡμόνων (αἶ γάρ τε βοῶν προφερίστεραι εἰσὶν
 ἐλκόμεναι νειοῖο βαθείης πηκτὸν ἄροτρον),
 τὰ μὲν ἐπεδραμέτην, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη δοῦπον ἀκούσας·
 ἔλπετο γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀποστρέφοντας ἐταῖρους
 ἐκ Τρώων λῆναι, πάλιν Ἑκτορος ὀτρύναντος.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἄπεςαν δουρηνεκὲς ἢ καὶ ἔλασσαν,
 γυνὴ ῥ' ἄνδρας δηλοῦς, λαιψήρὰ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα
 φευγέμεναι· τοὶ δ' αἶψα διωκόμεν ὥρμήθησαν.
 ὥς δ' ὕτε καρχαρόδοντε δύω κύνη, εἰδότε θήρης,
 ἢ κεμάδ' ἢ λαγωὸν ἐπείλετόν ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
 χῶρον ἀν' ἰλήενθ', ὃ δὲ τε προθέησι μεμηκώς,
 ὥς τὸν Τυδείδης ἠδὲ πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεύς
 λαοῦ ἀποτμήξαντε διώκετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἐμελλε μυγήσεσθαι φυλάκεσσι
 φεύγων ἐς νῆας, τότε δὴ μένος ἔμβαλ' Ἀθήνη
 Τυδείδῃ, ἵνα μὴ τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
 φθαίῃ ἐπενεξάμενος βαλέειν, ὃ δὲ δεύτερος ἔλθοι
 δουρὶ δ' ἐπαΐσσω προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
 "ἢ μὲν ἢ σε δουρὶ κιχήσομαι, οὐδέ σε φημι
 δηρὸν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀλυξέμεν αἰπὺν δλαθρον."

Upon our ships, or bent to spoil the dead.
Suffer we him at first to pass us by
A little space along the plain, then quick
Give chase and catch him : or, by speed of foot
If he outrun us, always hem him in
From his own camp toward our ships, with spear
On rushing, that he 'scape not to the town."

Such words between them passed : then from the way
They turned, and crouched amid the dead ; and he
Ran swiftly by them in his heedless haste.
But when he was before them by the length
Of such a plot of ground as mules may plow—
For they are faster still than are the kine
To draw the jointed plough through loamy land—
Then gave they chase : he heard the steps, and stood ;
For hoped his heart that comrades came from Troy,
By change of Hector's hest, to turn him back.
But when within a spear-throw they had come
Or even less, he knew the men for foes,
And quickly did he move his limbs to fly,
While they as swiftly bent them to pursue.
And as two sharp-toothed hounds, skilled in the chase,
Fast on the trace of flying fawn or hare
Come pressing ever on, o'er woody ground,
As he before them flies with plaintive cry ;
So did the son of Tydeus and withal
Odysseus, city-spoiler, on their prey
From his own people barred press ever on.
But when he now was close upon the guards,
As toward the ships he fled, Athené breathed
New strength in Tydeus' son, lest other man
Of mailed Achaians should forestall his blow
And boast, and Diomedes second come.
On rushed with spear the hero stout, and cried :
"Stand, or my spear o'ertakes thee : nor, I ween,
Long from my hand can'st shun destruction dire."

ἦν δέ τις ἐν Τρώεσσι Δόλων Εὐμήδεος υἱός
 κήρυκος θέλοιο, πολύχρυσος πολύχαλκος· 315
 ὅς δ' ἤ τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδώκης·
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μούνοσ' ἔην μετὰ πέντε κασιγνήτησιν.
 ὅς ῥα τότε Τρωσὶν τε καὶ Ἑκτορι μῦθον ἔειπεν
 “Ἑκτορ, ἔμ' ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
 νηῶν ἰκνυπόρων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν ἔκ τε πυθέσθαι 320
 ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τὸ σκῆπτρον ἀνάσχεο, καὶ μοι ὄμοσσον
 ἢ μὴν τοὺς ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ
 δώσειν οἳ φορέουσιν ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα.
 σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ οὐχ ἄλιος σκοπὸς ἔσσομαι, οὐδ' ἀπὸ δόξης·
 τόφρα γὰρ ἐς στρατὸν εἴμι διαμπερές ὄφρ' ἂν ἴκωμαι 325
 νῆ' Ἀγαμεμνονέην, ὅθι που μέλλουσιν ἄριστοι
 βουλὰς βουλεύειν, ἢ φευγέμεν ἢ μάχεσθαι.”

ὣς φάθ', ὁ δ' ἐν χερσὶ σκῆπτρον λάβε καὶ οἱ ὄμοσσεν
 “ἴστω νῦν Ζεὺς αὐτός, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης,
 μὴ μὴν τοῖς ἵπποισιν ἀνὴρ ἐποχήσεται ἄλλος 330
 Τρώων, ἀλλὰ σέ φημι διαμπερές ἀγλαΐεῖσθαι.”

ὣς φάτο καὶ ῥ' ἐπ' ἴορκον ἐπώμοσε, τὸν δ' ὀρόθυνεν.
 αὐτίκα δ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἐβάλλετο καμπύλα τόξα,
 ἔσσατο δ' ἔκτοσθεν ῥινὸν πολιοῖο λύκοιο,
 κρατὶ δ' ἐπὶ κτιδέην κυνέην, ἔλε δ' ὄξυν ἄκοντα, 335
 βῆ δ' ἰέναι προτὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατοῦ. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλεν
 ἐλθεῖν ἐκ νηῶν ἀψ' Ἑκτορι μῦθον ἀποίσειν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν κάλλιφ' ὄμιλον,
 βῆ ῥ' ἀν' ὁδὸν μεμαώς· τὸν δὲ φράσατο προσιώντα
 διογενὴς Ὀδυσσεύς, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέειπεν· 340
 “οὗτός τις, Διόμηδες, ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεται ἀνὴρ,
 οὐκ οἶδ' ἢ νήεσσιν ἐπίσκοπος ἡμετέρησιν.”

Now in the ranks of Troy a man there was,
Dolon by name, son of Eumedes he
A sacred herald, rich in gold and brass,
Uncomely he in face, but fleet of foot;
With sisters five an only brother born.
To Hector and the rest he stood and spake:
"Hector, my heart and manly spirit prompts
The swift ships to approach, and gather news.
But come, thy sceptre raise, and swear to me
That thou in very sooth wilt give those steeds,
With chariot too all richly-wrought in brass,
Whereon the blameless son of Peleus rides.
And thou shalt find that no vain scout am I,
Nor fail thy hope; for I will go right on
Throughout the host, ev'n till I reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where, be sure, the chiefs
Debate in council now, to fly or fight."

He spake. The prince his sceptre grasped and sware:
"Let Zeus himself, Heré's loud-thundering lord,
Be now my witness! On these steeds shall ride
No other man of Troy; but thou, I say,
Throughout thy life shalt boast them as thy pride."

He spake, and sware in vain; yet spurred him on.
At once his curvèd bow he slung around
His shoulders, and a grey wolf's hide o'er all
He threw, and set a helmet on his head
Of weasel-skin, and took a pointed dart.
Then from the host he went and toward the ships;
Those ships wherefrom he never should return,
Nor back again to Hector bear his word.
But when the throng of steeds and men was left,
Eager he sped along his way: of whom,
As on he came, Odysseus, Zeus-born prince,
Was ware, and thus to Diomedes spake:
"Yonder, O Diomedes, from the host
Comes on a man, I know not whether spy

ἢ τινα συλήσων νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων.
 ἀλλ' ἐὼμ' ἐμιν πρῶτα παρεξελθεῖν πεδίοιο
 τυτθόν· ἔπειτα δέ κ' αὐτὸν ἐπαΐξαντες ἔλοιμεν 345
 καρπαλίμως. εἰ δ' ἄμμε παραφθαίησι πόδεσσιν,
 αἰεὶ μιν ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατόφω προτιελεῖν
 ἔγχει ἐπαΐσσω, μὴ πως προτὶ ἄστυ ἀλύξῃ."

ὣς ἄρα φωνήσαντε παρέξ ὁδοῦ ἐν νεκύεσσιν
 κλινθήτην· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ὦκα παρέδραμεν ἀφραδίῃσιν. 350
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἀπέην ὅσσον τ' ἐπὶ οὐρα πέλονται
 ἡμόνων (αἱ γάρ τε βοῶν προφερίστεραι εἰσὶν
 ἐλκόμεναι νειοῖο βαθείης πηκτὸν ἄροτρον),
 τῷ μὲν ἐπεδραμέτην, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη δοῦπον ἀκούσας·
 ἔλπετο γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀποστρέφοντας ἐταίρους 355
 ἐκ Τρώων ἰέναι, πάλιν Ἑκτορος ὑτρύναντος.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἄπεςαν δουρηνεκές ἢ καὶ ἔλασσαν,
 γυνὴ ῥ' ἄνδρας δηλοῦς, λαιψήρᾳ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα
 φευγέμεναι· τοὶ δ' αἰψά διωκέμεν ὠρμήθησαν.
 ὥς δ' ἔτε καρχαρόδοντε δύω κύνη, εἰδότε θήρης, 360
 ἢ κεμάδ' ἢ λαγωὸν ἐπέλγετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
 χώρον ἀν' ὑλήενθ', ὃ δὲ τε προθέησι μεμηκώς,
 ὥς τὸν Τυδείδης ἠδὲ πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεύς
 λαοῦ ἀποτμήξαντε διώκετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἐμελλε μνησέσθαι φυλάκεσσι.
 φεύγων ἐς νῆας, τότε δὴ μένος ἔμβαλ' Ἀθήνη
 Τυδείδῃ, ἵνα μὴ τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
 φθαίῃ ἐπενξάμενος βαλῆεν, ὃ δὲ δεύτερος ἔλθοι
 δουρὶ δ' ἐπαΐσσω προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
 "ἢ μὲν' ἢ σε δουρὶ κιχήσομαι, οὐδέ σε φημι 370
 δηρὸν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀλυξέμεν αἰκὺν διαθροῦ."

A grievous team they be for mortal men
To break or ride behind—for all save one,
Achilleus, whom immortal mother bare.
But come declare me this, and tell me true:
Where left'st thou Hector, shepherd of his folk,
When hitherward thou cam'st? his arms of war
Where be they? where his horses? How are placed
The other Trojan lines for watch and sleep?
What counsel they? here by our ships to bide
Abroad, or to their city back again
To turn, Achaia's armies once repelled?"

Dolon Eumedes' son then made reply:
"All this I will declare and tell thee true.
Hector, with those that are his councillors,
Holds council now by holy Ilus' tomb,
Far from the crowd and din: but for the watch,
O hero, that thou askest of—our host
No separate ordered watch defends and guards.
By every fire of Trojans—who perforce
Must do it—there are wakeful men who urge
Each one his mate to watch: but our allies
Summoned from many lands sleep idly on,
Leaving to Trojan care the watch; for they
No children have nor wives abiding near."

To him again the many-counselled man:
"How mingled, pray, with Troy's steed-taming sons
Sleep they, or separate? say, that I may know."

And answer made Dolon Eumedes' son:
"This too I will declare, and tell thee true.
Towards the sea are Carians, and by them
Paeonians armed with curved bows; there too
Leleges and Cauconians, and withal
Divine Pelasgians. But toward Thymbra ranged
Are Lycians, Mysians proud, steed-taming sons
Of Phrygia, and Maeonians chariot-borne.
But of each special troop why ask ye me?

εἰ γὰρ δὴ μέματον Τρώων καταδῦναι δμῖλον,
 Θρήικες οἷδ' ἀπάνευθε νηήλυδες, ἔσχατοι ἄλλων,
 ἐν δέ σφιν Ῥῆσος βασιλεύς, πάϊς Ἡιονῆος, 435
 τοῦ δὴ καλλίστους ἵππους ἶδον ἠδὲ μεγίστους·
 λευκότεροι χιόνος, θέλειν δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοῖοι.
 ἄρμα δέ οἱ χρυσῷ τε καὶ ἀργύρῳ εὖ ἥσκηται
 τεύχεα δὲ χρύσεια πελώρια, θαῦμα ιδέσθαι,
 ἦλυσ' ἔχων· τὰ μὲν οὐ τι καταβνητοῖσι ἔοικεν 440
 ἀνδρεσσιν φορέειν, ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.
 ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν νῦν νηυσὶ πελάσσετον ὠκυπόροισιν,
 ἠέ με δήσαντες λίπετ' αὐτόθι νηλεῖ δεσμῷ,
 ὄφρα κεν ἔλθητον καὶ πείρηθῆτον ἐμεῖο
 ἠὲ κατ' αἶσαν ἔειπον ἐν ὑμῖν ἠὲ καὶ οὐκί." 445

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
 "μὴ δὴ μοι φύξιν γε, Δόλων, ἐμβάλλεο θυμῷ,
 ἐσθλά περ ἀγγελίας, ἐπεὶ ἴκεο χεῖρας ἐς ἀμάς.
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ κέ σε νῦν ἀπολύσομεν ἠὲ μεθῶμεν,
 ἢ τε καὶ ὕστερον εἰσθα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν 450
 ἠὲ διοπτεύσων ἢ ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζων·
 εἰ δέ κ' ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμείς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσης,
 οὐκέτ' ἔπειτα σὺ πῆμά ποτ' ἔσσεαι Ἀργείοισιν."

ἦ, καὶ δὲ μὲν μιν ἔμελλε γενεῖου χειρὶ παχείῃ
 ἀψάμενος λίσσεσθαι, ὃ δ' αὐχένα μέσσον ἔλασσε 455
 φασγάνῳ αἶξας, ἀπὸ δ' ἄμφω κέρσε τένοντε·
 φθεγγομένου δ' ἄρα τοῦ γε κάρη κονίησιν ἐμίχθη.
 τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κτιδέην κυνέην κεφαλῇφιν ἔλοντο
 καὶ λυκέην καὶ τόξα παλίντονα καὶ δόρυ μακρόν·
 καὶ τὰ γ' Ἀθηναίῃ ληίτιδι δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς 460
 ὑψόσ' ἀνέσχεθε χειρὶ, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
 "χαῖρε θεὰ τοῖσδεσσι· σὲ γὰρ πρῶτην ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ

For if ye twain are bent the Trojan throng
To enter, here apart are Thracian men
But newly come, the last of all the line.
And in their midst doth Rhesus lie, their king,
The son of Eioneus. Fairest his steeds
And largest-limbed of all that e'er I saw :
Whiter than snow they match the winds for speed.
A chariot hath he also deftly wrought
With gold and silver. Golden are the arms,
Of giant size, a marvel to behold,
Wherewith he came : beseems not mortal men
In such to clothe them, but immortal gods.
But take me now to your swift-sailing ships,
Or bind in ruthless bond and leave me here ;
That ye may go your way, and test my tale,
Whether my words to you be truth or no."

Then with grim glance stout Diomedes spake :
"Nay, Dolon, on escape set not thy heart,
Though good thy news, now that we hold thee fast.
For if for ransom we release thee now,
Or let thee go, surely thou'lt come again
Hereafter to the swift Achaian ships,
Either to spy or fight in open war.
But if thou lose thy life, slain by my hands,
To Argives thou wilt work no future harm."

He spake : and, as the other with broad hand
Reached out to touch his chin in suppliant prayer,
Right on his neck the flashing sword he drove,
And severed both the tendons, and the head—
Ev'n as he spake—was mingled with the dust.
Then from his head the helm of weasel-skin
They took, with wolf-skin cloak, and springing bow,
And the long lance. These to the Maid of spoil
Athené did Odysseus, godlike wight,
Hold up on high, and thus in prayer he spake :
"Hail, goddess, hail, with these! To thee of all

πάντων ἀθανάτων ἐπιδωσόμεθ'. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὶς
πέμψον ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν ἀνδρῶν ἵππους τε καὶ εὐνάς."

ὣς ἄρ' ἐφώνησεν, καὶ ἀπὸ ἔθεν ὑψόσ' αἰέρας 465
θῆκεν ἀνὰ μυρίκην· δέελον δ' ἐπὶ σῆμά τ' ἔθηκεν,
ξυμμάρψας δόνακας μυρίκης τ' ἐριθηλείας ὄζους,
μὴ λάθοι αὐτὶς ἰόντε θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν.

τὰ δὲ βάτην προτέρω διὰ τ' ἔντοα καὶ μέλαν αἶμα,
αἶψα δ' ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν ἀνδρῶν τέλος ἶξον ἰόντες. 470

οἳ δ' εὖδον καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες, ἔντοα δέ σφιν
καλὰ παρ' αὐτοῖσι χθονὶ κέκλιτο, εὖ κατὰ κόσμον,
τριστοιχί' παρὰ δέ σφι ἐκάστῳ δίζυγες ἵπποι.
Ῥῆσος δ' ἐν μέσῳ εὖδε, παρ' αὐτῷ δ' ὠκείες ἵπποι.
ἐξ ἐπιδιφριάδος πυμάτης ἱμάσι δίδεντο. 475

τὸν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς προπάρουσε ἰδὼν Διομήδεϊ δαΐξεν
"οὗτός τοι, Διόμηδες, ἀνὴρ, οὗτοι δέ τοι ἵπποι,
οὓς νῶϊν πίψαυσκε Δόλων, δν ἐπέφνομεν ἡμεῖς.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δῆ, πρόφερε κρατερὸν μένος· οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
ἑστάμεναι μέλεον ξὺν τεύχεσιν, ἀλλὰ λυ' ἵππους. 480
ἢ σύ γ' ἄνδρας ἔναιρε, μελήσουσιν δ' ἐμοὶ ἵπποι."

ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἔμπνευσε μένος γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
κτεῖνε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην· τῶν δὲ στόνος ὤρνυτ' αἰεκής
ἄορι θεινομένων, ἐρυθαίνεται δ' αἵματι γαῖα.
ὥς δὲ λέων μῆλοισιν ἀσημάντοισιν ἐπελθὼν, 485
αἶγας ἢ ὀλέσσι, κακὰ φρονέων ἐνορούσῃ,
ὥς μὲν Θρήικας ἄνδρας ἐπώχετο Τυδέος υἱός,
ὄφρα δυάδεκ' ἔπεφνε. ἀτὰρ πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς,
δν τινα Τυδείδης ἄορι πλήξει παραστάς,
τὸν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς μετόπισθε λαβὼν ποδὸς ἐξερύσασκεν, 490
τὰ φρονέων κατὰ θυμόν, ὅπως καλλίτριχες ἵπποι
ῥαῖα διέλθοιεν, μηδὲ τρομεοῖατο θυμῷ

Immortals in Olympus first we cry.
But ev'n again thy guidance give, and show
The steeds and couches of these Thracian men."

Such words he spake; and lift the spoils on high
Then set them on a tamarisk tree: whereto
A token plain he placed, some gathered reeds
And leafy tamarisk boughs, that coming back
Through black and fleeting night they might not miss.

Then onwards went the twain through arms and blood;
And quickly to the Thracian band they came:
Who wearied out were sleeping. By them lay
Their fair arms on the ground in order piled,
Three lines: and by each man his yoke of steeds,
And in their midst slept Rhesus; and by him
His fleet steeds from the hinder chariot rail
Were tethered by the reins. Him first descried
Odysseus, and to Diomedes showed:
"This is the man, be sure, and these the steeds,
Whereof, O Diomedes, Dolon spake,
Whom late we slew. Come then, thy mighty strength
Put forth: it fits thee not all armed to stand
Nought doing. Wherefore loose the steeds: or thou
Despatch the men, and be the steeds my care."

So spake he: but Athené, stern-eyed maid,
Breathed strength in Tydeus' son, that right and left
He slew, and, as the sword-strokes fell, their groans
Rose grievous, and the soil ran red with blood.
And as on flock unherded, goats or sheep,
A lion sudden springs, bent to destroy,
So came upon the Thracians Tydeus' son:
Till twelve were slain. And he of many wiles,
Odysseus, whomso with the falchion smote
Tydides standing near, him by the foot
He took and backward drew from out the line,
This meaning, that the fair-maned steeds might pass
All smoothly, nor in spirit shrink to step

νεκροῖς ἀμβαίνοντες· ἀήθεσσον γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτῶν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ βασιλῆα κιχήσατο Τυδέος υἱός,
 τὸν τρισκαιδέκατον μεληιδέα θυμὸν ἀπηύρα 496
 ἀσθμαίνοντα· κακὸν γὰρ ὄναρ κεφαλῇφιν ἐπέστη
 τῇς νύκτ', Οἰνείδαο πάϊς, διὰ μῆτιν Ἀθήνης.
 τόφρα δ' ἄρ' ὁ τλήμων Ὀδυσσεὺς λύε μώνυχας ἵππους,
 σὺν δ' ἤειρεν ἱμάσι, καὶ ἐξήλαυνεν ὄμιλου
 τόξῳ ἐκπλήσσων, ἐπεὶ οὐ μάστιγα φαιωήν 500
 ποικίλου ἐκ δίφροιο νοήσατο χερσὶν ἐλέσθαι.
 ῥοίξῃσεν δ' ἄρα πιφαύσκων Διομήδει δίφ.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μερμήριζε μένων ὅτι κύντατον ἔρδοι,
 ἢ ὅ γε δίφρον ἐλαῖν, ὅθι ποικίλα τεύχε' ἔκειτο,
 ῥυμοῦ ἐξεύροι ἢ ἐκφέρου ὕψος' αἰέρας, 505
 ἢ ἔτι τῶν πλεόνων Θρηκῶν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.
 εἶος δ' ταῦθ' ὤρμαινε κατὰ φρένα, τόφρα δ' Ἀθήνη
 ἐγγύθεν ἵσταμένη προσέφη Διομήδεα δῖον·
 "νόστου δὴ μνήσαι, μεγαθύμου Τυδέος νιέ,
 νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυράς, μὴ καὶ πεφοβημένος ἔλθης, 510
 μὴ πού τις καὶ Τρώας ἐγείρῃσιν θεὸς ἄλλος."

ὣς φάθ', ὁ δὲ ξυνέηκε θεᾶς ὅπα φωνησάσης,
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἵππων ἐπεβήσετο. κόπτε δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς
 τόξῳ τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο θεὸς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

οὐδ' ἀλαοσκοπίην εἶχ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων, 515
 ὡς ἰδ' Ἀθηναίην μετὰ Τυδέος υἱὸν ἔπουσαν·
 τῇ κοτέων Τρώων κατεδύσετο πούλῳ ὄμιλον,
 ὤρσεν δὲ Θρηκῶν βουληφόρον Ἴπποκόωντα,
 ῥῆσεν ἀντιφύον ἐσθλόν, ὁ δ' ἐξ ὕπνου ἀνορούσας,
 ὡς ἰδε χῶρον ἐρήμον ὅθ' ἵστασαν αἰέετ ἵπποι, 520

Amid the dead, a yet unwonted sight.
But when the son of Tydeus reached the king,
From him, the thirteenth slain, he took sweet life,
As sore he panted, for an evil dream
Stood o'er his head that night, the warrior child
Of Æneus' son, sped by Athené's wile.
But while he slew, Odysseus, patient wight,
The firm-hoofed horses loosed, which by the reins
He coupled, and drove forth from out the throng,
Striking them with his bow, for the bright whip
From chariot richly-wrought he had not marked
To put his hand and take. Then whistling low
To godlike Diomedes gave he sign.
But he was doubting still, as there he stood,
What boldest deed to do : to take the car,
Where lay the rich-wrought arms, and by the pole
Drag forth or lift on high and bear it out ;
Or of that Thracian throng yet more to slay.
But while he pondered thus, Athené came
And standing near addressed the godlike chief :
" Bethink thee of return to the hollow ships,
Thou son of great-souled Tydeus ; lest it chance
Thou go in fear and flight : for haply now
Some other god may rouse thy Trojan foes."

She spake : he knew the goddess by her voice,
And hasted him to mount ; Odysseus then
Smote with his bow the steeds, that on they flew
To the swift vessels of Achaia's host.

Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow
No blind watch kept : but, when with Tydeus' son
He saw Athené following, wroth with her
He plunged amid the numerous Trojan throng,
And roused a Thracian councillor, by name
Hippocoon—cousin brave of Rhesus he.
Upstart he from sleep ; and, when he saw
Void space where fleet-foot steeds had stood, and men

ἄνδρας τ' ἀσπαίροντας ἐν ἀργαλέησι φονῇσιν,
 ὄμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον τ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον.
 Τρώων δὲ κλαγγή τε καὶ ἄσπετος ὄρτο κυδοιμός
 θυνόντων ἄμυδις· θηεῖντο δὲ μέρμερα ἔργα,
 ὅσος ἄνδρες ῥέξαντες ἔβαν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας. 526

οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' Ἰκανον ὅθι σκοπὸν Ἔκτορος ἔκταν,
 ἐνθ' Ὀδυσσεὺς μὲν ἔρυξε δίφιλος ὠκέας ἵππους.
 Τυδείδης δὲ χαμάζε θορῶν ἕναρα βροτόεντα
 ἐν χείρεσσ' Ὀδυσῇ τίθη, ἐπεβήσετο δ' ἵππων.
 μᾶστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν, τὼ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην 530
 νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυράς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ.
 Νέστωρ δὲ πρῶτος κτύπον αἶε, φώνησέν τε
 "ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
 ψεύσομαι ἢ ἔτυμον ἐρέω; κέλεται δέ με θυμός.
 ἵππων μ' ὠκυπόδων ἀμφὶ κτύπος οὐατα βάλλει 535
 αἱ γὰρ δὴ Ὀδυσσεὺς τε καὶ ὁ κρατερός Διομήδης
 ὧδ' ἄφαρ ἐκ Τρώων ἐλασαίατο μώνυχας ἵππους.
 ἀλλ' αἰνῶς δέλδοικα μετὰ φρεσὶ μή τι πάθωσιν
 Ἀργείων ὄριστοι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ."

οὐ πω πᾶν εἶρητο ἔπος ὅτ' ἄρ' ἤλυθον αὐτοί 540
 καὶ ῥ' οἳ μὲν κατέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα, τοὶ δὲ χαρέντες
 δεξιῇ ἡσπάζοντο ἔπεσσί τε μελιχλίοισιν.
 πρῶτος δ' ἐξερέεινε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ
 "εἵπ' ὄγε μ', ὦ πολύαιν' Ὀδυσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
 ὅπως τούσδ' ἵππους λάβετον· καταδύντες ὅμιλον 545
 Τρώων; ἢ τίς σφωε πόρεν θεὸς ἀντιβολήσας;
 αἰνῶς ἀκτίνεσσι ἐοικότες ἡελίοιο.
 αἰεὶ μὲν Τρώεσσ' ἐπιμίσσομαι, οὐδέ τί φημι
 μιμνάζειν παρὰ νηυσὶ γέρων περ ἐὼν πολεμιστής·

Yet gasping in a hideous heap of slain,
With cry of woe he named his comrade dear.
Clamour of Trojans then and uproar rose
Unutterable, as they together rushed.

Wond'ring they saw what deeds of dread the men
Had wrought ere to the hollow ships they turned.

But for the chiefs—when to the spot they came
Where Hector's spy they slew, Odysseus there,
Beloved of Zeus, reined in the fleet-foot steeds;
And to the ground the son of Tydeus leapt,
And in Odysseus' hands lifting he placed
The bloody spoils, and mounted up again.

The steeds he lashed; who nothing loth flew on
To the hollow ships, for thither were they fain.

Their clattering hoofs first Nestor heard and spake:

"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Shall I be false herein, or say the truth?

My spirit bids me speak. The clattering sound
Of horses at the gallop strikes mine ears.

Pray heaven it be Odysseus, and withal

Stout Diomedes, who thus soon return

From Trojan camp and drive these firm-hoofed steeds.

But sore I fear at heart some harm has happ'd

To these our bravest from the host of Troy."

Not all his words were ended when they came.

Then to the ground down leapt they: whom the rest

Rejoicing greeted with right hand of love

And kindly words: and first Gerené's knight

Nestor thus asked them how their work had sped:

"Come tell me, O Odysseus, much-praised man,

Achaia's mighty boast, how got ye twain

These steeds. The Trojan armies entered ye?

Or met some god who gave them? To the rays

Of the bright Sun-god they are wondrous like.

I ever mingle with the Trojan lines,

Nor loiter—I may boast—beside the ships,

Albeit a greybeard warrior. Yet such steeds

ἀλλ' οὐ πως τοίους ἵππους ἴδον οὐδὲ νόησα. 550
 ἀλλὰ τιν' ὕμμ' ὅτε δόμεναι θεὸν ἀντιάσαντα·
 ἀμφοτέρω γὰρ σφῶϊ φιλεῖ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
 κούρη τ' αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς, γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη."

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
 "ὦ Νέστορ Νηληιάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν, 555
 ρεῖα θεὸς γ' ἐθέλων καὶ ἀμείνονας ἤε περ οἶδε
 ἵππους δωρήσαιτ', ἐπεὶ ἡ πολὺ φέρτεροι εἰσίν.
 ἵπποι δ' οἶδε, γεραιέ, νεήλυδες, οὓς ἐρεείνεις,
 Θρηῖκιοι· τὸν δέ σφι ἄνακτ' ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
 ἔκτανε, πὰρ δ' ἐτάρους δυοκαῖδεκα πάντας ἀρίστους. 560
 τὸν τρισκαιδέκατον σκοπὸν εἴλομεν ἐγγύθι νηῶν,
 τὸν ῥα διοπτῆρα στρατοῦ ἔμμεναι ἡμετέροιο
 Ἔκτωρ τε προέηκε καὶ ἄλλαι Τρῶες ἀγαυοί·"

ὣς εἰπὼν τάφροιο διήλασε μώνυχας ἵππους
 καρχαλόων· ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι ἴσαν χαίροντες Ἀχαιοί. 565
 οἱ δ' ὅτε Τυδείδῃ κλισίην εὐτυχτον ἵκοντο,
 ἵππους μὲν κατέδησαν εὐτμήτοισιν ἱμᾶσιν
 φάτῃ ἐφ' ἵππεϊν, ὅθι περ Διομήδεος ἵπποι·
 ῥοσσας ἀκύποδες μελιηδέα πυρὸν ἔδοντες,
 νηὶ δ' ἐνὶ πρυμνῇ ἔναρα βροτόεντα Δόλωνος 570
 θῆκ' Ὀδυσσεύς, ὅφρ' ἱρὸν ἐτοιμασσαίαιτ' Ἀθήνη.
 αὐτοὶ δ' ἰδρῶ πολλὸν ἀπενίζοντο θαλάσσην
 ἐσβάντες, κνήμας τε ἰδὲ λόφον ἀμφί τε μηρούς.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σφιν κῦμα θαλάσσης ἰδρῶ πολλόν
 εἴψεν ἀπὸ χρωτὸς καὶ ἀνέψυχθεν φίλον ἦτορ, 575
 ἔς ῥ' ἀσαμίνθους βάντες εὐξέστας λούσαντο.
 τῷ δὲ λοεσσαμένῳ καὶ ἀλειψαμένῳ λίπ' ἐλαίῳ
 δαίπνῃ ἐφίξανέτην, ἀπὸ δὲ κρητῆρος Ἀθήνη
 πλαίου ἀφυσσόμενοι λαῖβον μελιηδέα οἶνον.

I ne'er yet saw nor marked. But 'twas, I ween,
Some god encountering gave them : for to Zeus
Cloud-gatherer, and Athené, stern-eyed maid
Of aegis-wielding Zeus, ye both are dear."

To whom replied the many-counselled man :
"O Nestor Neleus' son, Achaia's pride,
A god with ease, if so he willed, could give
E'en better steeds than these be, for the gods
Are mightier far. But, father, for these steeds
Whereof thou askest, they are newly come,
Of Thracian strain ; and him who was their lord
Stout Diomedes slew, and by his side
Twelve comrades, good men all. And one to boot
Thirteenth we took hard by our ships, a scout,
Whom to spy out our army was sent forth
By Hector and the noble sons of Troy."

So spake he, and across the trench he drove
The firm-hoofed steeds, loud laughing : and with him
Followed Achaia's sons rejoicing all.
But when Tydides' well-framed tent they reached,
The horses by the well-cut reins they tied
Fast to the rack, where stood the fleet-foot steeds
Of Diomedes eating sweet-grained wheat.
But Dolon's bloody spoils Odysseus stowed
Safe in his vessel's stern, that they therefrom
An offering to Athené might prepare.
Then entered they the sea, and there washed off
The copious sweat from knees and neck and thighs.
And when the salt sea wave had washed their skin
Of copious sweat, and much refreshed their heart ;
Then stepped they into polished bathing tubs
Of water sweet, to cleanse them of the brine.
And so, their bathing done, with olive oil
The twain anointed them and sate to meat ;
And to Athené from the brimming bowl
Drew out and duly poured the honeyed wine.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Α.

Ἀγαμέμνωνος ἀριστεία.

Ἦώς δ' ἐκ λεχέων παρ' ἀγαυοῦ Τιθωνοῖο
ᾤρνυθ', ἧν' ἀθανάτοισι φάος φέροι ἠδὲ βροτοῖσιν·
Ζεὺς δ' Ἑριδα προΐαλλα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
ἀργαλήην, πολέμοιο τέρας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσιν.
στῇ δ' ἐπ' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακῆτεϊ νηὶ μελαίνῃ,
ἥ ῥ' ἐν μεσσάτῳ ἔσκε γεγωνέμεν ἀμφοτέρωσιν,
ἡμὲν ἐπ' Αἴαντος κλισίας Τελαμωνιάδας
ἠδ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τοί ῥ' ἔσχατα νῆας ἔϊσας
εἵρυσαν, ἡνορέῃ πῖσυναι καὶ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν.
ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἦυσσε θεᾷ μέγα τε δεινὸν τε
ἔρθῃ, Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὲ μέγα σθένος ἔμβαλ' ἐκάστῳ
καρδίῃ, ἄλληκτον πολεμιζέμεν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
τοῖσι δ' ἄφαρ πόλεμος γλυκίων γένητ' ἢ ἐνέεσθαι
ἐν νηυσὶ γλαφυρῇσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.

Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἐβόησε ἰδὲ ζώννυσθαι ἀνωγὺν
Ἀργείους ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἐδύσετο νόστρον χαλκόν.
κνημίδα μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμησιν ἔθηκεν
καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
δεύτερον αἰ' θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσι δύνειν,
τόν ποτ' οἱ Κλυτῆρς δῶκε ξεινήιον εἶναι.

ILIAD XI.

The prowess of Agamemnon, and his wounding.

MORN from her bed and from Tithonus' side,
Her noble spouse, uprose, to bring the light
To gods immortal and to mortal men,
When Discord to the swift Achaian ships
Was sent of Zeus, fell power, bearing in hand
Dread sign of war. And by Odysseus' ship
She stood, that midmost lay, black-hulled and huge,
Whence either way a voice might well be heard,
Or to the tent of Ajax Telamon,
Or to Achilles' tent—those twain who ranged
Last of the line their balanced ships, secure
In their bold manhood and their mighty hands.
There stood the goddess, and gave forth a shout
Loud terrible and shrill, whereby she breathed
A mighty strength in each Achaian heart
Unceasingly to battle and to fight.
And war they now deemed sweeter than to sail
In hollow ships to their own fatherland.

Then did the son of Atreus cry aloud,
Bidding his Argives gird their armour on,
The while himself he clad in dazzling mail.
First put he round his legs the greaves so fair
With silver ankle-clasps made fast and sure ;
The corslet next around his breast he drew,
That Cinyras once had given, a gift from far,

παύθετο γὰρ Κύνπρονδε μέγα κλέος, οὐνεκ' Ἀχαιοί
 ἐς Τροίην νήεσσιν ἀναπλεύσεσθαι ἔμελλον·
 τούνεκά οἱ τὸν ἔδωκε, χαριζόμενος βασιλῆι.
 τοῦ δ' ἦ τοι δέκα οἴμοι ἔσαν μέλανος κυάνοιο, 25
 δαίδακα δὲ χρυσοῦ καὶ εἴκοσι κασσιτέροιο·
 κυάνοι δὲ δράκοντες ὀρωρέχατο προτὶ δειρὴν
 τρεῖς ἑκάτερθ', ἱρῖσσι ἑοικότες ἄε τε Κρονίων
 ἐν νέφει στήριξε τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὅμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἦλοι
 χρύσειοι πάμφαινον, ἀτὰρ περὶ κουλεὸν ἦεν 30
 ἀργύρεον, χρυσέοισιν ἀορτήρεσσιν ἀρηρός.
 ἂν δ' ἔλκετ' ἀμφιβρότην πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα θούριν,
 καλήν, ἣν πέρι μὲν κύκλοι δέκα χάλκεοι ἦσαν,
 ἐν δέ οἱ ὀμφαλοὶ ἦσαν εἴκοσι κασσιτέροιο
 λευκοί, ἐν δὲ μέσοισιν ἦν μέλανος κυάνοιο. 35
 τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μὲν Γοργῶ βλοσυρῶπις ἐστεφάνωτο
 δεινὸν δερκομένη, περὶ δὲ δαιμός τε φόβος τε.
 τῆς δ' ἐξ ἀργύρεος τελαμῶν ἦν· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτοῦ
 κυάνεος ἐλέλικτο δράκων, κεφαλαὶ δέ οἱ ἦσαν
 τρεῖς ἀμφιστρεφές, ἐνὸς αὐχένος ἐκπεφυγῖαι 40
 κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀμφίφαλον κύνην θέτο τετραφάλῃρον
 ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν.
 εἴλετο δ' ἄλκιμα δοῦρε δύω, κεκορυθμένα χαλκῷ,
 ὀξέα· τῇλε δὲ χαλκὸς ἀπ' αὐτόφιν οὐρανὸν εἴσω
 λάμπ'. ἐπὶ δὲ γδούπησαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη, 45
 τιμῶσαι βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκλήνης.
 ἡνὶόχῃ μὲν ἔπειτα ἐφ' ἐπέτελλε ἕκαστος
 ἵππους εὖ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμεν αὐθ' ἐπὶ τάφρῃ,
 αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλαίεσσι σὺν τεύχεσσι θωρηχθέντες
 ῥέοντ'· ἀσβεστος δὲ βοή γένητ' ἡῶθι πρό. 50
 φθὰν δὲ μὲν ἵππῃων ἐπὶ τάφρῃ κοσμηθέντες,

For Cyprus heard the mighty fame that now
Achaia's ships would sail the seas to Troy.
Wherefore he gave this gift to please the king.
Ten stripes of dark-blue metal there were wrought
With twelve of gold, and twenty more of tin.
And snakes of dark-blue metal stretched them up
Toward the wearer's neck, three on each side,
Like to the rainbow-lines, that Cronos' son
Sets in the cloud, a sign to speaking men.
Around his shoulders then his sword he slung
Gleaming with studs of gold, in silver sheath,
But bright with gold the gear by which it hung.
Then took he up his lightly-wielded targe,
The body's ample guard, fair, richly-wrought,
Round which ten brazen circles ran ; within
Were twenty bosses white of tin, and one
Midmost of dark-blue metal. Rose thereon
A grim-faced Gorgon of terrific glance,
With Terror and with Flight on either side.
And from the shield was stretched a silver strap
With dark-blue serpent wreathed thereon, whose heads
Three turning either way from one neck grew.
Then on his head a helm of double cone
He set, four-plumed, with horse-hair crest above
That nodded terrible : two mighty spears
He took withal brass-tipped and keen, whose blaze
Flashed far to deepest heaven. A thundering sound
Athené then and Heré gave, to grace
The sovereign of Mycenae's golden town.
Now to his charioteer each chief gave charge,
There by the trench to hold his horses back
In order due ; but all in armour clad
Themselves moved on afoot ; and quenchless rose
Their shout before the dawn. They with the horse
Took order, at the trench ; then went they first,

ἵππηες δ' ὀλίγον μετεκίαθον. ἐν δὲ κυδοιμόν
 ὤρσε κακὸν Κρονίδης, κατὰ δ' ὑψόθεν ἦκεν ἑέρσας
 αἵματι μυδαλέας ἐξ αἰθέρος, οὔνεκ' ἔμελλεν
 πολλὰς ἰφθίμους κεφαλὰς Ἄϊδι προιάψειν.

55

Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο,
 Ἔκτορά τ' ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμονα Πουλυδάμαντα
 Αἰνείαν θ', ὃς Τρωσὶ θεὸς ὥς τίετο δῆμψ,
 τρεῖς τ' Ἀντηνορίδας, Πόλυβον καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον
 ἠΐθεόν τ' Ἀκάμαντ', ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν.

60

Ἔκτωρ δ' ἐν πρώτοισι φέρ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἔτισεν.
 οἷος δ' ἐκ νεφέων ἀναφαίνεται οὐλιος ἀστήρ
 παμφαίνων, τοτὲ δ' αὖτις ἔδυν νέφεα σκιάοντα,
 ὥς Ἔκτωρ ὅτε μὲν τε μετὰ πρώτοισι φάνεσκεν
 ἄλλοτε δ' ἐν πυμάτοισι κελεύων· πᾶς δ' ἄρα χαλκῷ
 λάμφ' ὥς τε στεροπὴ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.

65

οἳ δ', ὥς τ' ἀμητῆρες ἐναντίοι ἀλλήλοισιν
 ὕγμον ἐλαύνωσιν ἀνδρὸς μάκαρος κατ' ἄρουραν
 πυρῶν ἢ κριθέων· τὰ δὲ δράγματα ταρφέα πίπτει·
 ὥς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι βορόντες
 δῆουν, οὐδ' ἕτεροι μνώοντ' ὀλοοῖο φόβοιο,
 ἴσας δ' ὑσμίνῃ κεφαλὰς ἔχον οἳ δὲ λύκοι ὥς
 θῦνον. Ἔρις δ' ἄρ' ἔχαιρε πολύστονος εἰσορόωσα·
 οἷη γάρ ῥα θεῶν παρετύγχανε μαρναμένοισιν,
 οἳ δ' ἄλλοι οὐ σφιν πάρεσαν θεοί, ἀλλὰ ἔκηλοι
 σφοῖσιν ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καθεῖατο, ἦχι ἐκάστω
 δώματα κάλ' ἐτέτυκτο κατὰ πτύχας Οὐλύμποιο.
 πάντες δ' ἡτιόωντο κελαινεφέα Κρονίωνα,
 οὔνεκ' ἄρα Τρῶεσσιν ἐβούλετο κύδος ὀρέξαι.
 τῶν μὲν ἄρ' οὐκ ἀλέγιζε πατήρ· ὃ δὲ νόσφι λιασθεὶς
 τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε καθέζετο κύδει γαίῳν,
 εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν

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80

The horsemen following on nor far behind.
And Cronides with tumult fell inspired
Their host, and from on high sent down a dew
Of dripping blood, in token that he willed
To hurl to Hades many a valiant head.

But o'er 'against them on the rising ground
Mustered the sons of Troy, around their chiefs,
Hector the great, blameless Polydamas,
Æneas, whom the Trojan folk revered
Ev'n as a god, Antenor's scions three,
Polybus, with Agenor the divine,
And youthful Acamas, of immortals peer.
And Hector foremost bare his orbèd shield.
And as from clouds fell Sirius all ablaze
Now sudden bursts, now hides him in their shade,
So Hector now shone foremost in the van,
Now, hidden, urged the rear, in flashing mail
Bright as the bolt of th' aegis-wielding sire.

The hosts—as reapers in two facing rows
Work the long swathe in wealthy owner's field
Of barley or of wheat, from whose full hands
The severed stalks fall fast—so in firm line
The Trojans and Achaïans dealing death
Each at the other leapt, nor either thought
Of baneful flight, but in the conflict still
Held even heads, and wolf-like rushed and raged.
Then woful Discord joyed the sight to see,
For she alone was present at the fight,
Nor other gods were there; but undisturbed
In their own halls they sat, where a fair home
Was built for each within Olympus' glens.
These all on cloud-veiled Cronides cast blame,
That glory thus to Troy he willed to grant.
Yet nought the Father recked of them, but turned
Apart and sate alone in pride of power
Troy's town beholding, and Achaia's ships,

χαλκοῦ τε στεροπὴν, ὀλλύντας τ' ὀλλυμένους τε.

ὄφρα μὲν ἤως ἦν καὶ ἀέξετο ἱερὸν ἦμαρ,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πῖπτε δὲ λαός·
ἦμος δὲ δρυτόμος περ ἀνὴρ ὠπλίσσατο δεῖπνον
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσησιν, ἐπεὶ τ' ἐκορέσσατο χεῖρας
τάμνων δένδρεα μακρά, ἄδος τέ μιν ἔκετο θυμόν,
σίτου τε γλυκεροῖο περὶ φρένας ἱμερος αἰρεῖ,
τῆμος σφῇ ἀρετῇ Δαναοὶ ῥήξαντο φάλαγγας,
κεκλόμενοι ἐτάροισι κατὰ στίχας. ἐν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
πρῶτος ὄρουσ', ἔλα δ' ἄνδρα Βιήνορα ποιμένα λαῶν,
αὐτόν, ἔπειτα δ' ἐταῖρον Ὀϊλῆα πλῆξιππον.
ἦ τοι ὃ γ' ἐξ ἵππων κατεπάλμενος ἀντίος ἔστη·
τὸν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτα μετώπιον ὀξείῃ δουρὶ
εὖξ', οὐδὲ στεφάνῃ δόρυ οἱ σχέθε χαλκοβάρεια,
ἀλλὰ δι' αὐτῆς ἦλθε καὶ ὀστέου, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ
ἔνδον ἄπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὖθι ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
στήθεσι παμφαίνοντας, ἐπεὶ περιδυσσε χιτῶνας·
αὐτὰρ ὃ βῆ Ἴσόν τε καὶ Ἀντιφον ἐξεναρίξων,
νῆε δὺο Πριάμοιο, νόθον καὶ γνήσιον, ἄμφω
εἰν ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἑόντας. ὃ μὲν νόθος ἠνιόχευεν,
Ἀντιφος αὖ παρέβασκε περικλυτός· ὦ ποτ' Ἀχιλλεύς
Ἰδης ἐν κνημοῖσι δίδῃ μόσχοισι λύγοισιν,
ποιμαίνοντ' ἐπ' ὄεσσι λαβῶν, καὶ ἔλυσεν ἀπολύνων.
δὴ τότε γ' Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο κατὰ στήθος βάλε δουρὶ,
Ἀντιφον αὖτε παρ' οὐς ἔλασε ξίφει, ἐκ δ' ἔβαλ' ἵππων.
σπερχόμενος δ' ἀπὸ τοῦν ἐσύλα τεύχεα καλά,

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110

The sheen of brass, the slayers and the slain.

While yet 'twas morning tide, and day divine
Still grew, so long the spears of either host
Found mark and warriors fell. But at the hour
When in a forest glade the woodman spreads
His mid-day meal—for loathing now the work
His spirit feels desire of pleasant food—
Ev'n at that hour the Danaans' prowess brake
The opposing squares, as in their ranks they urged
Each one his comrade. Agamemnon first
Dashed in, and slew a man, Bienor named,
A people's shepherd, then his comrade true
Oileus slew he, smiter of his steeds.
Who from the car leapt down and faced the foe,
But him, as eager on he pressed, the king
With pointed spear full in the forehead pierced,
Nor did the helmet-rim of heavy brass
Turn back the spear, which through the metal passed
And through the bone, that all the brains within
Were scattered, and his eager spirit quelled.
And these the son of Atreus king of men
Left there to lie with breasts all bare and bright
Stript of their shirts of mail; and hied him on
To slay two sons of Priam, Isus named
And Antiphus, a bastard and a true,
Both in one car. The bastard held the reins,
While noble Antiphus fought by his side.
These twain Achilleus once on Ida's slope
Took as they fed their sheep, and bound them fast
With willow bands, and then for ransom loosed.
But now did Agamemnon, mighty king,
The son of Atreus, cast his spear and strike
The one above the nipple on the breast,
And Antiphus he smote beside the ear
With cut of sword, and hurled him from his car.
Then hasted he to strip from off the twain

γυγνώσκων· καὶ γὰρ σφε πάρος παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῆσιν
 εἶδεν, ὅτ' ἐξ Ἰδης ἄγαγεν πόδας ὤκυν Ἀχιλλεύς.
 ὥς δὲ λέων ἐλάφοιο ταχείης νήπια τέκνα
 ῥηιδίως συνέαξε λαβὼν κρατεροῖσιν ὁδοῦσιν,
 ἐλθὼν εἰς εὐνὴν, ἀπαλὸν τέ σφ' ἦτορ ἀπηύρα· 115
 ἦ δ' εἰ πέρ τε τύχῃσι μάλα σχεδόν, οὐ δύναται σφιν
 χραισμεῖν αὐτήν γάρ μιν ὑπὸ τρόμος αἰνὸς ἰκάνει
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἦξε διὰ δρυμὰ πυκνὰ καὶ ὕλην
 σπεύδουσ' ἰδρώουσα κραταιοῦ θηρὸς ὑφ' ὀρμῆς·
 ὥς ἄρα τοῖς οὐ τις δύνατο χραισμησαὶ ὄλεθρον 120
 Τρώων, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ ὑπ' Ἀργείοισι φέβοντο.

αὐτὰρ ὁ Πείσανδρόν τε καὶ Ἰππόλοχον μενεχάρμην,
 νιέας Ἀντιμάχοιο δαΐφρονος, ὅς ῥα μάλιστα
 χρυσὸν Ἀλεξάνδροιο δεδεγμένος, ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,
 οὐκ εἶασχ' Ἑλένην δόμεναι ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ, 125
 τοῦ περ δὴ δύο παῖδες λάβεν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 εἰς ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἑόντας, ὁμοῦ δ' ἔχον ὠκείας ἵππους·
 ἐκ γὰρ σφεας χειρῶν φύγον ἠνία σιγαλδεντα,
 τὰ δὲ κυκηθήτην. ὁ δ' ἐναντίον ὤρτο λέων ὥς
 Ἀτρεΐδης· τῷ δ' αὐτ' ἐκ δίφρου γουναξέσθην· 130
 "ζώγρει, Ἀτρείος νιέ, σὺ δ' ἄξια δέξαι ἄποινα·
 πολλὰ δ' ἐν Ἀντιμάχοιο δόμοις κειμήλια κεῖται,
 χαλκός τε χρυσός τε πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος,
 τῶν κέν τοι χαρίσαιο πατήρ ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
 εἰ νῶϊ ζῶους πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν." 135

ὥς τῷ γε κλαίοντε προσαυδήτην βασιλῆα
 μειλιχίοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀμείλικτον δ' ὅπ' ἄκουσαν
 "εἰ μὲν δὴ Ἀντιμάχοιο δαΐφρονος νιέες ἐστών,
 ὅς ποτ' ἐνὶ Τρώων ἀγορῇ Μενέλαον ἄνωγεν,

Their goodly arms, well knowing those whom erst
By the swift ships he saw when captive brought
From Ida by Achilleus fleet of foot.
And as a lion to his lair returned
Finds in his covert laid the weakling young
Of nimble hind, whom in his powerful teeth
With ease he crunches, of their tender life
Bereaving them—but she, their dam, hard by
Yet cannot save them, for with trembling dread
Herself is touched, and swift she speeds away
Through tangled copse and wood, in haste and sweat,
To 'scape the onset of the mighty beast—
So these from doom the Trojans could not save,
But fled themselves before their Argive foes.

Then on Pisander and Hippolochus,
A warrior staunch, Atrides came—the sons
Of brave Antimachus, who most of all,
Bribed by rich gifts of Alexander's gold
To Menelaus of the yellow hair
Forbade to give back Helen—on his sons
King Agamemnon came, two in one car,
As they toward him drove their fleet-foot steeds;
For from their hands the shining reins escaped,
And all confused they strayed. Against them rose
Atrides, as a lion; whom the twain
From out the car addressed with suppliant prayer:
“Give quarter, son of Atreus! and receive
A worthy ransom. With Antimachus
Lie many treasures stored, both brass and gold
And well-wrought iron: and of these our sire
Would give unstinted ransom, should he learn
That at the Achaian vessels yet we live.”

Thus weeping they addressed the king with words
Of softness, but no soft reply they heard:
“If truly sons of brave Antimachus
Ye be, who once in Trojan council urged

ἀγγελίην εἰλθόντα σὺν ἀντιθέφ' Ὀδυσῆι, 140
 αὐθι κατακτεῖναι μηδ' ἐξέμεν ἄψ' ἐς Ἀχαιοὺς,
 νῦν μὲν δὴ τοῦ πατρὸς ἀεικέα τίσετε λώβην."

ἦ, καὶ Πείσανδρον μὲν ἀφ' ἵππων ὥσε χαμᾶζε,
 δουρὶ βαλὼν πρὸς στῆθος· ὃ δ' ἵπτιος οὐδεῖ ἐρείσθη·
 Ἴππόλοχος δ' ἀπόρουσε. τὸν αὖ χαμαὶ ἐξενάριξεν, 145
 χεῖρας ἀπὸ ξίφει πλήξας ἀπὸ τ' αὐχένα κόψας,
 δαμον δ' ὥς ἔσσευε κυλίνδεσθαι δι' ὁμίλου.

τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', ὃ δ', ὅθι πλείσται κλονέοντο φάλαγγες,
 τῇ ῥ' ἐνόρουσ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί·
 πεζοὶ μὲν πεζοὺς ὄλεον φεύγοντας ἀνάγκη, 150
 ἵππηες δ' ἵππηας—ὑπὸ σφίσι δ' ὤρτο κονίη
 ἐκ πεδίου, τὴν ὤρσαν ἐρίγδουποι πόδες ἵππων—
 χαλκῷ δηιόωντες. ἀτὰρ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 αἶαν ἀποκτείνων ἔπετ', Ἀργείοισι κελεύων.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε πῦρ αἰδηλον ἐν ἀξύλῳ ἐμπέσῃ ὕλῃ· 155
 πάντα τ' εἰλυφῶν ἄνεμος φέρει, οἱ δέ τε θάμνοι
 πρόρριζοι πίπτουσιν ἐπειγόμενοι πυρὸς ὀρμῇ·
 ὥς ἄρ' ὑπ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι πίπτε κάρηνα
 Τρώων φευγόντων, πολλοὶ δ' ἐριαύχενες ἵπποι
 κείν' ὄχεα κροτάλιζον ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας, 160
 ἡνιόχους ποθέοντες ἀμύμονας. οἱ δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
 καίατο, γύνεσσιν πολὺ φίλτεροι ἢ ἀλόχοισιν.

Ἔκτορα δ' ἐκ βελέων ὑπαγε Ζεὺς ἐκ τε κονίης
 ἐκ τ' ἀνδροκτασίης ἐκ θ' αἵματος ἐκ τε κυδοιμοῦ·
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ δ' ἔπετο σφεδανὸν Δαναοῖσι κελεύων. 165
 οἱ δέ παρ' Ἴλου σῆμα παλαιοῦ Δαρδανίδαο,
 μέσσην καὶ πεδίων, παρ' ἐρινεὸν ἔσσεύοντο

That Menelaus, when in embassy
He with divine Odysseus came, should there
Be slain, nor to Achaia free return ;
Your father's outrage vile ye now shall pay."

He spake, and from the chariot to the ground
Pisander hurled, with spear-wound on the breast,
Who backward struck the earth. Then fled away
Hippolochus ; and him on foot he slew,
Severing his hands and sweeping off the neck
With stroke of sword, and as a bowling stone
The limbless trunk sent spinning through the throng.

These there he left, and where the thickest squares
Fled in confused rout there dashed he in,
And with him all Achaia's well-greaved host.
Foot slaughtered foot, as now perforce they fled,
Horse upon horse, while 'neath them rose the dust
Stirred by the thundering hoofs from off the plain,
Dealt death with weapons keen. And he, the king,
Great Agamemnon, followed ever close
Slaying the foes, and urged his Argives on.
And as when wasting fire some forest dense
Invades, and by the wind is onward rolled,
Burnt to the roots the saplings prostrate fall
Pressed by the furious flame, so in their flight
The Trojan heads before Atrides fell.

And many were the steeds of arching neck
That roamed with empty clattering cars across
The battle bridge, lacking the guiding hands
Of blameless charioteers, who prostrate lay
A daintier sight for vultures than for wives.

But Hector from the spears, and from the dust,
And from the carnage and the blood and din,
Zeus kept apart, while Atreus' son pressed on
Furious and fast, urging his Danaan host.
Whose foemen past the tomb of Ilus old
The son of Dardanus, o'er the mid plain

ἴεμενοι πόλιν· ὃ δὲ κεκληγὸς ἔπειτ' αἰεὶ
 Ἄτρεϊδης, λύθρῳ δὲ παλάσσετο χεῖρας ἀάπτους·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὲ Σκαϊὸς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἵκοντο, 170
 ἐνθ' ἄρα δὴ ἴσταντο καὶ ἀλλήλους ἀνέμιννον.
 οἳ δ' ἔτι καὶ μῆσσον πεδίων φοβέοντο, βόες ὥς
 ὅς τε λέων ἐφόβησε μολῶν ἐν νυκτὸς ἀμολγῇ
 πάσας· τῇ δέ τ' ἰὴ ἀναφαίνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος·
 τῆς δ' ἐξ αὐχέν' ἔαξε λαβὼν κρατεροῖσιν ὁδοῦσιν 175
 πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δέ θ' αἶμα καὶ ὄγκατα πάντα λαφύσσει.
 ὥς τοὺς Ἄτρεϊδης ἔφεπεν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
 αἶψα ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὀπίσταντον· οἳ δὲ φέβοντο.
 πολλοὶ δὲ πρηνεῖς τε καὶ ὑπτιοὶ ἔκπεσον ἵππων
 Ἄτρεϊδεω ὑπὸ χερσίν· περιπρὸ γὰρ ὄγχεϊ θύεν. 180
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἔμελλον ὑπὸ πτόλιν αἰπὺ τε τεῖχος
 ἵξεσθαι, τότε δὴ ῥα πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
 Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι, καθέζετο πιδηέσεως
 οὐρανόθεν καταβάς· ἔχε δ' ἀστεροπὴν μετὰ χερσίν·
 Ἴριον δ' ἄτρυνεν χρυσόπτερον ἀγγελέουσιν 185
 "βάσκει, Ἴρι, Ἴρι ταχεῖα, τὸν Ἑκτορι μῦθον ἐνισπε.
 ὄφρ' ἂν μὲν κεν ὁρᾷ Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν
 θύοντ' ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
 τόφρ' ἀναχωρεῖτω, τὸν δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ἀνῶχθε
 μάρνασθαι δηλοῖσι κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην. 190
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κ' ἡ δουρὶ τυπείς ἢ βλήμενος ἰὼ
 εἰς ἵππους ἄλεται, τότε οἱ κράτος ἐγγυαλίξω,
 κτείνων εἰς ὃ κε νῆας εὐσσέλμους ἀφίκεται
 δύη τ' ἡέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ."
 ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσε ποδῆγεμος ὠκεία Ἴρις, 195

Past the wild fig-tree, fled in eager haste
To gain the town : Atrides following still
With shrilling cry, his hands invincible
All stained with gore. But when the Scaean gates
And oak-tree they had reached, the foremost there
Stood firm, their fleeing comrades to await.
Who o'er the middle plain still fled, as kine
By lion coming in the dead of night
Flee all affrighted, but destruction dire
For one is seen, whose neck with powerful teeth
The beast first seizing breaks, then drains the blood
And all the flesh devours—ev'n so on these
King Agamemnon son of Atreus pressed,
And slew each hindmost foe, as still they fled.
And many fell beneath Atrides' hands,
Face forward from their cars or backward thrown,
For foremost and most furious raged his lance.

But when beneath the town and beetling wall
He now full soon had come, then from high heaven
The sire of gods and men descending sate
On Ida's peak, that mount of many rills,
With levin-bolt in hand : and thus he urged
Iris his courier of the golden wings :
"Hie thee, swift Iris, and to Hector speak
This word of mine : So long as he shall see
Great Agamemnon shepherd of his host
Rushing amid the van and dealing death
On ranks of men, so long let him retire
Himself, but bid the rest, the common throng,
In stubborn conflict with their foemen fight.
But when the king by spear or arrow smit
Leaps on his car, then grant I strength to him.
To slay till to the well-benched ships he come,
And sun be set and sacred darkness fall."

He spake : nor disobedient to his word
Swift windfoot Iris gat her down in haste

βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρήν.
 εὖρ' οὖν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἑκτορα δῖον,
 ἵσταότ' ἐν θ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασι κολλητοῖσιν.
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις·
 "Ἑκτορ υἱὰ Πριάμοιο, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντε,
 200 Ζεὺς με πατὴρ προέηκε τέτν τάδε μυθήσασθαι.
 δόφρ' ἂν μὲν κεν ὄρῃς Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν
 θύοντ' ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
 τόφρ' ὑπόεικε μάχης, τὸν δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ἄνωχθι
 μάρνασθαι δηλοῖσι κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
 205 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κ' ἦ δουρὶ τυκεῖς ἢ βλήμενος ἰφ
 εἰς ἵππους ἄλεται, τότε τοι κράτος ἐγγυαλίξει,
 κτείνειν εἰς δ' καὶ νῆας εὐσσέλμους ἀφίκηαι
 δύη τ' ἥελιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ."
 ἦ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦς' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις,
 210 Ἑκτωρ δ' ἐξ ὀχέων ξὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμάζε,
 πᾶλλων δ' ὀξέα δοῦρε κατὰ στρατὸν ὄχετο πάντη,
 ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνὴν.
 οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν.
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας.
 215 ἡρτύνθη δὲ μάχη, στὰν δ' ἀντίοι. ἐν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
 πρῶτος ὄρουσ', ἔβλεν δὲ πολὺ προμάχεσθαι ἀπάντων.
 ἔσπετε νῦν μοι μούσαι, Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσai,
 ὅς τις δὴ πρῶτος Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίον ἦλθεν
 ἢ αὐτῶν Τρώων ἢ ἐκλειτῶν ἐπικούρων.
 220 Ἰφιδάμας Ἀντηνορίδης ἦν τε μέγας τε,
 ὃς τράφη ἐν Θρήκῃ ἐριβώλακι, μητέρι μήλων.
 Κισσῆς τὸν γ' ἔθρεψε δόμοις ἐνὶ τυτθῶν ἐόντα
 μητροπάτωρ, ὃς ἔτικτε Θεανῶ καλλιπάρηον·
 225 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἤβης ἐρικυδέος ἔκετο μέτρον,
 αὐτοῦ μιν κατέρυκε, δίδου δ' ὃ ἔγε θυγατέρα ἦν·

From Ida's peaks to sacred Ilion.
There godlike Hector warlike Priam's son
Standing she found, with steeds and well-framed car:
And near him fleet-foot Iris stood and spake:
"Hector, thou son of Priam, peer of Zeus
In counsel, Zeus the father sent me forth
These words to bear thee: Long as thou shalt see
Great Agamemnon shepherd of his host
Rushing amid the van and dealing death
On ranks of men, so long do thou retire
Thyself, but bid the rest, the common throng,
In stubborn conflict with their foemen fight.
But when the king by spear or arrow smit
Leaps on his car, then grants he strength to thee
To slay till to the well-benched ships thou come,
And sun be set and sacred darkness fall."

Thus fleet-foot Iris spake, and went her way;
But Hector from his chariot to the ground
Armed as he was down leapt. Two lances keen
He brandished high, and went through all the host
Urging to fight, and roused the furious fray.
Round turned they all and faced the Achaian foe;
While on the other side the Argive host
Made strong their squares. The battle thus arrayed,
Line fronted line: and Agamemnon first
Dashed in, and far in front was bold to fight.

Ye Muses, in Olympian halls who dwell,
Say now who first 'gainst Agamemnon came,
Of Troy's own sons or of renowned allies.
Iphidamas Antenor's son, a man
Both brave and tall, bred up in deep-soiled Thrace,
Mother of flocks. Him Cisseus in his home
Bred from a child, Cisseus his mother's sire,
He who begat Theano, fair-cheeked dame.
But when to glorious manhood he attained,
His daughter gave he him to wife, and there

γήμας δ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο μετὰ κλῖος ἵκετ' Ἀχαιῶν
 ξὺν δυοκαίδεκα νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, αἳ οἱ ἔποντο.
 τὰς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐν Περκώτῃ λίπε νῆας ἑῷσας,
 αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς εἰὼν εἰς Ἴλιον εἰληλούθει. 830
 ὅς ῥα τότε Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίον ἦλθεν.
 αἶ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
 Ἀτρεΐδης μὲν ἄμαρτε, παραὶ δέ οἱ ἐτράπετ' ἔγχος,
 Ἰφιδάμας δὲ κατὰ ζώνην, θώρηκος ἔνερθεν,
 νύξ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἔρεισε, βαρεῖν χειρὶ πιθήσας 835
 οὐδ' ἔτορε ζωστήρα παναίολον, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν
 ἀργύρῳ ἀντομένη, μόλιβος ὥς, ἐτράπετ' αἰχμῇ.
 καὶ τό γε χειρὶ λαβὼν εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 ἔλκε' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶς ὥς τε λῖς, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρὸς
 σπάσσατο· τὸν δ' ἄορι πληῆξ' αὐχένα, λῦσε δὲ γυνῖα. 840
 ὥς ὁ μὲν αὖθι πεσὼν κοιμήσατο χάλκεον ὕπνου
 οἰκτρός, ἀπὸ μνηστῆς ἀλόχου, ἀστοῖσιν ἀρήγων,
 κουριδίης, ἧς οὐ τι χάριν ἶδε, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκεν·
 πρῶθ' ἑκατὸν βούς δῶκεν, ἔπειτα δὲ χίλι' ὑπέστη,
 αἶγας ὁμοῦ καὶ δις, τὰ οἱ ἄσπετα ποιμαίνοντο. 845
 δὴ τότε γ' Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνων ἐξενάριξεν,
 βῆ δὲ φέρων ἄν' ὀμίλον Ἀχαιῶν τεύχεα καλά.
 τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησε Κόων ἀριδείκετος ἀνδρῶν,
 πρεσβυγενὴς Ἀντηνορίδης, κρατερόν ῥα ἔπένθος 850
 ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐκάλυψε κασσιγνήτοιο πεσόντος.
 στῆ δ' εὐράξ σὺν δουρὶ, λαθὼν Ἀγαμέμνονα δίον,
 νύξε δέ μιν κατὰ χεῖρα μέσην, ἀγκῶνος ἔνερθεν,
 ἀντικρὺς δὲ διέσχε φαινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ.
 ῥόγησέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

Was fain to keep him. But, the marriage made,
Led by the rumour of Achaian war
The new-made bridegroom from his chamber went
With the twelve beakèd ships that followed him.
These balanced ships he at Percoté left,
And came by land to Ilion : where now
He fronted Agamemnon Atreus' son.
And to each other when they now drew near,
Atrides missed his mark, his erring spear
Turning aside ; but him Iphidamas
Beneath the corslet on the girdle struck,
And followed up the blow with all his weight
Reliant on his heavy hand ; yet so
Pierced not the supple belt ; ere that might be,
By silver met the point like lead was turned.
Then Agamemnon, mighty king, the spear
Grasped and with lion's fury toward him drew
Wrenched from his foeman's hand, whom with the sword
He smote upon the neck, and loosed his limbs.
So fell he there, and slept a brazen sleep,
Ah ! hapless one ! away from wedded wife
Aiding his townsmen—far from that young bride
Of whom he saw no joy tho' much he gave.
First gave he kine fivescore, then fifty score
Promised to follow, mingled goats and sheep
From the vast flocks that grazed on his domain.
Him now Atrides slew, and bare away
His goodly armour through Achaia's throng.

Whom soon as Cöon saw, a man of mark,
Antenor's eldest-born, a mighty grief
Darkened his eyes for this his brother's fall.
And with his spear he took his stand, unseen
Of godlike Agamemnon, at the side,
And in mid arm beneath the elbow-joint
So smote him that the glittering point passed on
Right through. Then Agamemnon king of men

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀπέληγε μάχης ἡδὲ πτολέμοιο, 255
 ἀλλ' ἐπόρουσε Κόωνι ἔχων ἀνεμοτρεφὲς ἔγχος.
 ἦ τοι ὃ Ἰφιδάμαντα κασίγνητον καὶ ὄπατρον
 ἔλκε ποδὸς μεμαώς, καὶ αὐτεὶ πάντας ἀρίστους·
 τὸν δ' ἔλκοντ' ἀν' ὄμιλον ὑπ' ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης
 οὔτησε ξυστῶ χαλκήρεϊ, λῦσε δὲ γυνῖα· 260
 τοῖο δ' ἐπ' Ἰφιδάμαντι κάρη ἀπέκοψε παραστάς.
 ἐνθ' Ἀντήνορος υἱὲς ὑπ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ βασιλῇ
 πότμον ἀναπλήσαντες ἔδυν δόμον Ἀΐδος εἴσω.

αὐτὰρ ὃ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν
 ἔγχεϊ τ' ἄορί τε μεγάλοισί τε χερμαδίοισιν, 265
 ἔφρα οἱ αἶμ' ἔτι θερμόν ἀνήνοθεν ἐξ ὠτειλῆς.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τὸ μὲν ἔλκος ἐτέρσето, παύσατο δ' αἶμα,
 ὀξεῖαι δ' ὀδύναι δῦνον μένος Ἀτρεΐδαο.
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ὠδίνουσιν ἔχῃ βέλος ὀξὺ γυναικα,
 δριμύ, τό τε προΐεῖσι μογοστόκοι Εἰλείθυιαι, 270
 Ἥρης θυγατέρες πικρὰς ὠδῖνας ἔχουσαι,
 ὥς ὀξεῖ' ὀδύναι δῦνον μένος Ἀτρεΐδαο.
 ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἡνιόχῳ ἐπέτελλεν
 νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν· ἤχθετο γὰρ κῆρ.
 ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς· 275
 "ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,
 ὑμεῖς μὲν νῦν νηυσὶν ἀμύνετε ποντοπόροισιν
 φύλοπι ἀργαλέην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐμὲ μητιέτα Ζεὺς
 εἶασεν Τρώεσσι πανημέριον πολεμίζειν."

ὥς ἔφαθ', ἡνίοχος δ' ἱμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους 280
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· τὰ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην·
 ἄφρεον δὲ στήθεα, ραίνοντο δὲ νέρθε κονίη,
 τειρόμενον βασιλῆα μάχης ἀπάνευθε φέροντες.

Shuddered indeed, yet stayed not even so
From fight and battle, but on Cöon rushed
Waving a spear of tempest-hardened wood.
He in hot haste was dragging by the foot
Iphidamas his brother and sire's son,
Calling the best to aid: but, through the throng
As thus he dragged him, 'neath the bossy shield
His foeman smote him with a brass-shod lance
And loosed his limbs, then standing near cut off
Over Iphidamas his brother's head.
From king Atrides there Antenor's sons
Found their due fate and sought the nether gloom.

Then ranged he through the other warrior ranks
With sword and spear and ponderous boulder stones,
While yet the blood gushed warm from out his wound.
But when 'twas dried, and blood had ceased to flow,
Sharp pains then racked the mighty Atreus' son.
And as a woman travailing doth feel
That arrow sharp and piercing which is sped
By Here's daughters, Ilithyiae named,
The queens of child-birth labour who control
The bitter travail's pangs, so sharp the pains
That then did rack the mighty Atreus' son.
Up leapt he on his chariot, and gave charge
That to the carved ships his charioteer
Should drive, for he was sick at heart. But first
To all the Danaans his shrill shout he sent:
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Now from the seaborne ships the direful fray
Ward ye; for Zeus the counsellor forbids
That I all day should fight the Trojan foe."

He spake: and straight his charioteer lashed on
The fair-maned steeds to seek the carved ships.
Who not unwilling flew, with foam-flecked breasts,
And dust-besprinkled from beneath, as thus
Far from the field they bore the suffering king.

Ἔκτωρ δ' ὥς ἐνόησ' Ἀγαμέμνονα νόσφι κίοντα,
Τρωτὶ τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἄσας· 283

Ἕ Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
ἄνδρες ἔσσε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος αἰκῆς.
οἷχεν ἄνῃρ ἄριστος, ἐμοὶ δὲ μέγ' εὖχος ἔδωκεν
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης. ἀλλ' ἰθὺς ἐλαύνετε μώνυχας ἵππους
ἰφθίμων Δαναῶν, ἵν' ὑπέρτερον εὖχος ἄρησθε." 290

ὥς εἰπὼν ἄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.
ὥς δ' ὅτε πού τις θηρητὴρ κύνας ἀργιόδοντας
σεύη ἐπ' ἀγροτέρῳ συτὶ καπρίῳ ἢ δὲ λέοντι,
ὥς ἐπ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν σεύειν Τρῶας μεγαθύμους
Ἔκτωρ Πριαμίδης, βροτολογῶ ἴσος Ἀρηι· 295
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν πρώτοισι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει,
ἐν δ' ἔπεισ' ὑσμίνῃ ὑπεραεὶ ἴσος ἀέλλῃ,
ἦ τε καθαλλομένη ἰοειδέα πόντον ὀρίνει.

ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξεν.
Ἔκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν; 300
Ἀσάϊον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ὀπίτην
καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην καὶ Ὀφέλτιον ἢ δ' Ἀγέλαον
Αἰσυμένον τ' Ὀρόν τε καὶ Ἰππόνοον μενεχάρμην.
τοὺς ἄρ' ὃ γ' ἡγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἔλεν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
πληθύν, ὥς ὅποτε νέφεα Ζέφυρος στυφελίξῃ 305
ἀργεστάῳ Νότοιο, βαθείῃ λαίλαπι τύπτων·
πολλὸν δὲ τρόφι κῦμα κυλίνδεται, ὑψόσε δ' ἄχνη
σκίδναται ἐξ ἀνέμοιο πολυπλόγκτοιο ἰωῆς·
ὥς ἄρα πυκνὰ καρήαθ' ὑφ' Ἑκτορι δάμνατο λαῶν.

ἔνθα κε λουγὸς ἔην καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γέγοντο, 310
καὶ νῦν κεν ἐν νήεσσι πτόσον φεύγοντες Ἀχαιοί,
εἰ μὴ Τυδείδῃ Διομήδεϊ κέκλετ' Ὀδυσσεύς·

But Hector, when retiring thus he spied
King Agamemnon, shouted loud, and called
To all the Trojan and the Lycian host:
"Ye Trojans, Lycians, and ye Dardans good
In closest fight, quit you like men, my friends,
And of impetuous valour be your thought.
Gone is the bravest man; and now to me
Zeus Cronides great glory grants. But drive
Right at the Danaans stout your firm-hoofed steeds,
That so a higher glory ye may win."

He spake, and stirred the heart and soul of each.
And as some hunter urges on the prey—
A lion or a tusky forest boar—
The white-toothed dogs, so Hector Priam's son,
In semblance as the War-god, mortals' bane,
Urged the bold Trojans on the Achaian foe.
Himself full proudly strode amid the first,
And burst upon the fight, as bursts a storm
With forceful gust, that sudden leaping down
Confounds the billows of the darkling main.

Whom first, whom last did Hector Priam's son
There slay, when Zeus gave glory to his arm?
First was Asaeus, then Autonoüs,
Ophites, Dolops (son of Clytus he),
Opheltius, Agelas, Æsymnus then,
And Orus and Hipponoüs staunch in fight.
These Danaan chiefs he slew: then meaner men
Full many; as clouds that of the white south bred
Are by the west wind driven, what time he smites
With headlong squall—On rolls the swelling wave,
High flies the scattered spray beneath the force
Of the wide-wandering wind—So frequent fell
Vanquished by Hector's might his foemen's heads.

And havoc there and deeds irreparable
Had been, and to their ships Achaia's sons
Had headlong fled, had not Odysseus thus
To Diomedes son of Tydeus cried:

“Τυδείδῃ, τί παθόντε λαλάσμεθα θούριδος ἀλκῆς;
 ἀλλ’ ἄγε δαῦρο, πέπον, παρ’ ἐμ’ ἴστασο· δὴ γὰρ ἔλεγχος
 ἔσσεται, εἴ κεν νῆας ἔλῃ κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ.” 315

τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
 “ἦ τοι ἐγὼ μενέω καὶ τλήσομαι· ἀλλὰ μίνυνθα
 ἡμέων ἔσται ἡδός, ἐπεὶ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
 Τρῶσιν δὴ βόλεται δοῦναι κράτος ἢ ἐπερ ἡμῖν.”

ἦ, καὶ Θυμβραῖον μὲν ἀφ’ ἵππων ὥσε χαμᾶζε, 320
 δουρὶ βαλὼν κατὰ μαζὸν ἀριστερόν, αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς
 ἀντίθεον θεράποντα Μολλόνα τοῖο ἀνακτος.
 τοὺς μὲν ἔπειτ’ εἶασαν, ἐπεὶ πολέμου ἀπέπαυσαν·
 τὼ δ’ ἀν’ ὄμιλον ἰόντε κυδοίμεον, ὥς ὅτε κἄπρῳ
 ἐν κυσὶ θηρητῆρσι μέγα φρονέοντε πέσητον· 325
 ὥς ἔλεγον Τρῶας πάλιν ὀρμένῳ. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἀσπασίως φεύγοντες ἀνέπνεον Ἑκτορα δῖον.

ἐνθ’ ἐλέτην δίφρον τε καὶ ἀνέρε δήμου ἀρίστῳ,
 υἱὲ δὺν Μέροπτος Περκυσίου, ὃς περὶ πάντων
 ἦδη μαστοσύνας, οὐδὰ οὐς παῖδας ἔασκεν 330
 στείχειν ἐς πόλεμον φθισήτορα. τὼ δέ οἱ οὐ τι
 πειθέσθην· κῆρες γὰρ ἄγον μέλανος θανάτοιο.
 τοὺς μὲν Τυδείδης δουρικλειτὸς Διομήδης,
 θυμοῦ καὶ ψυχῆς κεκαδὼν κλυτὰ τεύχε’ ἀπηύρα,
 Ἰκπόδαμον δ’ Ὀδυσσεὺς καὶ Ἰπείροχον ἐξενάριξεν. 335

ἐνθα σφιν κατὰ ἴσα μάχην ἐτάσσσε Κρονίων
 ἐξ Ἰδης καθορῶν· τοὶ δ’ ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον.
 ἦ τοι Τυδέος υἱὸς Ἀγαστροφον οὔτασε δουρὶ
 Παιονίδην ἥρῳα κατ’ ἰσχίον· οὐδὰ γὰρ ἵπποι
 ἐγγυὲς ἔσαν προφυγεῖν, ἀάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ. 340

"Tydides, what doth ail us to forget
Impetuous valour? Hither come, sweet friend,
Stand thou by me; surely 'twere shame our ships
Should fall to Hector of the glancing plume."

To whom stout Diomedes made reply:
"I truly will remain and dare the fight;
Yet short will be our pleasure; for 'tis Zeus,
Cloud-gathering god, who to the sons of Troy
And not to us determines strength of war."

He spake, and forced Thymbræus to the ground
From out his car, by spear-throw stricken sore
On the left breast. Odysseus then laid low
That monarch's godlike squire, Molion named.
And these they left when once from battle stayed:
Then through the throng spread havoc, as two boars
High-couraged charge upon the hunter pack;
So turned they and dealt death to sons of Troy.
And welcome breathing-space Achaia's host
Thus found, as they from godlike Hector fled.

There did these twain a car and warrior pair
O'ertake, the bravest of their folk, two sons
Of Merops of Percoté, him who knew
Above all other each prophetic art;
Whereby he still forbade his sons to seek
The warrior-wasting war, but they no whit
Obeyed, for fates of black death led them on.
These spear-famed Diomedes Tydeus' son
Reft of their breath and life, and bare away
Their glorious arms, while by Odysseus' hand
Were slain Hippodamus and Hypeirochus.

There Cronos' son from Ida looking down
Balanced so evenly the tug of war
That either slew their foes. Tydides smote
Agastrophus a hero, Pacon's son,
By spear-thrust on the hip: to aid whose flight
No steeds were near—most foolish thought! for these

τοὺς μὲν γὰρ θεράπων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχεν, αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς
θῦνε διὰ προμάχων, εἴως φίλον ὤλεσε θυμόν.

Ἔκτωρ δ' ὁξὺ νόησε κατὰ στίχας, ὦρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτοὺς
κεκληγώς· ἅμα δὲ Τρώων εἶποντο φάλαγγες.

τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγησε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης, 345
αἶψα δ' Ὀδυσσῆα προσεφώνεεν ἐγγυὺς ἐόντα·

“νῶϊ δὴ τόδε πῆμα κυλινδεται, ὄβριμος Ἔκτωρ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ στέωμεν καὶ ἀλεξώμεσθα μένοντες.”

ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προτὴ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε, τιτυσκόμενος κεφαλῇφιν, 350
ἄκρην καὶ κόρυθα. πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκόφι χαλκός,
οὐδ' ἔκετο χροά καλόν· ἐρύκακε γὰρ τρυφάλεια
τρίπτυχος αὐλῶπις, τήν οἱ πύρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.

Ἔκτωρ δ' ὦκ' ἀπέλεθρον ἀνέδραμε, μῖκτο δ' ὁμίλῳ,
στῇ δὲ γνύξ ἐριπῶν, καὶ ἐρείσατο χεὶρὶ παχείῃ 355
γαίης· ἀμφὶ δὲ ὅσσε κελαινὴ νύξ ἐκάλυψεν.

ὄφρα δὲ Τυδεΐδης μετὰ δούρατος ὄχρετ' ἐρωήν
τῆλε διὰ προμάχων, ὅθι οἱ καταείσατο γαίης,
τόφρ' Ἔκτωρ ἄμπνυτο, καὶ ἄψ ἐς δίφρον ὀρούσας
ἐξέλασ' ἐς πληθύν, καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν. 360

δουρὶ δ' ἐπαΐσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
“ἐξ αὖ νῦν ἔφυγες θάνατον, κύον. ἦ τέ τοι ἄγχι
ἦλθε κακόν· νῦν αὐτὲ σ' ἐρύσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ὃ μέλλεις εὖχεσθαι ἰὼν ἐς δοῦπον ἀκόντων.

ἦ θὴν σ' ἐξανύω γε καὶ ὕστερον ἀντιβολήσας, 365
εἴ πού τις καὶ ἐμοί γε θεῶν ἐπιτάρροθος ἐστίν.
νῦν αὖ τοὺς ἄλλους ἐπιείσομαι, ὅν κε κιχέλω.”

ἦ, καὶ Παιονίδα δουρικλυτὸν ἐξενάριζεν.
αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠνκόμοιο,

His squire apart still held, while he afoot
Rushed through the vanguard till he lost his life.
But Hector quickly spied among the ranks
These chiefs, and 'gainst them rose with shrilling shout,
His Trojan squares close following. At whose sight
Then shuddered Diomedes good in fray
And quick addrest Odysseus standing near :
"On us now rolls this woe, Hector the strong.
Come, stand we, and abiding beat him back."

He spake, and brandished his long-shadowed lance
And threw, nor missed the head whereat he aimed
Upon the topmost casque ; where brass met brass
And glanced aside, nor reached the comely skin ;
For by the helm 'twas checked, of triple plate
And crested ridge, Phoebus Apollo's gift.
Quick darted Hector back—a long way back—
And mingled with the throng : then to his knee
He fell, and rested with broad hand on earth,
And o'er his eyes a veil of night was spread.
And while Tydides through the van afar
Followed his rushing spear, where to the ground
He marked 'it fall, so long gat Hector breath,
Sped to his chariot back, to the main host
Drove off, and shunned black fate. Then with his spear
On rushing stalwart Diomedes spake :
"Death now thou 'scapest, hound ! though near indeed
The evil came. Phoebus Apollo now
Hath rescued thee, to whom belike thou prayest
When 'mid the hurtling spears thou dar'st to go.
Truly hereafter I shall meet thee yet
And work thy end, if, as I ween, some god
By me too stands a ready help. But now
Others I'll seek, whome'er my feet may find."

He spake, and slew the spear-famed Paeon's son.
Then at Tydides, shepherd of his folk,
Did Alexander long-haired Helen's lord

Τυδείδῃ ἐπὶ τόξα τιταίνετο, ποιμένι λαῶν, 370
 στήλῃ κεκλιμένος ἀνδροκμήτῃ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
 Ἴλου Δαρδανίδαο, παλαιοῦ δημογέροντος.
 ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν θώρηκα Ἀγαστρόφου ἰφθίμοιο
 αἶνυτ' ἀπὸ στήθεσφι παναίολον ἀσπίδα τ' ὤμων
 καὶ κόρυθα βριαρὴν· ὁ δὲ τόξου πῆχυν ἀνέλκεν 375
 καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἄρα μιν ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρός,
 ταρσὸν δεξιτεροῖο ποδός· διὰ δ' ἀμπερές ἴος
 ἐν γαίῃ κατέπηκτο. ὁ δὲ μάλα ἠδὺ γελάσας
 ἐκ λόχου ἀμπήδησε, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα.
 "βέβληται, οὐδ' ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγεν. ὥς ὄφελόν τοι 380
 νεάτορ ἐς κενεῶνα βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἐλέσθαι
 οὕτω κεν καὶ Τρῶες ἀνέπνευσαν κακότητος,
 οἳ τέ σε πεφρίκασι λείονθ' ὥς μηκάδες αἶγες."
 τὸν δ' οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
 "τοξότα λωβητῆρ, κέραι ὀγλαέ, παρθενοπίπα, 385
 εἰ μὲν δὴ ἀντίβιον ξὺν τεύχεσι πειρηθείης,
 οὐκ ἂν τοι χραίσμησι βιὸς καὶ ταρφές ἴοι·
 νῦν δέ μ' ἐπιγράψας ταρσὸν ποδός εὐχεαι αὐτως.
 οὐκ ἀλέγω, ὥς εἴ με γυνὴ βάλοι ἢ πάϊς ἀφρων·
 κωφὸν γὰρ βέλος ἀνδρὸς ἀνάλκιδος οὐτιδανοῖο. 390
 ἦ τ' ἄλλως ὑπ' ἐμείο, καὶ εἴ κ' ὀλέγον περ ἐπαύρη,
 ὅξυ βέλος πέλεται, καὶ ἀκήριον αἶψα τίθησιν·
 τοῦ δὲ γυναικὸς μὲν τ' ἀμφίδρυφοί εἰσι παρειαί,
 παῖδες δ' ὀρφανικοί· ὁ δὲ θ' αἵματι γαῖαν ἐρεύθων
 πύθεται, οἴωνοι δὲ περὶ πλέες ἢ γυναιῖκες." 395
 ὥς φάτο. τοῦ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
 ἕστη πρόσθ'· ὁ δ' ὀπισθε καθεζόμενος βέλος ὦκύ
 ἐκ ποδός ἔλκε', ὀδύνη δὲ διὰ χροὸς ἦλθ' ἀλεγεινή.
 ἐν δόφρον δ' ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἡνιόχῳ ἐπέτελλεν

Bend full his bow, as half-concealed he leant
 Against the pillar set upon the mound
 Raised by man's hand to mark old Ilus' tomb
 The son of Dardanus, that greybeard chief.
 Tydides now of stout Agastrophus
 The supple corselet from the breast, the shield
 From off the shoulders, and the heavy helm
 Was stripping, when his foeman drew the bow
 Grasped by the centre-piece, nor from his hand
 Escaped the shaft in vain, but struck the sole
 Of his right foot. Full sweetly then he laughed,
 Leapt from his lurking-place, and boastful spake:
 "Thou'rt hit, no vain shaft 'scaped me. O I would
 The wound were 'neath the ribs to reave thy life.
 So had the sons of Troy got breathing-space
 From their sad stress, who shuddering quake at thee
 As at the lion quake the bleating goats."

To whom stout Diomedes, nought affrayed:
 "Bowman, insulting braggart, bright-curled fop,
 Girl-ogler! would'st thou try me, might to might,
 With arms, then were thy bow of no avail,
 Or arrows thickly showering. Now no more
 Than marking but a scratch upon my foot
 Thou boastest. I, as if by woman hit
 Or silly child, nought heed it. Blunt and foiled
 The weapon of the worthless coward flies.
 Far otherwise from me, though it but graze,
 Speeds the keen shaft, and quickly stills his heart,
 Whomso it strike—a widowed wife laments
 With cheeks all torn, children are fatherless,
 Reddening the soil with blood his body rots,
 Nor women there but carrion vultures throng."

He spake. Spear-famed Odysseus then came near
 And stood before him: he, thus sheltered, sat
 And drew from out his foot the rapid shaft,
 While sore pain thrilled his flesh. Then to his car
 He leapt, and bade his charioteer drive back

νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσι λαυνέμεν· ἤχθετο γὰρ κῆρ. 400
 οἰώθη δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτός, οὐδέ τις αὐτῷ
 Ἀργείων παρέμεινεν, ἐπεὶ φόβος ἔλλαβε πάντας.
 ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς δὴν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
 "ὦ μοι ἐγὼ, τί πάθω; μέγα μὲν κακόν, εἴ κε φέβωμαι
 πληθύν ταρβήσας, τὸ δὲ ῥήγιον, εἴ κε ἀλόω 405
 μῦθος· τοὺς δ' ἄλλους Δαναοὺς ἐφόβησε Κρονίων.
 ἀλλὰ τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
 οἶδα γὰρ ὅττι κακοὶ μὲν ἀποίχονται πολέμοιο,
 ὅς δέ κ' ἀριστεύῃσι μάχῃ ἐνὶ, τὸν δὲ μάλα χρεώ
 ἐστάμεναι κρατερῶς, ἢ τ' ἔβλητ' ἢ τ' ἔβαλ' ἄλλον." 410
 εἶος δ' ταῦθ' ὄρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
 τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἤλυθον ἀσπιστάων,
 ἔλσαν δ' ἐν μέσσοισι, μετὰ σφίσι πῆμα τιθέντες.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε κάπριον ἀμφὶ κύνας θαλεροὶ τ' αἰζηοὶ
 σεύωνται· ὁ δὲ τ' εἰσι βαθείης ἐκ ξυλόχοιο 415
 θήγων λευκὸν ὀδόντα μετὰ γναμπτῇσι γένυσσιν,
 ἀμφὶ δέ τ' αἴσσουνται, ὑπαὶ δέ τε κόμπος ὀδόντων
 γήγνεται· οἳ δὲ μένουσιν ἄφαρ δεινὸν περ ἔοντα·
 ὥς ῥα τότε ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα διίφιλον ἐσσεύοντο
 Τρῶες· ὁ δὲ πρῶτον μὲν ἀμύμονα Δηιοπύτην 420
 οὔτασεν ὅμον ὑπερθεὺς ἐπάλμενος ὀξείῃ δουρί,
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Θόωνα καὶ Ἐννομον ἐξενάριξεν.
 Χερσιδάμαντα δ' ἔπειτα, καθ' ἵππων ἀΐξαντα.
 δουρὶ κατὰ πρότμησιν ὑπ' ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης
 νύξεν· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἔλε γαῖαν ἀγοστή. 425
 τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', ὁ δ' ἄρ' Ἴππασίδην Χάροπ' οὔτασε δουρί,
 αὐτοκασίνηντον εὐηγενέος Σώκοιο.
 τῷ δ' ἐπαλεξήσων Σῶκος κίε, ἰσόθεος φάις,
 στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγυὲς ἰών, καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν
 "ὦ Ὀδυσσεῦ πολύαινε, δόλων δτ' ἦδὲ πόνοιο, 430

To the hollow ships, for he was sick at heart.

Spear-famed Odysseus thus alone was left,
Nor any Argive with him staid, for all
Were swept away in flight. Then did the chief
Indignant commune with his mighty soul:
"O woe is me! What may I do? To fly
By numbers cowed were evil great. Yet worse
The horror, be I taken, thus alone,
For Cronos' son hath turned the rest to flight.
Yet wherefore thus debates my mind? I know
That cowards from the battle-field may run,
But whoso boasts him brave in fight, he still
Must stoutly stand to take or give the blow."

While thus he pondered in his heart and mind,
The shielded Trojan ranks came swiftly on,
And hemmed him in their midst, a dangerous foe.
And as the hounds and lusty hunters press
Around a boar—who comes from covert deep
Whetting the white tusks in his curvèd jaws,
And all around are hurrying, while of teeth
Is heard a gnashing, and his foes await,
Tho' terrible, his onset—so around
Odysseus loved of Zeus the Trojans pressed.
But he on blameless Deiopites first
With keen spear leapt, and smote him from above
Upon the shoulder. Thoon then he slew,
And Ennomus; and then Chersidamas,
Who from his steeds had hasted down, with spear
Full in the navel, 'neath the bossy shield,
He pierced: who fell in dust and gripped the ground
With hollow hand. These left he: then with lance
He wounded Charops son of Hippasus—
Own brother he to Socus nobly-born.
To succour whom came Socus, godlike wight,
And drawing near him stood, and thus addressed.
"O much-bepraised Odysseus, man of wiles,

σήμερον ἢ δοιοῖσιν ἐπεύξεται Ἰππασίδῃσιν,
 τειχὶ δ' ἄνδρες κατακτείνοντας καὶ τεύχε' ἀπούρας,
 ἢ κεν ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυκείας ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσης."

ὣς εἰπὼν οὕτωςε κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἔειπεν.

διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαιειῆς ὀβριμον ἔγχος, 435
 καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἡρήρειστο,
 πάντα δ' ἀπὸ πλευρῶν χροῖα ἔργαθεν· οὐδέ τ' ἔασεν
 Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη μιχθήμεναι ἔγκασι φωτός.

γνῶ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δ' οἱ οὐ τι τέλος κατακαίριον ἦλθεν,
 ὅψ δ' ἀναχωρήσας Σῶκον πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν 440

"ἄ δειλ', ἢ μάλα δὴ σε κιχάνεται αἰπὺς ὀλεθρος.
 ἢ τοι μὲν ῥ' ἐμ' ἔπαυσας ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι·
 σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ ἐνθάδε φημὶ φόνον καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν
 ἡματι τῷδ' ἔσσεσθαι, ἐμῷ δ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα
 εὔχος ἐμοὶ δώσειν, ψυχὴν δ' Ἀΐδι κλυτοπόλῃ." 445

ἢ, καὶ δ' μὲν φύγαδ' αὐτὶς ὑποστρέψας ἐβεβήκει,
 τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένῃ ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν
 ὤμων μεσσηγύς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.

δοῦπησεν δὲ πεσών· δ' δ' ἐπεύξατο διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς· 450

"ὦ Σῶχ' Ἰππᾶσου υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἵπποδάμοιο,
 φθῇ σε τέλος θανάτοιο κιχήμενον, οὐδ' ὑπάλυσας.
 ἄ δειλ', οὐ μὲν σοὶ γε πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
 ἔσσει καθαιρήσουσι θανόντι περ, ἀλλ' οἰωνοὶ
 ὤμῃσται ἐρύουσι, περὶ πτερὰ πυκνὰ βαλόντες·
 αὐτὰρ ἐμ', εἴ κε θάνω, κτεριούσῃ γε δίοι Ἀχαιοί." 455

ὣς εἰπὼν Σῶκοιο δαΐφρονος ὀβριμον ἔγχος
 ἔξω τε χροὸς ἔλκε καὶ ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης·
 αἶμα δὲ οἱ σπασθέντος ἀνέσσαντο, κῆδε δὲ θυμόν.

Insatiate as of toil, to-day thy boast
Shall be o'er both the sons of Hippasus,
For two such warriors slain and armour spoiled,
Or stricken by my spear thy life thou'lt lose."

He spake, and smote upon his orb'd shield.
Through shield refulgent came the forceful spear,
Through corslet richly-wrought pressed firmly on,
And from the ribs tare all the flesh : beyond
Pallas Athené suffered not the point
To touch the inner vitals. And at once
Odysseus knew no mortal blow was there,
And stepping back to Socus thus he cried:
"Ah! wretched man! surely destruction dire
Doth now o'ertake thee. Me indeed from fight
Against Troy's sons thou stay'st awhile : but thou
Shalt here, I ween, find death and gloomy fate
Upon this very day, and by my spear
Vanquished and slain shalt yield me proud renown,
And Hades lord of noble steeds thy life."

He spake : the other turned him round and fled,
But in his back thus turned his foe the spear
Between the shoulders fixed, and drove it through
Out at the breast. With heavy sound he fell,
And o'er him thus the godlike chief made boast :
"O Socus, son of warlike Hippasus
Steed-tamer, thee too fast the end of death
Outran and overtook, nor could'st escape.
Ah! wretched man! thine eyes nor father now
Nor queenly mother e'er in death shall close :
But flesh-devouring birds shall pluck at thee,
Close shrouding all thy corse with flapping wings.
But I—e'en tho' I die—shall find due rites
Of burial from Achaia's godlike sons."

With that the warlike Socus' weighty spear
Out from his flesh and from his bossy shield
He drew ; and when 'twas drawn the blood gushed forth

Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι ὅπως ἴδον αἶμ' Ὀδυσῆος,
 κεκλόμενοι καθ' ὁμιλον ἐπ' αὐτῷ πάντες ἔβησαν. 460
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἐξοπίσω ἀνεχάζετο, αὖτε δ' ἐταίρους.
 τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἦυσεν, ὅσον κεφαλὴ χάδε φασγάνῳ,
 τρὶς δ' αἶαν ἰάχοντος ἀρηίφίλος Μενέλαος.
 αἶψα δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντα προσεφώνεεν ἐγγυὺς ἰόντα·
 "Αἴαν διογενὲς Τελαμῶνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν, 465
 ἀμφὶ μ' Ὀδυσσῆος ταλασίφρονος ἔκετ' αὐτή,
 τῷ ἰκέλη ὣς εἰ ἐ βιάτο μοῦνον ἰόντα
 Τρῶες ἀποτμήξαντες ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ.
 ἄλλ' ἴομεν καθ' ὁμιλον· ἀλεξέμεναι γὰρ ἄμεινον.
 δεῖδω μὴ τι πάθῃσιν ἐνὶ Τρῳέεσσι μονωθεῖς, 470
 ἐσθλὸς ἐών, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Δαναοῖσι γένηται."
 ὣς εἰπὼν ὃ μὲν ἦρχ', ὃ δ' ἄμ' ἔσπετο ἰσόθεος φάος.
 εὖρον ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα διόφιλον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτόν·
 Τρῶες ἔπονθ' ὣς εἰ τε δαφοῖνοι θῶες ὄρεσφι
 ἀμφ' ἔλαφον κεραὸν βεβλημένον, ὃν τ' ἔβαλ' ἀνὴρ 475
 ἰφ' ἀπὸ νευρῆς· τὸν μὲν τ' ἤλυξε πόδεςσιν
 φεύγων, ὅφρ' αἶμα λιαρὸν καὶ γούνατ' ὀρώρῃ·
 αὐτὰρ ἔπει δὴ τὸν γε δαμάσσεται ὥκυν οἰστός,
 ὠμοφάγοι μιν θῶες ἐν οὖρεσι δαρδάπτουσιν
 ἐν νέμει σκιερῷ· ἐπὶ τε λῖν ἦγαγε δαίμων 480
 σίντην· θῶες μὲν τε διέτρεσαν, αὐτὰρ ὃ δάπτει.
 ὣς ῥα τότε ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα δαίφρονα ποικιλομήτην
 Τρῶες ἔπον πολλοί τε καὶ ἀλκιμοι, αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἦρως
 αἴσσων ὃ ἔγχει ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἥμαρ·
 Αἴας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ἥντε πύργον, 485
 στῇ δὲ παρέξ, Τρῶες δὲ διέτρεσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος.
 ἦ τοι τὸν Μενέλαος ἀρήϊος ἔξαγ' ὁμίλου

And made his spirit sink. But when they saw
Odysseus' blood, the high-souled sons of Troy
Cheered on each other through the throng, and all
Bore on him. He retiring backwards cried
For comrades' aid. Thrice cried he, all the voice
That his head held forth uttering : and his shout
Thrice Menelaus, loved of Ares, heard,
And spake at once to Ajax standing near :
"O Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon,
Prince of thy people, comes to me the cry
Of patient-souled Odysseus ; 'tis a cry
As if the Trojans press'd him now alone
Cut off from others in the stubborn fight.
But go we through the throng : to bear him aid
Were well : I fear lest he should suffer harm,
Single among his foes, that gallant wight,
And to the Danaans be a mighty loss."

He spake, and led ; the other godlike chief
Close followed. And Odysseus loved of Zeus
Soon found they ; whom the Trojans pressed around,
Ev'n as the tawny jackals in the hills
Around an antlered stag, stricken by shaft
From hunter's bowstring—whom by speed of foot
He 'scapes, while warm his blood and stirred his limbs
By motion, but when soon the arrow swift
Has quelled his life, his flesh in shady glen
The carrion jackals tear, till heaven that way
A ravening lion sends ; then scattered wide
The jackals flee, and he alone devours—
So now around Odysseus, warlike wight
Of cunning wiles, pressed on the sons of Troy
Many and valiant, but the hero quick
With flashing lance warded the day of doom ;
Till Ajax came anigh with tower-like targe,
And by him stood ; then scared the Trojans fled.
But warlike Menelaus from the throng

χειρὸς ἔχων, εἴως θεράπων σχεδὸν ἤλασεν ἵππους.

Αἶας δὲ Τρώεσσι ἐπάλμενος εἶλε Δόρυκλον
 Πριαμίδην, νόθον υἱόν, ἔπειτα δὲ Πάνδοκον οὔτα, 490
 οὔτα δὲ Λύσανδρον καὶ Πύρασον ἠδὲ Πυλάρτην.
 ὣς δ' ὁπότε πλήθων ποταμῶς πεδίουδε κάτεισιν
 χειμάρρους κατ' ὄρεσφιν, ὁπαζόμενος Διὸς δμβρῶ,
 πολλὰς δὲ δρυὺς ἀζαλέας πολλὰς δέ τε πεύκας
 ἐσφέρεται, πολλὸν δέ τ' ἀφυσγητὸν εἰς ἄλα βάλλει, 495
 ὥς ἔφεπεν κλονέων πεδίον τότε φαίδιμος Αἶας,
 δαΐζων ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας. οὐδέ πω Ἑκτωρ
 πείθειτ', ἐπεὶ ῥα μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ μάρνατο πάσης,
 ὄχθας παρ ποταμοῖο Σκαμάνδρου, τῇ ῥα μάλιστα
 ἀνδρῶν πίπτε κάρηνα, βοῇ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει 500
 Νέστορά τ' ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἀρήιον Ἴδομενῆα.
 Ἑκτωρ μὲν μετὰ τοῖσιν ὁμίλει μέρμερα ῥέζων
 ἔγχει θ' ἵπποσύνη τε, νέων δ' ἀλόπαζε φάλαγγας·
 οὐδ' ἂν πω χάζοντο κελεύθου δίοι Ἀχαιοί,
 εἰ μὴ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠυκόμοιο, 505
 παῦσεν ἀριστεύοντα Μαχάονα ποιμένα λαῶν,
 ἰφ' τρυγλώχινι βαλὼν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὤμον.
 τῷ ῥα περιῶδδισαν μένεα πνείοντες Ἀχαιοί,
 μή πῶς μιν πολέμοιο μετακλινθέντος ἔλοιεν.
 αὐτίκα δ' Ἴδομενεὺς προσεφώνεε Νέστορα δῖον 510
 "ὦ Νέστορ Νηληιάδη, μέγα κύδος Ἀχαιῶν,
 ἄγρει, σῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσειο, παρ δὲ Μαχάων
 βαινέτω, ἐς νῆας δὲ τάχιστ' ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους·
 ἱητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιός ἑλλων
 λούς τ' ἐκτάμνει ἐπὶ τ' ἥπια φάρμακα πάσσειν." 515

Led out the wounded chieftain by the hand,
Till his esquire had driven his horses near.

Ajax the while leapt on the Trojan lines,
And slew Doryclus, Priam's bastard son ;
Then Pandocus he smote, Lysander next,
And with Pylartes smote he Pyrasus.
As when a brimming river to the plain
Comes swirling down, a torrent mountain-born
Forced on by rains of Zeus, that sweeps along
Dry oaks and pines full many, and to the sea
Much mud and refuse casts, so o'er the field
Bright Ajax rushed, and routed horse and man.
But Hector of this work not yet had heard :
For on the left of all the fray he fought
Beside Scamander's banks, where by that stream
Most frequent fell the heads of men, and shouts
Rose quenchless round great Nestor, and around
Warlike Idomeneus. Mingled with these
Was Hector, doing deeds of dread with spear
And horse-craft, wasting wide the youthful squares.
But not yet had Achaia's godlike sons
Yielded their foeman way, had it not happed
That Alexander long-haired Helen's lord
Now stayed Machaon in his valorous course,
That shepherd of his people, whom he hit
On the right shoulder with a three-barbed shaft.
For whom Achaia's valour-breathing sons
Feared much, lest haply, as the battle turned,
His foes might slay him : wherefore thus in haste
Idomeneus to godlike Nestor spake :
" O Nestor Neleus' son, Achaia's boast,
Bestir thee, mount thy car, and with thee take
Machaon ; then drive quickly to the ships
Thy firm-hoofed steeds. Worth many another man
Is he of healing art, who from our wounds
Cuts arrows out, and spreads the soothing salves."

ὥς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπλήθησε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ.
αὐτίκα ὦν ὀχέων ἐπεβήσετο, παρ' δὲ Μαχάων
βαῖν', Ἀσκληπιοῦ υἱὸς ἀμύμονος ἱητῆρος.

μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους, τῷ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην
νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυράς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ. 520

Κεβριόνης δὲ Τρῶας ὀρινομένους ἐνόησεν
Ἕκτορι παρβεβαώς, καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν.

“Ἕκτορ, νῶϊ μὲν ἐνθάδ' ὀμιλέομεν Δαναοῖσιν,
ἐσχατιῇ πολέμου δυσηχέος· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
Τρῶες ὀρίνονται ἐπιμίξ, ἵπποι τε καὶ αὐτοί. 525

Αἴας δὲ κλονέει Τελαμώνιος. εὐ δέ μιν ἔγνω·
εὐρὺ γὰρ ἀμφ' ὅμοισιν ἔχει σάκος. ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς
κεῖσ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρμ' ἰθύνομεν, ἐνθα μάλιστα
ἱππῆες πεζοί τε, κακὴν ἔριδα προβαλόντες,
ἀλλήλους ὀλέκουσι, βοῇ δ' ἄσβεστος ὄρωρεν.” 530

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας ἵμασεν καλλιτρίχας ἵππους
μάστιγι λυγρῇ· τοὶ δὲ πληγῆς αἶοντες
ρίμφ' ἔφερον θοὸν ἄρμα μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,
στείβοντες νέκυάς τε καὶ ἀσπίδας. αἵματι δ' ἄξων
νέρθεν ἅπας πεπάλακτο καὶ ἄντυγες αἱ περὶ δίφρον, 535

ᾧς ἄρ' ἀφ' ἱππέων ὀπλέων ραθάμυγγες ἔβαλλον
αἷ τ' ἀπ' ἐπισσώτρων. δ δὲ ἵετο δύναι ὄμιλον
ἀνδρόμεον ῥῆξαί τε μετάλμενος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμόν
ἦκε κακὸν Δαναοῖσι, μίνυνθα δὲ χάζετο δουρός.
αὐτὰρ δ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν 540
ἔγχεϊ τ' ἄορί τε μεγάλοισί τε χερμαδίοισιν,
Αἴαντος δ' ἀλέεινε μάχην Τελαμωνιάδαο.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Αἴανθ' ὑψίζυγος ἐν φόβον ὤρσεν.
στῇ δὲ ταφῶν, ὅπιθεν δὲ σάκος βάλεν ἐπταβόειον, 545
τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας ἐφ' ὀμίλου, θηρὶ ἐοικώς,



ILIAD XI.

481

He spake : Gerenæ's knight obeyed ; his car
He mounted straight, Machaon by his side :
Then lashed the steeds, who nothing loth flew on
To the hollow ships, for thither they were fain.

But now Cebriones had marked afar
The Trojans suffering rout, ev'n as he rode
By Hector's side, and to his chief he spake :
"Hector, we twain mix with the Danaans here
At the far verge of the harsh-roaring fray,
While all the other Trojans suffer rout,
Horses and men. Ajax of Telamon
Is he that works the scathe : I know him well,
For on his shoulders is his ample targe.
But thither guide we too our steeds and car,
Where chiefly now the lines of horse and foot
Eager in evil strife are dealing death
Each upon each, and quenchless swells the cry."

So spake he, and lashed on his fair-maned steeds
With whistling whip ; who heard the blow, and swift
Bore on the rapid chariot to the fray
Of Trojans and Achaians, treading down
Bodies and bucklers. From beneath with blood
Reeked all the axle, and the rails that fenced
The chariot-seat, whereon the gory drops
Were showered from hoof of horse and tire of wheel.
And he that rode therein was keen to pierce
And leaping in to break the throng of men.
Disastrous tumult in the Danaan lines
He cast, and seldom rested from his spear.
But while the other warrior ranks he ranged
With spear and sword and mighty boulder-stones
He shunned to fight with Ajax Telamon.

And now the Father Zeus enthroned on high
In Ajax roused a panic fear, He stood
Astounded, and behind him cast his targe
Of sevenfold hide, and trembled as he glared

ἐντροπαλιζόμενος, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων.
 ὥς δ' αἶθωνα λέοντα βοῶν ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο
 ἔσσεύαντο κύνες τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἀγροιώται,
 οἳ τέ μιν οὐκ εἰῶσι βοῶν ἐκ πῖαρ ἐλέσθαι 550
 πάννυχτοι ἐγρήσσοντες· ὁ δὲ κρειῶν ἐρατίζων
 ἰθύει, ἀλλ' οὐ τι πρήσσει· θαμέες γὰρ ἄκοντες
 ἀντίον αἰσσοῦσι θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν,
 καιόμεναί τε δεταί, τὰς τε τρεῖ ἐσσύμενός περ·
 ἦ ὦθεν δ' ἀπονόσφιν ἔβη τετιηότι θυμῷ· 555
 ὥς Αἴας τότε ἀπὸ Τρώων τετιημένος ἦτορ
 ἦε πόλλ' αἰέκων· περὶ γὰρ δὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' ἄρουραν ἰὼν ἐβιήσατο παῖδας
 νωθῆς, ᾧ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ῥόπαλ' ἀμφὶς ἐάγη,
 κείρει τ' εἰσελθὼν βαθὺ λήιον· οἳ δέ τε παῖδες 560
 τύπτουσιν ῥοπάλοισι, βίη δέ τε νηπίη αὐτῶν·
 σπουδῇ τ' ἐξήλασσαν ἐπεὶ τ' ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς·
 ὥς τότε ἔπειτ' Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον νιόν,
 Τρώες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοί τ' ἐπῖκουροι
 νύσσοντες ξυστοῖσι μέσον σάκος αἰὲν ἔποντο. 565
 Αἴας δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν μνησάσκετο θούριδος ἀλκῆς
 αὐτὶς ὑποστρεφθεὶς, καὶ ἐρητύσασκε φάλαγγας
 Τρώων ἱπποδάμων, ὅτε δὲ τρωπάσκετο φεύγειν.
 πάντας δὲ προέεργε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ὁδεύειν,
 αὐτὸς δὲ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν θῦνε μεσηγύς 570
 ἱστάμενος. τὰ δὲ δοῦρα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
 ἄλλα μὲν ἐν σάκεϊ μεγάλῳ πάγεν ὄρμενα πρόσσω,
 πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγύ, πάρος χρόα λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν,
 ἐν γαίῃ ἴσταντο, λιλαιόμενα χρόος ἄσαι.
 τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησ' Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός 575
 Εὐρύπυλος πυκνοῖσι βιαζόμενον βελέεσσι,

Upon the throng wild-beast-like, turning oft,
 As knee with knee slow shifting on he stepped.
 As tawny lion from a cattle-yard
 Is forced by troop of dogs and farmer folk,
 Who watch all night nor suffer him to take
 The fatness of the kine—he keen for flesh
 Charges, but naught effects, for thick the darts
 Fly at him from bold hands, with fagots' blaze,
 That daunts him tho' impetuous, till at morn
 Sullen and sad at heart he goes his way—
 So Ajax yielding from his Trojan foes
 With sadness gat him back, against his will,
 Full sorely fearing for the Achaian ships.
 And as an ass beside a corn-field led
 Forces his boyish guides (dull brute on whom
 Stout cudgels have been broken not a few),
 And entering crops the tall corn, while with sticks
 The urchins smite him, but their strength is naught;
 And hardly when he now has browzed his fill
 Drive they him out: so on great Ajax then,
 The son of Telamon, the Trojans bold
 And their allies from distant lands did press,
 And with their lances pricked his middle targe.
 But Ajax now would wheel him round again,
 Bethinking him of valorous might, and check
 The squares of Troy's steed-tamers; now again
 Would turn to fly. Yet alway to all foes
 The way to the swift ships he barred, as still
 Between the Trojan and Achaian lines
 Standing he raged. And spears from daring hands
 Some in his mighty targe were fixed and checked
 From onward flight, many in mid space fell
 Nor reached his fair white skin, but in the ground
 Stood fast and spent in vain their greed of blood.
 Him when Evaemon's glorious son perceived,
 Eurypylus, by frequent shafts hard pressed,

στῇ ῥα παρ' αὐτὸν ἰὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαιετῇ,
 καὶ βάλε Φαυσιάδην Ἀπισάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 ἦπαρ ὑπὸ πρᾶπίδων, εἴθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.
 Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐπόρουσε, καὶ αἶνυτο τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων. 580
 τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής
 τεύχε' ἀπαινύμενον Ἀπισάονος, αὐτίκα τόξον
 ἔλκετ' ἐπ' Εὐρυπύλῳ, καὶ μιν βάλε μηρὸν οἷστῳ
 δεξιόν· ἐκλάσθη δὲ δόναξ, ἐβάρυνε δὲ μηρόν.
 ἂψ δ' ἐτέρων ἐς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλκείων, 585
 ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Δαναοῖσι γεγωνούς·
 "ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
 στῆτ' ἐλελιχθέντες καὶ ἀμύνετε νηλαῖς ἡμαρ
 Αἴανθ', ὅς βελέεσσι βιάζεται· οὐδέ εἰ φημί
 φαύξεσθ' ἐκ πολέμου δυσσηχέος. ἀλλὰ μάλ' αὐτην 590
 ἴστασθ' ἀμφ' Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον υἱόν."
 ὥς ἔφατ' Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος· οἱ δὲ παρ' αὐτόν
 πλησίοι ἔστησαν, σάκε' ὥμοισιν κλίναντες,
 δαύρατ' ἀνασχόμενοι. τῶν δ' ἀντίος ἦλυθεν Αἴας,
 στῇ δὲ μεταστρεφθεὶς, ἐπεὶ ἔκετο ἔθνος ἐταίρων. 595
 ὥς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
 Νέστορα δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο φέρον Νηλῆϊαι Ἴπποι
 ἰδρῖουσ', ἦγον δὲ Μαχάονα ποιμένα λαῶν.
 τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
 ἐστήκει γὰρ ἐπὶ πρυμνῇ μεγακήτεϊ νηί, 600
 εἰσορόων πόντον αἰπὺν ἰῶκά τε δακρυόεσσαν.
 αἶψα δ' ἐταῖρον ὄν Πατροκλῆα προσέειπεν,
 φθεγξάμενος παρὰ νηός· θὲ δὲ κλισίῃθεν ἀκούσας
 ἔκρελλε ἴσσι Ἄρηι, κακοῦ δ' ἄρα οἱ πέλεν ἀρχή·

He sought his side, and stood, and cast a spear
Bright-glittering, which the son of Phaulias
King Apisaon, shepherd of his folk,
Beneath the midriff in the liver struck,
And loosed his limbs. Then rushed the victor on
The armour from his shoulders to despoil.
But him when godlike Alexander spied
Stripping the arms from Apisaon slain,
Quick at Eurypylus his bow he drew,
And in his right thigh fixed an arrow point,
Whose reed shaft broke, and to the thigh yet hung
A painful burden. To his comrade band
He gat him back and shunned the fate of death,
Then to the Danaans shouted loud and shrill:
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Wheel round and stand, and ward the ruthless day
From Ajax, who by shafts is sore beset:
Nor deem I now that from harsh-roaring war
He will escape. Yet face the foe, and stand
Around great Ajax son of Telamon."

Wounded Eurypylus thus spake: and they
Stood by him close, shield upon shoulder laid,
And spears aloft. Drew Ajax near, then turned,
And stood, when to his comrade band he came.

Thus fought they there with rage of burning fire.
Nestor the while forth from the battle bare
The mares of Neleus, bathed in sweat: with whom
Machaon rode, the shepherd of his folk.
Him saw and knew Achilles fleet of foot,
The godlike chief, for he upon the stern
Of his huge ship had taken stand, to gaze
On the dread labour and the tearful rout.
At once his friend Patroclus he addressed,
Loud calling from the ship: who in the tent
Heard and came forth, the very god of war
In semblance, and herewith began his bane.

τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱός· 605
 “τίπτε με κυκλήσκεις, Ἀχιλεῦ; τί δέ σε χρεὼ ἐμεῖο;”
 τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
 “δῖε Μενoitιάδη, τῷ ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
 νῦν ὅτω περὶ γούνατ' ἐμὰ στήσεσθαι Ἀχαιοὺς
 λισσομένους· χρεὼ γὰρ ἰκάνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτός. 610
 ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν, Πάτροκλε δίφιλε, Νέστορ' ἔρειο
 ὅν τινα τοῦτον ἄγει βεβλημένον ἐκ πολέμοιο.
 ἦ τοι μὲν τὰ γ' ὅπισθε Μαχάονι πάντα ἔοικεν
 τῷ Ἀσκληπιάδῃ, ἀτὰρ οὐκ ἴδον ὄμματα φωτός·
 ἵπποι γάρ με παρήϊξαν πρόσσω μεμανῦναι.” 615

ὣς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεκείθεθ' ἐταίρῳ,
 βῆ δὲ θέειν παρὰ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Νηληιάδew ἀφίκοντο,
 αὐτοὶ μὲν ῥ' ἀπέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβότειραν,
 ἵππους δ' Εὐρυμέδων θεράπων λύε τοῖο γέροντος 620
 ἐξ ὀχέων. τοὶ δ' ἰδρῷ ἀπεψύχοντο χιτώνων,
 στάντε ποτὶ πνοιήν παρὰ θῖν' ἁλός· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
 εἰς κλισίην ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ κλισμοῖσι καθίζον.
 τοῖσι δὲ τεύχε κυκλιῷ εὐπλόκαμος Ἑκαμήδη,
 τὴν ἄρετ' ἐκ Τενέδοιο γέρων ὅτε πέρσεν Ἀχιλλεύς, 625
 θυγατέρ' Ἀρσινόου μεγαλήτορος, ἣν οἱ Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἔξελον οὔνεκα βουλῇ ἀριστεύεσκεν ἀπάντων.
 ἦ σφωιν πρῶτον μὲν ἐπιπροΐηλε τράπεζαν
 καλὴν κυανόπεζαν εὐξοον, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῆς
 χάλκειον κάναον, ἐπὶ δὲ κρόμυον ποτῷ ὄψον 630
 ἠδὲ μέλι χλωρόν, παρὰ δ' ἀλφίτου ἱεροῦ ἀκτὴν,
 παρ δὲ δέπας περικαλλές, ὃ οἴκοθεν ἦγ' ὁ γεραιός

And thus spake first Menoetius' valiant son :
"Why call'st thou me, Achilleus? what thy need?"
To whom replied Achilleus fleet of foot :
"O godlike offspring of Menoetius,
Most pleasant to my soul, now, as I deem,
Achaïans round my knees will stand with prayer,
For need no longer to be borne is theirs.
But hie thee now, Patroclus loved of Zeus,
Ask Nestor who is this whom from the field
Wounded he bears. Behind indeed the man
Like to Machaon shows, Asclepius' son,
In all; but eyes and face I did not see,
So swift in onward haste the steeds swept by."

He spake : obedient to his comrade dear
Patroclus started him to run, and passed
The tents and vessels of Achaia's host.

Now when they reached the tent of Neleus' son,
Themselves stept down upon the fruitful earth,
The steeds Eurymedon the greybeard's squire
Loosed from the car. And from their tunics first
The twain cooled off the sweat, out in the breeze
Standing upon the sandy shore, then came
Within the tent and on the couches sate.
For whom a posset Hecamedé mixed—
That bright-haired handmaid, whom the greybeard won
From Tenedos, when Achilleus sacked the isle :
Daughter of mighty-souled Arsinoüs
Was she, and her Achaia's sons chose out
His worthy meed for counsels passing wise—
She first toward them moved a table fair
Footed with dark-blue metal, polished clear,
Whereon a brazen tray she set, and there
An onion to lend flavour to the draught,
With honey pale and flour of sacred meal.
And by them was a bowl exceeding fair
Brought by the greybeard from his home, set o'er

χρυσείοις ἥλοισι πεπαρμένον· οὐατα δ' αὐτοῦ
 τέσσαρ' ἔσαν, δοιαί δὲ πελειάδες ἀμφὶ ἑκαστον
 χρύσειαι νεμέθοντο, δύο δ' ὑπὸ πυθμένες ἦσαν. 635
 ἄλλοι μὲν μογέων ἀποκινήσασκε τραπέζης
 πλεῖον ἰόν, Νέστωρ δ' ὁ γέρον ἀμογητὶ δειραν.
 ἐν τῇ ῥά σφι κύκησε γυνὴ εἰκυῖα θεῇσιν
 οἶνον Πραμνεΐφ, ἐπὶ δ' αἰγίων κνή τυρόν
 κνήστι χαλκείῃ, ἐπὶ δ' Ἀλφίτα λευκὰ πάλυνεν, 640
 πωέμεναι δ' ἐκέλευσεν, ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὤπλισσε κυκειῶ.
 τὰ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πίνοντ' ἀφέτην πολυκαγκέα δίψαν,
 μύθοισιν τέρποντο πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἐνέποντες,
 Πάτροκλος δὲ θύρῃσιν ἐφίστατο, ἰσόθεος φῶς.
 τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ὁ γεραιὸς ἀπὸ θρόνου ὤρτο φαινοῦ, 645
 ἔς δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἐλὼν, κατὰ δ' ἐδριάσθαι ἄνωγεν.
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀνάλυτο, εἰπέ τε μῦθον.
 "οὐχ ἔδος ἐστί, γεραιὲ διοτρεφές, οὐδέ με πείσεις.
 αἰδοῖος νεμεσητὸς δ' με προέηκε πυθέσθαι
 ὅν τινα τοῦτον ἄγεις βεβλημένον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς 650
 γηγνώσκω ὅρῳ δὲ Μαχάονα ποιμένα λαῶν.
 νῦν δὲ ἔπος ἐρέων πάλιν ἄγγελος εἰμ' Ἀχιλῆϊ.
 εὖ δὲ σὺ οἶσθα, γεραιὲ διοτρεφές, οἷος ἐκείνος,
 δεινὸς ἀνὴρ· τάχα κεν καὶ ἀναίτιον αἰτιόφτο."
 τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ 655
 "τίπτε τ' ἄρ' ὦδ' Ἀχιλεὺς ὀλοφύρεται υἱᾶς Ἀχαιῶν,
 ὅσοι δὴ βέλεσιν βεβλήσται; οὐδέ τι οἶδεν
 πάνθεος ὅσων ὄρωρε κατὰ στρατόν· οἱ γὰρ ἄριστοι
 ἐν νηυσὶν κέσται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.
 βέβληται μὲν ὁ Τυδείδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης, 660
 οὕσσται δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἠδ' Ἀγαμέμνων·

With golden studa. Four ears it had: two doves
On either side each ear bent down to feed:
Two bases underneath upheld its weight.
When filled, to move it from the board was toil
To other hand, but, as he lift it up,
To Nestor, tho' a greybeard, toil was none.
In this the godlike dame their posset mixed
Of Pramnian wine, and goat cheese grated in
With brazen grating-knife, white barley meal
Sprinkling upon the surface: this to drink
She bade them, when the posset was prepared.
But when by drink their burning thirst was stayed,
With interchange of words their hearts they cheered.
And now Patroclus in the tent-door stood,
That godlike wight; whom when the greybeard saw,
From his bright chair he rose, and took his hand,
And led him in, and bade him sit. The seat
Refusing thus in turn Patroclus spake:
"No seat, O Zeus-born greybeard, is for me:
Thou'lt not persuade me. Awe and fear he claims
Who sent me forth to ask thee whom thou bring'st
Thus wounded back. But of myself I know
And see Machaon, shepherd of his folk:
So now will hie me back again with word
Of message to Achilles. Well thou know'st
O Zeus-born greybeard, what he is, a man
Of dread, who might perchance the blameless blame."

To-whom made answer thus Gerené's knight:
"And wherefore doth Achilles make this moan
Over Achaia's sons, such as by shafts
Have gotten wounds? He knoweth not how great
The mourning through our host aroused. Our best
Lie at the ships, sore hurt by throw or thrust.
By shaft stout Diomedes Tydeus' son,
By thrust spear-famed Odysseus hath his hurt,
And Agamemnon: then Eurypylus

βέβληται δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος κατὰ μηρὸν ὀϊστῶ.
 τοῦτον δ' ἄλλον ἐγὼ νέον ἤγαγον ἐκ πολέμοιο
 ἰφ' ἀπὸ νευρῆς βεβλημένον. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς
 ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν Δαναῶν οὐ κήδεται οὐδ' ἐλεαίρει 665
 ἢ μένει εἰς ὃ κε δὴ νῆες θοαὶ ἄγχι θαλάσσης,
 Ἀργείων ἀέκητι, πυρὸς δηίοιο θέρωνται,
 αὐτοὶ τε κτεινόμεθ' ἐπισχερώ; οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴ ἴς
 ἔσθ' οἷη πάρος ἔσκεν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσιν.
 εἴθ' ὥς ἡβώοιμι, βίη δέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη, 670
 ὥς ὀπότε Ἥλίοισι καὶ ἡμῖν νεῖκος ἐτύχθη
 ἀμφὶ βοηλασίῃ, ὅτ' ἐγὼ κτάνον Ἴτυμονῆα
 ἐσθλὸν Ὑπειροχίδην, ὃς ἐν Ἥλιδι ναιετάασκεν,
 ῥύσι' ἐλαυνόμενος. ὃ δ' ἀμύνων ῥῆσι βόεσσιν
 ἔβλητ' ἐν πρῶτοισιν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκοντι, 675
 καὶ δ' ἔπεσεν, λαοὶ δὲ περίτρεσαν ἀγροιώται.
 ληῖδα δ' ἐκ πεδίου συνελάσσαμεν ἡλιθα πολλήν,
 πεντήκοντα βοῶν ἀγέλας, τόσα πῶεα οἰῶν,
 τόσσα συῶν συβόσια, τόσ' αἰπόλια πλατέ' αἰγῶν,
 ἵππους δὲ ξανθὰς ἑκατὸν καὶ πεντήκοντα, 680
 πᾶσας θηλείας, πολλῇσι δὲ πῶλοι ὑπῆσαν.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἤλασάμεσθα Πύλον Νηλήιον εἴσω
 ἐννύχιοι προτὶ ἄστνυ, γεγήθει δὲ φρένα Νηλεὺς
 οὔνεκά μοι τύχε πολλὰ νέφ' πόλεμόνδε κιόντι·
 κήρυκες δ' ἐλέγαινον ἅμ' ἡοῖ φαινομένηφιν 685
 τοὺς ἱμεν οἷσιν χρεῖος ὀφείλετ' ἐν Ἥλιδι διῆ.
 οἳ δὲ συναγρόμενοι Πυλίων ἡγήτορες ἄνδρες
 δαίτρευσαν, πολέσιν γὰρ Ἐπειοὶ χρεῖος ὀφείλον,
 ὥς ἡμεῖς παῦροι κεκακωμένοι ἐν Πύλῳ ἤμεν.
 ἐλθὼν γάρ ῥ' ἐκάκωσε βίη Ἡρακλεΐη 690
 τῶν προτέρων ἐτέων, κατὰ δ' ἔκταθεν ὅσσοι ἄριστοι.

By arrow in the thigh. And late I bring
 This other from the field, stricken by shaft
 From bowstring. But Achilleus, warrior brave,
 For Danaans' loss no care nor pity feels.
 What! waits he till our swift ships by the sea,
 Despite the Argives, glow with foeman's fire,
 And one upon another we be slain.
 For truly now no more that force is mine
 That was of old in supple-jointed limbs.
 Ah! could I but be young, with strength as firm,
 As when with men of Elis once we strove
 About a cattle-raid: what time I slew
 Hypeirochus' brave son Itymoneus,
 Who dwelt in Elis. As reprisals I
 Drove off his herds, he in his kine's defence
 Struck 'mid the first by javelin from my hand
 Fell prone, and all his farmer people fled.
 Then from the plain we drove together spoil
 In store unstinted: fifty herds of kine,
 As many flocks of sheep, of swine no less,
 As many of goats wide-spreading, steeds withal
 One hundred and two-score and ten, in hue
 Chestnut, all mares, and many suckling foals.
 All these we drove to Pylos, Neleus' home,
 Entering by night the town: and glad at heart
 Was Neleus at my happy chance who went
 So young to war and yet so much had won.
 With beam of dawn shrill proclamation made
 The heralds, that in Elis' land divine
 Those should come forward who a debt could claim:
 And so the Pylian chieftains gathered them
 And made division, for the Epeans owed
 Debts to full many, since in Pylos we
 Were few in number and in evil plight.
 For years before came Hercules the strong
 And wrought us evil, and our best were slain:

δώδεκα γὰρ Νηληϊοὶ ἀμύμονος υἱέες ἦμεν
 τῶν οἶος λιπόμην, οἱ δ' ἄλλοι πάντες ὄλοντο.
 ταῦθ' ὑπερηφάνοντες Ἐπειοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες,
 ἡμίας ὑβρίζοντες, ἀτάσθαλα μηχανόωντο. 695
 ἐκ δ' ὁ γέρων ἀγέλην τε βοῶν καὶ πᾶν μέγ' οἴῳ
 εἴλετο, κρινάμενος τριηκόσι' ἠδὲ νομῆας.
 καὶ γὰρ τῷ χρεῖος μέγ' ὀφείλετ' ἐν Ἥλιδι δῖη,
 τέσσαρες ἀθλοφόροι ἵπποι αὐτοῖσι δχεσφιν,
 ἐλθόντες μετ' ἄεθλα. περὶ τρίποδος γὰρ ἔμελλον 700
 θεύσεσθαι· τοὺς δ' αὖθι' ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Λυγείας
 κάσχεθε, τὸν δ' ἐλατῆρ' ἀφίη ἀκαχήμενον ἵππων.
 τῶν δ' γέρων ἐπέων κεχολωμένος ἠδὲ καὶ ἔργων
 ἐξέλετ' ἄσπετα πολλά· τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἐς δῆμον ἔδωκεν
 δαστρεύειν, μὴ τίς οἱ ἀγεμβόμενος κλοῖι ἴσῃ. 705
 ἡμεῖς μὲν τὰ ἕκαστα διείπομεν, ἀμφὶ τε ἄστυ
 ἔρδομεν ἱρὰ θεοῖς· οἱ δὲ τρίτῳ ἡματι πάντες
 ἦλθον ὁμῶς αὐτοὶ τε πολεῖς καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι,
 πασσυδίῃ μετὰ δέ σφι Μολλίονε θωρήσσοντο
 παῖδ' ἔτ' ἐόντ', οὐ πω μάλα εἰδότε θούριδος ἀλαῆς. 710
 ἔστι δέ τις Θρυόεσσα πόλις, αἰπεῖα κολώνη,
 τηλοῦ ἐπ' Ἀλφειῷ, νεάτῃ Πύλου ἡμαθόεντος·
 τὴν ἀμφεστρατόωντο διαρραῖσαι μεμαῶτες·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε πᾶν πεδῖον μετεκίαθον, ἄμμι δ' Ἀθήνη
 ἀγγελος ἦλθε θεοῦς· ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου θωρήσσεσθαι 715
 ἔστυχος, οὐδ' αἰέοντα Πύλον κατά λαὸν ἄγειρεν
 ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐσσυμένους πολεμιζέμεν. οὐδέ με Νηλεὺς
 εἶα θωρήσσεσθαι, ἀπέκρυψεν δέ μοι ἵππους·
 οὐ γὰρ πῶ τί μ' ἔφη ἴδμεν πολεμήμα ἔργα.
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἵππεῦσι μετέπρεπον ἡμετέροισιν. 720

Twelve sons of blameless Neleus we had been,
But only I was left, the rest were slain.
Wherefore the mailed Epeans in contempt
Outraging us devised presumptuous deeds.
And now the greybeard for himself chose out
A herd of kine and ample flock of sheep,
Three hundred set apart, with men to tend.
For a great debt in Elis' land divine
Was owed to him—four steeds, prize-bearers they,
With cars complete, which for a tripod urn
To run were destined, but the king of men
Augeias kept them in his land, and sent
Their driver back sad for his horses lost.
But at such words and deeds the greybeard wroth
Took payment full and large : the rest he gave
For fair division to the common crowd,
That none might go defrauded of his right.
Such settlement we made, and through the town
To gods paid sacrifice ; but they, our foes,
On the third day came all, a numerous host,
Of men and firm-hoofed steeds, in hottest haste.
And with them armed were two from Molus sprung,
Mere boys, unskilled as yet in furious war.
There is a city, Thryoessa named,
On a steep hill, beside Alpheus' stream,
Afar on sandy Pylos' utmost verge.
This camped they round right eager to destroy.
But when the wide plain they had crossed, then came
Athené from Olympus speeding fast,
A nightly messenger to bid us arm,
Gathering in Pylos no unwilling host,
But men full keen for war. Yet me to arm
Neleus forbade, and hid my steeds away :
Not yet, he said, knew I the works of war.
Yet even thus I shone conspicuous forth
Among our horsemen, tho' myself afoot,

καὶ πεζὸς περ ἰών, ἐπεὶ ὥς ἄγε νεῖκος Ἀθήνη.
 ἔστι δέ τις ποταμὸς Μινυήιος εἰς ἅλα βάλλον
 ἐγγύθεν Ἀρήνης, ὅθι μέλαινα ἦώ διαν
 ἱππῆες Πυλίων, τὰ δ' ἐπέρρει ἔθνεα πεζῶν.
 ἔνθεν πασσυδίῃ σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
 ἔνδριοι ἰκόμεσθ' ἱερὸν ῥόον Ἀλφειοῖο.
 ἔνθα Διὶ ῥέξαντες ὑπερμενεῖ ἱερὰ καλὰ,
 ταῦρον δ' Ἀλφειῷ, ταῦρον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι,
 αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκῶπιδι βοῦν ἀγελαίην,
 δόρκον ἔπειθ' ἐλόμεσθα κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσιν. 730
 καὶ κατεκοιμήθημεν ἐν ἔντεσι οἷσι ἕκαστος
 ἄμφι ῥοὰς ποτάμοιο. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμοι Ἑπαιοὶ
 ἄμφέσταν δὴ ἄστν διαπραθέειν μεμαῶτες.
 ἀλλὰ σφιν προπάροιθε φάνη μέγα ἔργον Ἀρης·
 εὔτε γὰρ ἥελιος φαέθων ὑπερίσχεθε γαίης,
 συμφερόμεσθα μάχῃ, Διὶ τ' εὐχόμενοι καὶ Ἀθήνῃ.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Πυλίων καὶ Ἑπειῶν ἔπλετο νεῖκος,
 πρῶτος ἐγὼν ἔλον ἄνδρα, κόμισσα δὲ μώνυχας ἵππους,
 Μούλιον αἰχμητήν· γαμβρὸς δ' ἦν Αἰγείας,
 πρεσβυτάτην δὲ θύγατρ' εἶχε ξανθὴν Ἀγαμήδην, 740
 ἣ τόσα φάρμακα ἦδη ὅσα τρέφει εὐρεῖα χθών.
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ προσιόντα βάλλον χαλκῆρῃ δουρὶ
 ἤριπε δ' ἐν κονίῃσιν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐς δίφρον ὀρούσας
 στήν ῥα μετὰ προμάχοισιν. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμοι Ἑπαιοὶ
 ἔτρεσαν ἀλλυδίς ἄλλος, ἐπεὶ ἶδον ἄνδρα πεσόντα 745
 ἡγεμόν' ἱππῆων, ὅς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπόρουσα κελαυνῇ λαίλαπι ἴσος,
 πεντήκοντα δ' ἔλον δίφρους, δύο δ' ἄμφι ἕκαστον
 φῶτες ἐδάξ ἔλον οὐδας, ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.
 καὶ νῦν καὶ Ἀκτορίωνε Μολλίονε παῖδ' ἀλίπαξε, 750

For so Athené ruled the chance of strife.
 A river Minyeius meets the sea
 Near to Arené; there we Pylian horse
 Waited the dawn divine, and to us flowed
 The tribes of footmen. Thence in hottest haste
 Harnessed in arms we journeyed on, and came
 By noontide to Alpheus' holy flood.
 There goodly victims to almighty Zeus
 We slew; a bull Alpheus claimed, a bull
 Poseidon; and Athené, stern-eyed power,
 A heifer of the herd: then supped we, ranged
 Throughout our army by our companies,
 And laid us down to rest, each with his arms,
 Beside the river stream. But now our foes,
 High-souled Epeans, stood around the town
 Eager to sack it: but, ere that might be,
 A mighty work of warfare they beheld.
 For as the sun rose bright above the earth
 We closed in battle, uttering prayers to Zeus
 And to Athené. Then, as rose the strife
 Twixt Pylians and Epeans, I the first
 A warrior slew, and won his firm-hoofed steeds—
 The spearman Mulius. Of Augeias he
 Was son-in-law, his eldest daughter's lord,
 Fair Agamedé of the yellow hair,
 Who knew all herbs that earth's broad bosom bears.
 Him, as he onwards came, with brass-tipped spear
 I smote, that in the dust he fell, but I
 Leapt on his car, and with the vanguard stood.
 Then the high-souled Epeans broke and fled,
 Seeing him fall, the leader of their horse,
 Their bravest in the fight: but I rushed in
 Like a black storm-wind; chariots there I took
 Two-score and ten, and warriors twain by each
 Vanquished beneath my spear bit hard the ground.
 And now those children twain from Molus sprung,

εἰ μὴ σφωε πατήρ εὐρυκρείων ἐνοσίχθων
 ἐκ πολέμου ἐσάωσε, καλύψας ἡέρι πολλῇ.
 ἔνθα Ζεὺς Πυλίοισι μέγα κράτος ἐγγυάλιξεν·
 τόφρα γὰρ οὖν ἐπόμεσθα διὰ σπιδέος πεδλίοιο,
 κτείνοντές τ' αὐτοὺς ἀνὰ τ' ἔντεα καλὰ λέγοντες, 755
 ὄφρ' ἐπὶ Βουπρασίου πολυπύρου βήσαμεν ἵππους
 πέτρης τ' Ὀλενίης, καὶ Ἀλυσίου ἔνθα κολώνη
 κέκληται· ὅθεν αὖτις ἀπέτραπε λαὸν Ἀθήνη.
 ἔνθ' ἄνδρα κτείνας πύματον λίπον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἄψ' ἀπὸ Βουπρασίοιο Πύλονδ' ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους, 760
 πάντες δ' εὐχετόωντο θεῶν Διὶ Νέστορί τ' ἀνδρῶν.
 ὥς ἔον, εἴ ποτ' ἔον γε, μετ' ἀνδράσιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς,
 οἷος τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀπονήσεται· ἢ τέ μιν οἶω
 πολλὰ μετακλαύσεσθαι, ἐπεὶ κ' ἀπὸ λαὸς ὀληται.
 ὦ πέπον, ἢ μὴν σοὶ γε Μενότιος ὦδ' ἐπέτελλεν 765
 ἡματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν·
 νῶϊ δέ τ' ἔνδον ἑόντες, ἐγὼ καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
 πάντα μάλ' ἐν μεγάροις ἠκούομεν ὥς ἐπέτελλεν.
 Πηλῆος δ' ἰκόμεσθα δόμους εὐ ναιετάοντας
 λαὸν ἀγείροντες κατ' Ἀχαιῖδα καλλυγύναικα. 770
 ἔνθα δ' ἔπειθ' ἦρῳα Μενότιον εὐρομεν ἔνδον
 ἠδὲ σέ, παρ δ' Ἀχιλῆα· γέρων δ' ἱππηλάτα Πηλεὺς
 πλῖνα μῆρ' ἔκαιε βοδὲς Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ
 αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτῳ, ἔχε δὲ χρύσειον ἄλυσον,
 σπένδων αἶθροπα οἶνον ἐπ' αἶθομένοισι ἱεροῖσιν. 775
 σφῶϊ μὲν ἀμφὶ βοδὲς ἔπετον κρέα, νῶϊ δ' ἔπειτα
 στῆμα ἐνὶ προθύροισι· ταφῶν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
 ἐς δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἐλῶν, κατὰ δ' ἐδριάσθαι ἄνωγεν,

Deemed sons of Actor, I had rest of life,
 Had not their truer sire, th' Earth-shaking king,
 Veiled in thick mist and saved them from the war,
 There Zeus vouchsafed a mighty victory
 To us of Pylos: for we followed on
 Through the broad plain, slaying and gathering spoil
 Of goodly arms, till on Buprasium's lands
 Wheat-laden trode our steeds, and reached the rock
 Olenian, and the hill that bears a name
 Drawn from Aleisius. There Athené turned
 Our people back: there left I him whom last
 I slew: and from Buprasium all drove back
 To Pylos their swift steeds, and prayerful owned
 Zeus was the god who saved, Nestor the man.
 Such was I once, if e'er indeed I was,
 'Mid fellow warriors. But himself alone
 Achilleus' might will profit: yet, I ween,
 The host once lost with many tears he'll rue.
 Dear friend, to thee Menoetius surely gave
 This charge, on that day when he sent thee forth
 From Phthian land to Agamemnon's aid—
 For we were in the hall and heard each word,
 Godlike Odysseus and myself, how then
 He gave thee charge. To Peleus' well-built house
 We twain had come, as gathering troops we ranged
 Achaia's fruitful land: and there within
 Menoetius we found, thy hero sire,
 With thee and with Achilleus, while the knight
 Old Peleus in the courtyard burned to Zeus
 The lightning-lord the fat thighs of an ox,
 Holding a golden beaker, whence he poured
 The bright wine on the flaming sacrifice.
 To the ox-flesh ye both gave heed, when we
 Stood in the entrance. Up Achilleus leapt
 Amazed, and took our hands, and led us in,
 And bade be seated, hospitable cheer

G. H.

ξείνιά τ' εὖ παρέθηκεν, ἃ τε ξείνοισι θέμις ἐστίν.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπημεν ἐδῆτύος ἠδὲ ποτῆτος, 780
 ἦρχον ἐγὼ μύθοιο, κελεύων ὕμῃ ἄμ' εἰσεσθαι·
 σφῶ δὲ μάλ' ἠθέλετον, τῷ δ' ἄμφω πόλλ' ἐπέτελλον.
 Πηλεὺς μὲν ᾧ παιδὶ γέρων ἐπέτελλ' Ἀχιλῆι
 αἶν' ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων·
 σοὶ δ' αὖθ' ᾧδ' ἐπέτελλε Μενοίτιος Ἀκτορος υἱός· 785
 'τέκνον ἐμόν, γενεῇ μὲν ὑπέρτερός ἐστιν Ἀχιλλεύς,
 πρεσβύτερος δὲ σύ ἐσσι· βίῃ δ' ὅ γε πολλὸν ἀμείνων.
 ἀλλ' εὖ οἱ φάσθαι πυκινὸν ἔπος ἠδ' ὑποθέσθαι
 καὶ οἱ σημαίνειν· ὃ δὲ πείσεται εἰς ἀγαθὸν περ·
 ὥς ἐπέτελλ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λήθεται. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν 790
 τὰ εἵποις Ἀχιλῆι δαΐφρονι, αἳ κε πίθηται.
 τίς οἶδ' εἴ κέν οἱ σὺν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὀρίναις
 παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραΐφασίς ἐστιν ἐταίρου.
 εἰ δέ τινα φρεσὶ ᾗσι θεοπροπίην ἀλεείνει
 καὶ τινά οἱ παρ' Ἰηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ, 795
 ἀλλὰ σέ περ προέτω, ἅμα δ' ἄλλος λαὸς ἐπίσθω
 Μυρμιδόνων, εἴ κέν τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένηται
 καὶ τοι τεύχεα καλὰ δότῳ πόλεμόνδε φέρεσθαι,
 αἳ κέ σε τῷ ἴσκοντες ἀπόσχονται πολέμοιο
 Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' ἀρήιοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν 800
 τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο.
 ῥεῖα δέ κ' ἀκμήτες κεκμηότας ἄνδρας αὐτῇ
 ᾤσαισθε προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἀπο καὶ κλισιάων."
 ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι νύνηεν,
 βῆ δὲ θέων παρὰ νῆας ἐπ' Αἰακίδα· Ἀχιλῆα· 805

Setting before us such as guests may claim.
 But when of meat and drink we had our fill,
 I first began the word, bidding you both
 To follow with us. Ye right willing were;
 And both your sires then gave you fullest charge.
 His son Achilleus greybeard Peleus charged
 Ever to be the best, excelling all:
 But thee thus charged Menoetius, Actor's son:
 'My child, of nobler birth Achilleus is,
 But thou art elder. He again in strength
 Excels thee far; but be it thine to speak
 Shrewd word suggesting, and to warn him well;
 And for his good he surely will obey.'
 Such charge the greybeard gave, but thou forgetst.
 Yet even now this counsel thou may'st tell
 The warlike prince, if haply he will hear.
 Who knows but, with a god to help, thou may'st
 Stir and persuade his soul? for alway good
 Persuasion is that cometh from a friend.
 But if some god-sent warning in his mind
 He shuns to slight, and if some words from Zeus
 His queenly mother spake, yet let him send
 Thee forth, with all the Myrmidonian host
 Following behind, if haply thou may'st dawn
 To Danaan ranks a light. His goodly arms
 Let him but give thee to the field to bear;
 The Trojans may in thee his image see
 And slack their battle; and some breathing-space
 Achaia's warlike sons now sore distress
 May find. Short breathing-space doth war allow.
 But ye thus fresh and whole the weary-worn
 Charging with battle-cry may lightly drive
 Back from our ships and tents to yonder town."

So spake he; but the other's soul was stirred
 Within his breast. Along the ships he ran
 To seek Achilleus son of Æacus.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κατὰ νῆας Ὀδυσσῆος θείοιο
 ἔξε θεῶν Πάτροκλος, ἵνα σφ' ἀγορή τε θέμις τε
 ἦν, τῇ δὴ καὶ σφι θεῶν ἐτετεύχато βωμοί,
 ἔνθα οἱ Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος ἀντεβόλησεν,
 διογενῆς Εὐαιμονίδης, κατὰ μηρὸν οἷστῳ, 810
 σκάζων ἐκ πολέμου· κατὰ δὲ νότιος ῥέεν ἰδρῶς
 ὤμων καὶ κεφαλῆς, ἀπὸ δ' ἔλκεος ἀργαλέοιο
 αἷμα μέλαν κελάρυζε, νόος γε μὲν ἔμπεδος ἦεν.
 τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ᾠκτεῖρε Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱός,
 καὶ ῥ' ὀλοφυρόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα· 815
 “ἂ δειλοὶ Δαναῶν ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
 ὥς ἄρ' ἐμέλλετε, τῇλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἵης,
 ἄσειν ἐν Τροίῃ ταχέας κύνας ἀργέτι δημῷ.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπέ, διοτρεφὲς Εὐρύπυλ' ἦρως,
 ἦ ῥ' ἔτι που σχήσουσι πελώριον Ἑκτορ' Ἀχαιοί, 820
 ἦ ἤδη φθίσονται ὑπ' αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμέντες.”

τὸν δ' αὖτ' Εὐρύπυλος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ἦυδα·
 “οὐκέτι, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεες, ἄλκαρ Ἀχαιῶν
 ἔσσεται, ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέονται·
 οἳ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσοι πάρος ἦσαν ἄριστοι, 825
 ἐν νηυσὶν κέαται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε
 χερσὶν ὑπο Τρώων, τῶν δὲ σθένος ὄρνυται αἰεὶ.
 ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν σὺ σάωσον ἄγων ἐπὶ νῆα μέλαιναν,
 μηροῦ δ' ἔκταμ' οἷστόν, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἷμα κελαινόν
 νύξ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ, ἐπὶ δ' ἥπια φάρμακα πάσσε 830
 ἐσθλά, τά σε προτί φασιν Ἀχιλλῆος δεδιδάχθαι,
 ὃν Χείρων ἐδίδαξε, δικαιοτάτος Κενταύρων.
 ἱητροὶ μὲν γὰρ Ποδαλείριος ἠδὲ Μαχάων,
 τὸν μὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ὀλομαι ἔλκος ἔχοντα,
 χρηλίζοντα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμύμονος ἱητῆρος, 835

But in his running when Patroclus reached
The vessels of Odysseus godlike chief—
Where was the place of gathering and of law,
And where were built the altars of the gods—
Wounded Eurypylus there crossed his way,
Zeus-born Evacmon's son, whose thigh the shaft
Had pierced. And he was limping from the war,
With sweat from head and shoulders streaming down,
While from the painful wound the black blood came
Forth trickling, but his senses still were firm.
Whom as he saw, Menoetius' valiant son
Much pitied, and in lamentation loud
Out-breaking thus with wingèd words addressed :
"Ah ! wretched wights, ye captains and ye kings
Of Danaans ! was it then your foredoomed fate
Far far away from friends and fatherland
To glut with rich white fat swift dogs of Troy ?
But prithee tell me this, Eurypylus
Thou Zeus-born hero : will Achaia's sons
Yet stay perchance the giant Hector's force,
Or perish all subdued beneath his spear ?"

And wise Eurypylus thus made reply :
"Zeus-born Patroclus, of defence no more
Achaia's sons will show, but headlong fall
On their black ships : for all who once were best
Lie at the ships sore hurt by throw or thrust
From Trojan hands, whose strength is rising still.
But save thou me, and to my black ship lead,
And from my thigh cut out the arrow, and wash
Therefrom with water warm the purple blood,
And spread thereon those soothing wholesome salves
By thee—so say they—from Achilleus learnt,
Whom Chiron, justest of the centaurs, taught.
For Podalirius and Machaon both—
Our leeches—are away : one in his tent
Lies wounded sore, and needs himself, I ween,

κείσθαι· ὁ δ' ἐν πεδίῳ Τρώων μένει ὄξυν Ἄρηα."

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱός·
 "πῶς κεν εἴη τάδε ἔργα; τί ῥέξομεν, Εὐρύπυλ' ἦρως;
 ἔρχομαι ὄφρ' Ἀχιλῆι δαΐφρονι μῦθον ἐνίσπω
 ὃν Νέστωρ ἐπέτελλε Γερήνιος, οὔρος Ἀχαιῶν. 840
 ἀλλ' οὔδ' ὥς περ σεῖο μεθήσω τειρομένοιο."

ἦ, καὶ ὑπὸ στέρνοιο λαβὼν ἄγε ποιμένα λαῶν
 εἰς κλισίην· θεράπων δὲ ἰδὼν ὑπέχευε βοείας.
 ἔνθα μιν ἐκτανύσας ἐκ μηροῦ τάμνε μαχαίρῃ
 ὄξυ βέλος περιπευκές, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἶμα κελαιόν 845
 νίξ' ὕδατι λιάρῃ, ἐπὶ δὲ ῥίζαν βάλε πικρὴν
 χερσὶ διατρίψας, ὀδυνήφατον, ἣ οἱ ἀπάσας
 ἔσχ' ὀδύνας. τὸ μὲν ἔλκος ἐτέρσεται, πᾶυσαιτο δ' αἶμα.

A blameless leech ; the other on the plain
Abides the furious brunt of Trojan war."

To whom Menoetius' valiant son replied :
"O how shall these works end? what may we do,
Hero Eurypylus? My errand is
Warlike Achilles to inform of words
That Nestor of Gerené charged me with,
Achaia's bulwark. Yet not even thus
Will I desert thee in thy sore distress."

He spake, and 'neath the breast supporting led
To his own tent the shepherd of his folk.
At sight of whom th' esquire with ox-hides strewed
The floor ; and there Patroclus laid at length
The wounded chief, and with a knife cut out
The sharp and biting arrow from the thigh,
Washed off with water warm the purple blood,
And, powdered 'twixt his palms, a bitter root
Laid on, pain-killing, which his every ache
Assuaged. So dried the wound and ceased the blood.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Μ.

Τειχεμαχία.

Ὡς δ' ἔν κλισίῃσι Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς
ἰᾶτ' Εὐρύπυλον βεβλημένον· οἳ δὲ μάχοντο
Ἀργεῖοι καὶ Τρῶες ὁμιλαδόν· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλεν
τάφρος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὑπερθεῖν
εὐρύ, τὸ ποιήσαντο νεῶν ὑπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ τάφρον
ἤλασαν· οὐδὲ θεοῖσι δόσαν κλειτὰς ἑκατόμβας,
ὄφρα σφιν νῆας τε θοὰς καὶ ληίδα πολλήν
ἐντὸς ἔχον ῥύοιτο, θεῶν δ' ἀέκητι τέτυκτο
ὑθανάτων· τὸ καὶ οὐ τι πολὺν χρόνον ἔμπεδον ἦεν.
ὄφρα μὲν Ἑκτωρ ζῶος ἦν καὶ μῆνι' Ἀχιλλεύς
καὶ Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος ἀπόρθητος πόλις ἔπλεν,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ μέγα τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν ἔμπεδον ἦεν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μὲν Τρώων θάνον ὕσσοι ἄριστοι,
πολλοὶ δ' Ἀργείων οἳ μὲν δάμεν οἳ δὲ λίποντο,
πέρβετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις δεκάτῳ ἐνιαυτῷ,
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδ' ἔβησαν,
δὴ τότε μητιόωντο Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀπόλλων
τεῖχος ἀμαλδῦναι, ποταμῶν μένος εἰσαγαγόντες
ὄσσοι ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἄλαδε προρέουσιν,
Ῥῆσός θ' Ἐπτάπορος τε Κάρησός τε Ῥοδῖός τε

ILIAD XII.

The storming of the Danaan wall.

THUS in the tent Menoetius' valiant son
Succoured Eurypylus the wounded chief:
The rest meanwhile, Argives and Trojans both,
Fought in dense throngs; nor now the Danaans' trench
Should serve to check the foe, nor should the wall
That broad above it rose; which they had made
To shield their ships, and girdled with a trench,
But gave the gods no glorious hecatombs.
Swift ships and plenteous spoil to enclose and save
'Twas built, but built in despite of the gods
Immortal, wherefore no long time it stood.
While Hector lived, while burned Achilles' wrath,
While yet unsacked was royal Priam's town,
So long Achaia's mighty rampart stood.
But when of Trojans all the best were dead,
And many Argives slain, tho' some were left;
When Priam's city in the tenth year fell,
And to their fatherland the Argives sailed;
Then did Poseidon and Apollo scheme
That rampart to destroy, bringing thereon
The force of all the rivers that run down
Sea-ward from Ida's heights: Rhesus to wit,
Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,

Γρήνικός τε καὶ Αἴσηπος δῖός τε Σκάμανδρος
καὶ Σιμόεις, ὅθι πολλὰ βοάγρια καὶ τρυφάλεια
κάππεσον ἐν κονίῃσι καὶ ἡμιθέων γένος ἀνδρῶν.
τῶν πάντων ὁμόσε στόματα τράπε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ἐννήμαρ δ' ἐς τεῖχος ἴη ῥόον· ὕε δ' ἄρα Ζεὺς 25
συνεχές, ὅφρα κε θῶσσον ἀλίπλοα τείχεα θείη.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐννοσίγαιος ἔχων χεῖρεσσι τρίαῖναν
ἡγεῖτ', ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντα θεμελίια κύμασι πέμπεν
φιντῶν καὶ λάων, τὰ θέσαν μογέοντες Ἀχαιοί,
λεῖα δ' ἐποίησεν παρ' ἀγάρροον Ἑλλήσποντον, 30
αὐτὶς δ' ἠῖονα μεγάλην ψαμάθοισι κάλυψεν,
τείχος ἀμαλδύνας· ποταμοὺς δὲ τρέψε νέεσθαι
καρ ῥόον, ᾗ περ πρόσθεν ἴεν καλλίρροον ὕδωρ.

ὥς ἄρ' ἐμελλον ὀπισθε Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀπόλλων
θησέμεναι· τότε δ' ἀμφὶ μάχῃ ἐνοπή τε δεδήει 35
τείχος εὐδμητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δούρατα πύργων
βαλλόμεν'. Ἀργεῖοι δὲ Διὸς μᾶστιγι δαμέντες
νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσι ἐελμένοι ἰσχανόωντο,
Ἐκτορα δειδιότες, κρατερὸν μήστωρα φόβοιο·
αὐτὰρ ὃ γ', ὥς τὸ πρόσθεν, ἐμάρνατο Ἴσος ἀέλλῃ. 40
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐν τε κύνεσσι καὶ ἀνδράσι θηρητῆρσιν
κάπριος ἢ ἐλῶν στρέφεται σθένει βλεμεαίνων,
οἳ δὲ τε πυργηδὸν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες
ἀντίον ἵστασται, καὶ ἀκοντίζουσι θαμέλας
αἰχμὰς ἐκ χειρῶν· τοῦ δ' οὐ ποτε κυδάλιμον κῆρ 45
ταρβεῖ οὐδὲ φοβεῖται, ἀγνηνορίῃ δέ μιν ἔκτα·
ταρφέα τε στρέφεται στίχας ἀνδρῶν πειρητίζων·
ὅππῃ τ' ἰθύσῃ, τῇ εἰκουσι στίχες ἀνδρῶν·
ὥς Ἐκτωρ ἂν ὁμίλον ἰὼν εἰλίσσεθ' ἐταίρους
τάφρον ἐποτρύνων διαβαινέμεν. οὐδέ οἱ ἵπποι 50

Granicus, with *Æsepus*; and those twain,
Scamander, godlike stream, and *Simois*,
 Where many a bull's-hide targe and many a helm
 Fell in the dust, and many a mighty man
 Of seed divine. To one united flood
Phoebus Apollo turned the mouths of all,
 And for nine days against the rampart drove;
 While *Zeus* incessant rained, the quicker so
 In one wide sea the floating walls to whelm.
 Himself withal, the Earth-shaker, led the way
 Trident in hand, and to the waves heaved forth
 All those foundations strong of beams and stones
 Laid by much labour of *Achaian* hands,
 And by the rushing stream of *Hellespont*
 Made level plain, and now, the wall effaced,
 Again with sand strewed the long line of shore:
 The rivers then he turned, that in their beds
 Fair flowing, as before, their waters ran.

Thus should *Poseidon* and *Apollo* work
 Their will in days to come. But now fierce burned
 Around the well-built wall the fight and cry,
 Rattled with blows the timbers of the towers,
 And by the scourge of *Zeus* the *Argives* quelled
 Close at their hollow ships were penned, in fear
 Of *Hector* mighty counsellor of flight,
 Who still, as ever, like a storm-wind fought.
 And as among the hounds and hunter throng
 A boar or lion turns him, fierce in strength—
 They massed in solid wall against him stand,
 And frequent from their hands the javelins hurl,
 Yet never daunt nor fright his valiant heart,
 Whose courage proves his bane; and oft he turns
 And tries the serried ranks, but wheresoe'er
 He charges there the foemen's ranks give place—
 So *Hector* moved and turned him in the throng,
 Urging his comrades on to cross the trench.

τόλμων ὠκύποδες, μάλα δὲ χρεμέτιζον ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
 χεῖλει ἐφεσταότες· ἀπὸ γὰρ δειδίσσεται τάφρος
 εὐρεῖ, οὐτ' ἄρ' ὑπερβορέειν σχεδὸν οὔτε περῆσαι
 ῥηιδίῃ· κρημνοὶ γὰρ ἐπηρεφές περὶ πᾶσαν
 ἕστασαν ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ὑπερθεν δὲ σκολόπεσσιν 55
 ὀξέειν ἡρήρει, τοὺς ἕστασαν υἱες Ἀχαιῶν
 πυκνοὺς καὶ μεγάλους, δηίων ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν.
 ἐνθ' οὐ κεν ῥέα ἵππος εὐτροχὸν ἄρμα τιταίνων
 ἐσβαίῃ, πεζοὶ δὲ μενοίνεον εἰ τελέουσιν.
 δὴ τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἑκτορα εἶπε παραστάς· 60
 "Ἑκτορ τ' ἡδ' ἄλλοι Τρώων ἀγοὶ ἡδ' ἐπικούρων,
 ἀφραδέως διὰ τάφρον ἐλαύνομεν ὠκείας ἵππους.
 ἦ δὲ μάλ' ἀργαλέη περᾶαν· σκόλοπες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ
 ὀξέες ἐστᾶσιν, προτὶ δ' αὐτοὺς τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἐνθ' οὐ πως ἔστιν καταβήμεναι οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι 65
 ἱππεῦσι· στείνος γάρ, ὅθι τρώεσθαι οἶω.
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ τοὺς πάγχυ κατὰ φρονέων ἀλαπάξει
 Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ ἴετ' ἀρήγειν,
 ἦ τ' ἂν ἐγὼ γ' ἐθέλοιμι καὶ αὐτίκα τοῦτο γενέσθαι,
 νυνύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἀργεος ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιοῦς· 70
 εἰ δέ χ' ὑποστρέψωσι, παλίωξις δὲ γένηται
 ἐκ νηῶν καὶ τάφρῳ ἐνιπλήξωμεν ὀρυκτῇ,
 οὐκέτ' ἔπειτ' οἶω οὐδ' ἄγγελον ἀπονέεσθαι
 ἄψορρον προτὶ ἄστυ ἐλιχθέντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼ εἶπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες. 75
 ἵππους μὲν θεράποντες ἐρυκόντων ἐπὶ τάφρῳ,
 αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλᾶες σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
 Ἑκτορι πάντες ἐπώμεθ' ἀολλᾶες. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοί

Nor yet his fleet-foot horses dared the deed,
 But loudly neighed as on the brink they stood,
 Scared by the trench so broad, not lightly leapt—
 How near soe'er—nor light the task to climb
 Or in or out, for steep round all its verge
 O'erhung the rising banks on either side;
 And sharpened stakes above Achaia's sons
 Frequent and large had set, to ward their foes.
 No easy entrance there for horse that drew
 The wheelèd car: but eager were the foot
 If they might do it. Then Polydamas
 Spake to bold Hector at whose side he stood:
 "Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy
 And of allies, we surely are but fools
 To drive across yon trench our fleet-foot steeds.
 Full dangerous is the passage; pointed stakes
 Are set thereon, and close beyond them lies
 Achaia's rampart. There dismount and fight
 Our horsemen cannot; 'tis a narrow lane,
 Where hurt and loss will, as I deem, be ours.
 For if indeed the lofty-thund'ring Zeus
 Desiring utter evil to our foes
 Destroys them, and is bent to succour Troy,
 I surely were full fain this end might come
 At once, that so away from Argos here
 Achaia's sons might find inglorious doom.
 But if they wheel them round, and from the ships
 Pursuit reversed roll back, and we be driven
 On the deep trench, then nevermore, I ween,
 Will ev'n a messenger regain the town
 Escap'd from these Achaians' rallying charge.
 But come, as I advise, obey we all:
 Our steeds upon the trench our squires shall rein,
 Ourselves afoot, armed and arrayed, in mass
 Will follow Hector: then Achaia's sons

οὐ μενέουσ', εἰ δὴ σφιν δλέθρου πείρατ' ἐφήπται."

ὣς φάτο Πουλυδάμας, ἅδε δ' Ἑκτορι μῦθος ἀπήμων, 80

εὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων ξὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμᾶζε.

οὐδὲ μὲν ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἐφ' ἵππων ἠγέρεθοντο,

ἀλλ' ἀπὸ πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἐπεὶ ἶδον Ἑκτορα δῖον.

ἠνιόχῳ μὲν ἔπειτα ἐφ' ἐπέτελλε ἕκαστος

ἵππους εὖ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμεν αὖθ' ἐπὶ τάφρῳ 85

οἱ δὲ διαστάντες, σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες,

πένταχα κοσμηθέντες ἅμ' ἠγεμόνεσσιν ἔποντο.

οἱ μὲν ἅμ' Ἑκτορ' ἴσαν καὶ ἀμύμονι Πουλυδάμαντι,

οἱ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι ἴσαν, μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα

τείχος ῥηξάμενοι κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ μάχεσθαι. 90

καὶ σφιν Κεβριόνης τρίτος εἶπετο· παρ δ' ἄρ' ὄχεσφιν

ἄλλον Κεβριόναο χερεῖονα κάλλιπεν Ἑκτωρ.

τῶν δ' ἐτέρων Πάρις ἦρχε καὶ Ἀλκάθοος καὶ Ἀγῆνωρ,

τῶν δὲ τρίτων Ἐλενος καὶ Δηίφοβος θεοειδής,

ὤλε δὺς Πριάμοιο· τρίτος δ' ἦν Ἀσιος ἦρως, 95

Ἀσιος Τρτακίδης, δὲν Ἀρίσβηθεν φέρον ἵπποι

αἰβωνες μεγάλοι, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος.

τῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἦρχεν ἐὼς παῖς Ἀγχίσαιος

Λινείας, ἅμα τῷ γε δὺς Ἀντήνορος ὤλε,

Ἀρχέλοχός τ' Ἀκάμας τε, μάχῃς εὖ εἰδότε πάσης. 100

Σαρπηδῶν δ' ἠγήσατ' ἀγακλειτῶν ἐπικούρων,

πρὸς δ' ἔλετο Γλαῦκον καὶ ἀρήιον Ἀστεροπαῖον·

οἱ γάρ οἱ εἶσαντο διακριδὸν εἶναι ἄριστοι

τῶν ἄλλων μετὰ γ' αὐτόν· θ δὲ πρέπε καὶ διὰ πάντων.

Will not abide us, if indeed for them
The issue of destruction is ordained."

So spake Polydamas: whose wholesome words
Pleased Hector well. And straightway all in arms
Down leapt he from his chariot to the ground.
Nor now on steeds the other sons of Troy
Mustered their force, but lighted quickly down,
When godlike Hector thus on foot they saw.
Then to his charioteer each one gave charge
There by the trench to hold his horses back
In order due; but they, disparting them
To several bands, arrayed their solid ranks
In columns five, who followed each their chiefs.
First those with Hector and Polydamas,
That blameless wight, most numerous they and best,
And keenest bent to break the rampart through
And urge the battle at the hollow ships.
Third with these twain followed Cebriones,
Cebriones, than whom a weaker far
Had Hector with his chariot left behind.
The second band led Paris, and with him
Alcathous and Agenor: and the third
Godlike Deiphobus with Helenus,
Two sons of Priam, and a third with these
Asius the hero son of Hyrtacus,
Whom from Arisbe's town his horses drew,
Bright bay, large-limbed, bred by Selleis' stream.
The fourth band ruled Anchises' gallant son
Aeneas, and with him Antenor's sons
Were joined, Archelochus and Acamas,
A pair well-skilled in every wile of war,
Last the far-famed allies Sarpedon led,
And chose him Glaucus to his aid, and third
Warlike Asteropaeus; these he deemed
Of other chiefs pre-eminently best
Next to himself, who them and all outshone.

οἳ δ' ἐπεὶ ἀλλήλους ἄραρον τυκτῆσι βόεσσιν, 100
 βάν ῥ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν λεληημένοι, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔφαντο
 σχήσεσθ' ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνῃσι πεσέεσθαι.

ἐνθ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες τηλεκλειτοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι
 βουλῇ Πουλυδάμαντος ἀμωμήτοιο πύθοντο·
 ἀλλ' οὐχ' Ἵρτακίδης ἔθειλ' Ἄσιος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, 110
 αὖθι λιπεῖν ἵππους τε καὶ ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,
 ἀλλὰ σὺν αὐτοῖσιν πέλασεν νήεσσι θοῇσι
 νήπιος, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλε κακὰς ὑπὸ κῆρας ἀλύξας,
 ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν ἀγαλλόμενος παρὰ νηῶν
 ἀψ' ἀπονοστήσειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν· 115
 πρόσθεν γάρ μιν μοῖρα δυσώνυμας ἀμφεκάλυψεν
 ἔγχει Ἰδομενῆος ἀγανοῦ Δευκαλίδας.

εἶσατο γὰρ νηῶν ἐπ' ἀριστερά, τῇ περ Ἀχαιοί
 ἐκ πεδίου νίσσοντο σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν·
 τῇ ῥ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρμα διήλασεν, οὐδὲ πύλῃσιν 120
 εὖρ' ἐπικεκλιμένας σανίδας καὶ μακρὸν ὄχημα,
 ἀλλ' ἀναπεπταμένας ἔχον ἀνέρες, εἴ τιν' ἐταίρων
 ἐκ πολέμου φεύγοντα σαώσειαν μετὰ νῆας.

τῇ ῥ' ἰθὺς φρονέων ἵππους ἔχε, τοὶ δ' ἄμ' ἔποντο
 ὄξεια κεκληγῶτες· ἔφαντο γὰρ οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοὺς 125
 σχήσεσθ' ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνῃσι πεσέεσθαι·
 νήπιοι. ἐν δὲ πύλῃσι δὴ ἀνέρας εὖρον ἀρίστους,
 νῆας ὑπερθύμους Λαπιθάων αἰχμητῶν,

τὸν μὲν Πειριθόου νῆα κρατερὸν Πολυποίτην,
 τὸν δὲ Λεοντῆα βροτολοινγῷ ἴσον Ἄρηι. 130

τὰ μὲν ἄρα προπάρειθε πυλάων ὑψηλῶν
 ὄστασαν ὥς ὅτε τε δρύες οὔρεσιν ὑψικάρηνοι,

And when with well-wrought bull's-hide shields their lines
Were locked, against the Danaans straight they went
Full eager: who, they deemed, no more would stay,
But headlong fall upon their hollow ships.

There Trojans and allies from distant lands
Obeyed the counsel of Polydamas
That blameless sage; but Asius, prince of men,
The son of Hyrtacus, willed not to leave
His horses and attendant charioteer:

But onward with them to the swift ships went,
Poor fool! who nevermore, his evil fates
Escaping, proud in chariot and in steeds,
Should back return to wind-swept Ilium.

For him inglorious destiny forestalled
With death's dark veil, by spear of noble king
Idomeneus the son of Deucalus.

Toward the ships' left wing he bent his course,
That way whereby Achaia's warriors came
With steeds and cars returning from the plain:
There drove he steeds and car across, nor found
The doors upon the gateway closed and barred
With the long beam: these open still were held,
That so each comrade flying from the fray
Might pass and at the ships safe refuge find.

Straight for this entrance Asius held his steeds
Resolved: whose warriors followed shouting shrill,
For now no more they deemed Achaia's sons
Would stay, but headlong on their black ships fall.
Poor fools! Two gallant champions in the gate
They found, of Lapithacan spearmen sons
High-couraged: of Pirithous one was born,
Stout Polypoetes named; Leonteus one,
In semblance as the war-god, mortals' bane.
Before the lofty gate those champions twain
Stood as two oaks upon the mountain stand
Rearing their heads on high, that through all time

αἶ τ' ἄνεμον μίμνουσι καὶ ὑετὸν ἤματα πάντα,
 ῥίξουσιν μεγάλῃσι διηνεκίεσσ' ἀραρυῖαι·
 ὣς ἄρα τὰ χεῖρεσσι πεποιθότες ἠδὲ βίηφιν 135
 μίμνον ἐπερχόμενον μέγαν Ἕσσιον, οὐδὲ φέβοντο.
 οἱ δ' ἰθὺς πρὸς τεῖχος εὐδμητον, βόας αὔας
 ὑψόσ' ἀνασχόμενοι, ἔκισιν μεγάλῃ ἀλαλητῷ
 Ἕσιον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην
 Ἀσιάδην τ' Ἀδάμαντα Θόωνά τε Οἰνόμεον τε. 140
 οἱ δ' ἢ τοι εἴως μὲν εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
 ἔρηνον ἔνδον ἰόντες ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ νηῶν·
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεῖχος ἐπεσσυμένους ἐνόησαν
 Τρῶας, αὐτὰρ Δαναῶν γένητο ἰαχὴ τε φόβος τε,
 ἐκ δὲ τὰ αἰξάντε πυλάων πρόσθε μαχέσθην, 145
 ἀγροτέροισι σύεσσι δοικότε, τῷ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
 ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ κυνῶν δέχεται κολοσυρτὸν ἰόντα,
 δοχμῇ τ' αἴσσοντε περὶ σφίσι ἄγνυτον ὕλην,
 πρυμνὴν ἐκτάμνοντες, ὑπαὶ δέ τε κόμπος ὀδόντων
 γίγνεται, εἰς δ' ἐκείνους τε βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἔληται. 150
 ὣς τῶν κόμπει χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στήθεσσι φαεινός
 ἄντην βαλλομένων· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἐμάχοντο,
 λαοῖσιν καθύπερθε πεποιθότες ἠδὲ βίηφιν.
 οἱ δ' ἄρα χερμαδίλοισιν εὐδμήτων ἀπὸ πύργων
 βάλλον, ἀμυνόμενοι σφῶν τ' αὐτῶν καὶ κλισιάων 155
 νηῶν τ' ὠκυπόρων. νιφάδες δ' ὡς πίπτον ἔραζε,
 ἅς τ' ἄνεμος ζαῆς, νέφεα σκιώεντα δονήσας,
 ταρφειᾶς κατέχευεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.
 ὣς τῶν ἐκ χειρῶν βέλεια ῥέον, ἡμὲν Ἀχαιῶν
 ἠδὲ καὶ ἐκ Τρώων· κόρυθες δ' ἀμφ' αὖτον αὐτεὺν 160
 βαλλόμεναι μυλάκεσσι καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόδεσσαι.
 δὴ ῥα τότε ἤμωξεν καὶ ὃ πεπλήγετο μηρὶ

Bide brunt of wind and rain, by mighty roots
Far spreading through the soil full firmly set.
So these on hand and strength reliant bode
Great Asius as he came, and fled him not.
Straight for the well-built rampart came the foes,
Their bull's-hide targes hard raised o'er their heads,
With mighty shout, round Asius the king,
Iamenus, Orestes, Adamas
Of Asius son, Thoön, CEnomaüs.

Awhile the twain bidding within had stirred
Achaia's well-greaved warriors to defend
Their ships; but when they saw the sons of Troy
Charge at the wall, and in the Danaan lines
Confused cries and panic fear arose,
Then forth they rushed and fought before the gates,
Like two wild boars, who in their mountain home
Await advancing rout of men and dogs;
And charging with a side-long rush they break
Snapt to the roots the copsewood all around;
And of their teeth the gnashing sound is heard,
Till to some hunter's stroke they yield their life:
So on the heroes' breasts the brazen mail
Rang 'neath the downright blows; for they did fight
Full stubbornly, reliant on their strength
And on the host that crowned the wall above.
These from the well-built towers hurled frequent stones,
Themselves, their tents, and swiftly-sailing ships
Defending. Thick as snow-flakes to the earth
Their missiles fell, flakes that a driving wind
Whirling the shadowy clouds sheds thick and fast
Upon all-nurturing earth: so from their hands,
Both Trojan and Achaian, streamed the shower.
And all around the helms and bossy shields
Beneath the pelting boulders rattled loud.
Then Asius son of Hyrtacus brake forth
With cry of woe, and both his thighs he smote,

Ἄσιος Ὑρτακίδης, καὶ ἀλαστήσας ἔπος ηὔδα·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἥ ῥά νυ καὶ σὺ φιλοψευδὴς ἐτέτυξο
πάγχυ μάλ’· οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ γε φάμην ἥρωας Ἀχαιοὺς 165

σχήσειν ἡμέτερόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους.

οἳ δ’, ὥς τε σφῆκες μέσον αἰόλοι ἢ μέλισσαι

οἰκία ποιήσονται ὁδῷ ἔπι παιπαλοέσση,

οὐδ’ ἀπολείπουσιν κοῖλον δόμον, ἀλλὰ μένοντες

ἄνδρας θηρητῆρας ἀμύνονται περὶ τέκνων, 170

ὥς οἷδ’ οὐκ ἐθέλουσι πυλάων καὶ δὴ ἐόντες

χάσσασθαι πρὶν γ’ ἢ κατακτάμεν ἢ ἀλῶναι.”

ὥς ἔφατ’, οὐδὲ Διὸς πείθεν φρένα ταῦτ’ ἀγορεύων·

Ἐκτορι γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι.

ἄλλοι δ’ ἀμφ’ ἄλλησι μάχην ἐμάχοντο πύλῃσιν· 175

ἀργαλέον δέ με ταῦτα θεὸν ὥς πάντ’ ἀγορεύσαι·

πάντη γὰρ περὶ τείχος ὀρώρει θεσπίδαες πῦρ

λαῖνον. Ἀργεῖοι δέ, καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ, ἀνάγκη

νηῶν ἡμύνοντο. θεοὶ δ’ ἀκαχήατο θυμόν

πάντες, ὅσοι Δαναοῖσι μάχης ἐπιτάρροθοι ἦσαν. 180

σὺν δ’ ἔβαλον Λαπίθαι πόλεμον καὶ δηιοτήτα.

ἐνθ’ αὖ Πειριθόου υἱὸς κρατερὸς Πολυπόλτης

δουρὶ βάλεν Δάμασον κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρήου·

οὐδ’ ἄρα χαλκεῖη κόρυς ἔσχεθεν, ἀλλὰ διαπρό

αἶχμῃ χαλκεῖη ῥῆξ’ ὀστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δέ 185

ἔνδον ἄπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.

αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Πύλωνα καὶ Ὀρμενον ἐξενάριξεν.

υἱὸν δ’ Ἀντιμάχοιο Λεοντεὺς ὄζος Ἄρης

Ἰππόμαχον βάλε δουρὶ, κατὰ ζωστήρα τυχήσας.

αὐτίς δ’ ἐκ κολεοῖο ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξύ 190

Ἀντιφάτην μὲν πρῶτον, ἐπαΐξας δι’ ὀμίλου,

πλήξ’ αὐτοσχεδίην· ὃ δ’ ἄρ’ ὕπτιος οὐδὲι ἐρείσθη·

And thus in wrath indignant utterance found :
"O Father Zeus! thou too hast surely now
Turned thee to love a lie: for I had deemed
That these Achaian heroes would not check
Our onset bold and hands invincible;
But they, as supple-waisted wasps or bees,
Who by a rocky road their homes have made,
Nor leave their hollow dwelling, but abide
The hunter's coming and defend their young,
So from the gates, tho' twain alone they be,
They give no ground, but stand to slay or fall."

So spake he; but won not the mind of Zeus
With these his words; for 'twas the Father's will
Glory on none but Hector to bestow.

Others at other gates maintained the fight.
But 'twere a toilsome task, needing a god,
Should I tell all; for round the rampart rose
On every side a heaven-enkindled fire
Of stones; wherein the Argives, tho' distress,
Stood for their ships perforce; and sad at heart
Were all the gods who helped the Danaan arms.

But here the war and gathering combat led
Those Lapithæan twain. Pirithoüs' son
Stout Polypoetes here with flying spear
Smote Damasus right through the brazen helm
That fenced his checks; nor stayed for brazen casque
The brazen point, but through and onwards passed
And brake the bone; and all the brains within
Were scattered, and his eager spirit quelled.
Then Pylon next he slew, and Ormenus.
Meanwhile Leonteus, Ares' scion he,
Hippomachus son of Antimachus
Smote with a spear that lit upon his belt.
Then from the scabbard his keen sword he drew,
Rushed through the throng, and, closing with him, struck
Antiphates the first, who backward fell.

αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Μένωνα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην
πάντας ἐπασσυντέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.

ἄφρ' οἳ τοῖς ἐνάριζον ἅπ' ἔντεα μαρμαίροντα, 195

τόφρ' οἳ Πουλυδάμαντι καὶ Ἑκτορι κοῦροι ἔποντο,

οἳ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι ἔσαν μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα

τείχος τε ῥήξειν καὶ ἐνιπρήσειν πυρὶ νῆας,

οἳ ῥ' ἔτι μερμήριζον ἐφισταότες παρὰ τάφρῳ.

ὄρνις γάρ σφιν ἐπῆλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν, 200

αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἔέργων,

φουνήντα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνύχεσσι πέλωρον

ζῶον, ἔτ' ἀσπαίροντα· καὶ οὐ πῶ λήθετο χάρμης·

κόψε γὰρ αὐτὸν ἔχοντα κατὰ στήθος παρὰ δεξιῇν

ἰδνωθεὶς ὀπίσω. ὃ δ' ἀπὸ ἔθεν ἦκε χαμᾶζε 205

ἀλγῆσας ὀδύνῃσι, μέσῳ δ' ἐνὶ κάββαλ' ὀμίλῳ,

αὐτὸς δὲ κλάγξας πέτετο πνοιῆς ἀνέμοιο.

Τρῶες δὲ ῥίγησαν, ὅπως ἴδον αἰόλον ὄφιν

κείμενον ἐν μέσσοισι, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχοιο.

δὴ τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἑκτορα εἶπε παραστάς· 210

“Ἑκτορ, αἶε μὲν πῶς μοι ἐπιπλήσεις ἀγορήσῃ

ἑσθλὰ φραζομένῳ· ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ ἔοικεν

δῆμον ἔοντα παρέξ ἀγορευόμεν, οὔτ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ

οὔτε ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ, σὸν δὲ κράτος αἶν ἀέξει·

νῦν αὖτ' ἐξερίω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα. 215

μὴ ἴομεν Δαναοῖσι μαχησόμενοι περὶ νηῶν.

οἶδε γὰρ ἐκτελέσθαι ὀλομαι, εἰ ἐτεὸν γε

Τρῶσιν ὃδ' ὄρνις ἦλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν,

αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἔέργων,

φουνήντα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνύχεσσι πέλωρον 220

Upon the ground: then in succession swift

Menon, Orestes, and Iamenus,

Upon the fruitful earth he laid full low.

While they from these their glittering armour stripped,

Followed with Hector and Polydamas

Meanwhile a troop of youths, most numerous they

And bravest, and of all most hotly bent

To break the rampart down and fire the ships.

Who standing at the trench were yet in doubt:

For came to them in eager haste to cross

A bird, a soaring eagle, toward the left,

Parting their host midway, bearing a snake

Trussed in his talons blood-red, huge, alive,

Still struggling, nor forgetful yet of might.

For curling back he struck his ravisher,

Quick darting at his breast, beside his throat,

Who dropt him to the ground, stung with sharp pain,

Flinging him in mid throng, then with a scream

Adown the wafting breezes winged his way.

Shuddering the Trojans saw the writhing snake

Lie in their midst, of aegis-bearing Zeus

The portent dire. Then straight Polydamas

Spake to bold Hector, by whose side he stood;

"Hector, thou alway in assembly chid'st

My words of wholesome wit: for 'tis unmeet

(So thinkest thou) for common man to speak

Beside thy aims, in council or in war;

But we must still support thy sovereign might.

Yet now again what seems me best I say.

Go we not on to fight the Danaan host

Who guard their ships: for thus, I ween, will end

Our venture—if indeed this bird of fate

Came to the Trojans while in eager haste

To cross, a soaring eagle, toward the left,

Parting our host midway, bearing a snake

Trussed in his talons blood-red, huge, alive;

ζωόν· ἄφαρ δ' ἀφέηκε πάρος φίλα οἰκί' ἰκέσθαι,
οὐδ' ἐτέλεσσε φέρων δόμεναι τεκέεσσι ἐοῖσιν.
ὥς ἡμεῖς, εἴ πέρ τε πύλας καὶ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν
ῥηξόμεθα σθένει μεγάλῳ, εἴξωσι δ' Ἀχαιοί,
οὐ κόσμῳ παρὰ ναῦφιν ἐλευσόμεθ' αὐτὰ κέλευθα·
πολλοὺς γὰρ Τρώων καταλείψομεν, οὓς κεν Ἀχαιοί
χαλκῷ δηώσουσιν, ἀμυνόμενοι περὶ νηῶν.
ᾧδ' ἔχ' ὑποκρίναιτο θεοπρόπος, ὅς σάφα θυμῷ
εἰδείη τεράων καὶ οἱ πειθόλατο λαοί·"

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ·
"Πουλύδαμαν, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις·
οἶσθα καὶ ἄλλον μῦθον ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοῆσαι.
εἰ δ' ἐτεὸν δὴ τοῦτον ἀπὸ σπauδῆς ἀγορεύεις,
ἐξ ἅρα δὴ τοι ἔπειτα θεοὶ φρένας ὤλεσαν αὐτοί,
ὅς κέλεαι Ζητὸς μὲν ἐργιδούποιο λαθέσθαι
βουλέων, ὅς τέ μοι αὐτὸς ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν·
τὴν δ' οἰωνοῖσι τανυπτερύγεσσι κελεύεις
πείθεσθαι, τῶν οὐ τι μετατρέπομ' οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω,
εἴ τ' ἐπὶ δεξι' ἴωσι πρὸς ἧῶ τ' ἠελιόν τε,
εἴ τ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τοί γε ποτὶ ζόφον ἠερόεντα.
ἡμεῖς δὲ μεγάλοιο Διὸς πειθώμεθα βουλῇ,
ὃς πῦσιν θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι ἀνάσσει.
εἰς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης.
τίπτε σὺ δειδοικας πόλεμον καὶ δημοτῆτα;
εἴ περ γάρ τ' ἄλλοι γε περικτεινόμεθα πάντες
νηυσὶν ἐπ' Ἀργείων, σοὶ δ' οὐ δέος ἔστ' ἀπολέσθαι·
σὺ γάρ τοι κραδίη μενεδήιος οὐδὰ μαχήμων.
εἰ δὲ σὺ δημοτῆτος ἀφέξεις, ἢ τίς ἄλλον
παρφάμενος ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρέψεις πολέμοιο,
αὐτίκ' ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσεις·"

ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἠγήσατο, τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἔποντο

Which yet he sudden dropt or e'er he came
To his beloved nest, nor to the end
Bare on, nor gave the booty to his brood—
So we, tho' gates and wall with mighty strength
We break amain, and tho' Achaians yield,
Shall in no seemly wise come from these ships
The self-same way; for many a son of Troy
We there shall leave, whom in their ships' defence
Achaia's warriors with the sword shall slay.
So would a seer interpret, skilled in lore
Of portents, whom his people would believe."

But plumed Hector with stern glance replied:
"Polydamas, I like not now thy words.
Other and better speech by far than this
Thou knowest to devise. Or, if indeed
These be thy earnest words, then of a truth
The very gods have clean destroyed thy wits:
Who biddest me forget the will of Zeus
Loud thundering king—all that himself did pledge
And by his nod confirm. But thou dost bid
A blind belief in birds of spreading wing:
Whom I nor heed nor reck of, fly they east
Toward the right and seek the morning sun,
Or towards the left and misty western gloom.
Obey we now the will of mighty Zeus,
O'er mortals all and o'er immortals king.
One bird is best, to fight for fatherland.
And why at war and conflict tremblest thou?
For, tho' we others at the Argive ships
Be all around thee slain, yet fear not thou
To perish, for no heart to wait the foe
Or dare the fight is thine. Yet, if thou skulk
Away from conflict, or by words persuade
And turn back others from the work of war,
My spear at once shall strike and reave thy life."

With that he led the way: they followed on

ἤχη θεσπεσίη. ἐπὶ δὲ Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος
 ὤρσεν ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἀνέμοιο θύελλαν,
 ἥ ῥ' ἰθὺς νηῶν κονίην φέρειν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιῶν
 θέλγε νόον, Τρῶσιν δὲ καὶ Ἑκτορι κῦδος ὄπαζεν. 155
 τοῦ περ δὴ τεράεσσι πεποιθότες ἠδὲ βίηφιν
 ῥήγνυσθαι μέγα τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν πειρήτιζον.
 κρόσσας μὲν πύργων ἔρουν, καὶ ἔρειπον ἐπάλξεις,
 στηλας τε προβλήτας ἐμόχλεον, ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
 πρῶτας ἐν γαίῃ θέσαν ἔμμεναι ἔχματα πύργων. 160
 τὰς οἱ γ' αὔερον, ἔλποντο δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν
 ῥήξειν. οὐδέ νῦν πῶ Δαναοὶ χάζοντο κελεύθου,
 ἀλλ' οἱ γε ῥινοῖσι βοῶν φράξαντες ἐπάλξεις
 βάλλον ἀπ' αὐτῶν δηίους ὑπὸ τεῖχος ἰόντας.

ἀμφοτέρω δ' Αἴαντε κελευτιόωντ' ἐπὶ πύργων 165
 πάντοσε φοιτήτην, μένος ὀτρύνοντες Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἄλλον μελιχλοῖς ἄλλον στερεοῖς ἐπέεσσιν
 νείκεον, ὃν τινα πάγχυ μάχης μεθιέντα ἴδοιεν
 "ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ὅς τ' ἔξοχος ὅς τε μεσήμεναι
 ὅς τε χερείοτερος, ἐπεὶ οὐ πῶ πάντες ὅμοιοι 170
 ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν ἔπλετο ἔργον ἅπασιν
 καὶ δ' αὐτοὶ τόδε πῶν γινώσκετε. μὴ τις ὀπίσσω
 τετράφθω προτὶ νῆας ὁμοκλητῆρος ἀκούσας,
 ἀλλὰ πρόσσω ἴεσθε καὶ ἀλλήλοισι κέλεσθε,
 αἶ κε Ζεὺς δώρῃσι Ὀλύμπιος ἀστεροπητῆς
 νείκεος ἀπωσαμένους δηίους προτὶ ἄστυ δίσσθαι."

ὣς τῷ γε προβοῶντε μάχην ἄτρυνον Ἀχαιῶν.
 τῶν δ', ὥς τε νιφάδες χιόνος πίπτωσι θαμναῖαι
 ἡματι χειμερίῳ, ὅτε τ' ὤρετο μητιέτα Ζεὺς
 νιφέμεν, ἀνθρώποισι πιφαισκόμενος τὰ ἅ κῆλα· 180

With wondrous shout. But Zeus the lightning-lord
From Ida's heights a storm-wind roused, that drove
Straight for the ships the dust : and thus the sire
Made weak the spirit of Achaia's sons,
But gave renown to Hector and to Troy.

Bold in his portents and their own strong arms
These strove to breach Achaia's mighty wall,
As at the stony courses of the towers
They tugged, and tore the battlements adown,
Heaving with levers at the buttresses,
Those jutting piles set by Achaian hands
In front, and fast in earth, to shore the towers.
At these they tugged with hope to breach the wall.
Nor did the Danaans yet give ground, but lined
The battlements with fence of ox-hide shields,
Wherefrom they plied with missile shower their foes
As 'neath the wall they came. And on the towers,
Urging them on, strode ever to and fro
The Ajaces twain and roused Achaian might.
Soft words to one they gave, one sternly chid,
Whomso all negligent of fight they saw:
"O friends, O Argives, rated howsoe'er,
Or high, or low, or middle—since in war
Never were all men equal—now is work
For all alike ; and this, I ween, ye know
E'en of yourselves. Disheartening counsellor
Let no man hear and backward to the ships
Turn him, but press ye forward, and urge on
Each one his friend : so may the lightning-lord
Olympian Zeus vouchsafe us to repel
Assault, and chase our foemen to their town."

Thus they with shout Achaia's battle roused.
And as the falling flakes come thick and fast
Upon a winter's day, when Zeus all-wise
Bestirreth him to snow, his feathered shafts
To mortals dealing forth—He lulls the wind

κοιμήσας δ' ἀνέμους χέει ἔμπεδον, ὄφρα καλύψῃ
 ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων κορυφὰς καὶ πρῶνας ἄκρους
 καὶ πεδία λωτοῦντα καὶ ἀνδρῶν πλῖνα ἔργα,
 καὶ τ' ἐφ' ἀλὸς πολιῆς κέχυται λιμέσιν τε καὶ ἄκταις,
 κῦμα δέ μιν προσπλάζον ἐρύκεται· ἄλλα δὲ πάντα 285
 εἰλύαται καθύπερθ', ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος·
 ὥς τῶν ἀμφοτέρωσε λίθοι πωτῶντο θαμεῖαι,
 αἶ μὲν ἄρ' ἐς Τρῶας, αἶ δ' ἐκ Τρώων ἐς Ἀχαιοὺς,
 βαλλομένων· τὸ δὲ τεῖχος ὕπερ πᾶν δοῦπος ὀράρει.
 οὐδ' ἂν πω τότε γε Τρῶες καὶ φαίδιμος Ἔκτωρ 290
 τείχεος ἐρρήξαντο πύλας καὶ μακρὸν ὄχῃα,
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' υἱὸν ἐὼν Σαρπηδόνα μητιέτα Ζεὺς
 ὤρσεν ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι, λέονθ' ὥς βουσι ἐλιξιν.
 αὐτίκα δ' ἀσπίδα μὲν πρόσθε σχέτο πάντοσ' ἔισην
 καλὴν χαλκείην ἐξήλατον, ἣν ἄρα χαλκεὺς 295
 ἤλασεν, ἔντοσθεν δὲ βοείας ῥάψε θαμείας
 χρυσεῖης ῥάβδοισι διηνεκέσιν περὶ κύκλον.
 τὴν ἄρ' ὃ γε πρόσθε σχόμενος, δύο δοῦρε τινάσσων,
 βῆ ῥ' Ἴμεν ὥς τε λέων ὀρεσίτροφος, ὅς τ' ἐπιδευῆς
 δηρὸν ἔη κρειῶν, κέλεται δὲ ἐ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ 300
 μῆλων πειρήσοντα καὶ ἐς πυκινὸν δόμον ἐλθεῖν·
 εἰ περ γάρ χ' εὖρῃσι παραυτόθι βώτορας ἄνδρας
 σὺν κυσὶ καὶ δούρεσσι φυλάσσοντας περὶ μῆλα,
 οὐ ῥά τ' ἀπείρητος μέμονε σταθμοῖο δῖεσθαι,
 ἀλλ' ὃ γ' ἄρ' ἠ ἥρπαξε μετάλμενος ἠὲ καὶ αὐτός 305
 ἐβλητ' ἐν πρῶτοισι θοῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκοντι
 ὥς ῥα τότε ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν
 τεῖχος ἐπαῖξαι διὰ τε ῥήξασθαι ἐπάλξεις.
 αὐτίκα δὲ Γλαῦκον προσέφη, παῖδ' Ἴππολόχοιο·

And ever pours apace, till he enshroud
The lofty mountain peaks and jutting bluffs
And clovery meads and fruitful tilth of man,
And of the hoary sea each bay and beach
Is overspread, the lapping wave alone
Checking the snowy fringe, all else in white
Mantled beneath the Father's heavy storm :
So thick and fast the double stone-shower flew :
Stones on the Trojans from Achaian hands,
Stones from the Trojans : frequent rained the blows,
And loud o'er all the rampart rose the din.

But glorious Hector and the sons of Troy
The rampart gates, secured with mighty bar,
Not yet e'en then had broken ; had not Zeus,
Wise counsellor, against the Argives roused
Sarpedon his own son, as lion roused
'Gainst kine of curling horn. His orbèd shield
Forthwith he held before him, fair to view,
Faced by the smith with beaten plates of brass,
With frequent ox-hide folds within knit close,
Fast clamped by golden bands that compassed all
Its ample round. Before him this he held,
And brandishing two lances took his way :
Keen as a lion mountain-bred, whom long
Fasting perforce from flesh his spirit bold
Now bids invade the flock and scale the walls
That close the fold—for though he find therein
Herdsman with dogs and spears who guard the sheep,
He brooks not without trial from the yard
Back to be driven ; but either leaping in
Bears off a prey, or 'mid their foremost ranks
Is struck by javelin from an active hand—
So then Sarpedon, godlike wight, was stirred
To charge upon the wall, and break amain
The battlements. And straightway thus he spake
To Glaucus, scion of Hippolochus :

“Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ τετιμήμεσθα μάλιστα 310
 ἔδρη τε κρέασιν τε ἰδὲ πλείοις δεπάεσσιν
 ἐν Λυκίῃ, πάντες δὲ θεοὺς ὥς εἰσορόωσιν,
 καὶ τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξάνθοιο παρ’ ὄχθας
 καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης πυροφόροιο;
 τῷ νῦν χρή Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισιν ἑόντας 315
 ἐστάμεν ἠδὲ μάχης καυστειρῆς ἀντιβολῆσαι,
 ὅφρα τις ᾧδ’ εἶπη Λυκίων πύκα θωρηκτάων·
 ‘οὐ μὴν ἀκληεῖς Λυκίην κάτα κοιρανέουσιν
 ἡμέτεροι βασιλῆες, ἔδουσί τε πίονα μῆλα
 οἶνόν τ’ ἔξαιτον μελιηδέα· ἀλλ’ ἄρα καὶ ἱς 320
 ἐσθλή, ἐπεὶ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοις μάχονται·
 ᾧ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντες
 αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρω τ’ ἀθανάτῳ τε
 ἔσσεσθ’, οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοις μαχοίμην
 οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν· 325
 νῦν δ’ (ἔμπης γὰρ κῆρες ἐφeskτᾶσιν θανάτοιο
 μυρίαί, ᾧς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὔδ’ ὑπαλύξαι).
 ἴομεν, ἢ ἐτῷ εὖχος ὀρέξομεν ἢ ἐτις ἡμῖν.”

ὥς ἔφατ’, οὐδὲ Γλαῦκος ἀπετράπετ’ οὔδ’ ἀπὶβησεν·
 τὰ δ’ ἰθὺς βήτην Λυκίων μέγα ἔθνος ἄγοντες. 330
 τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγησ’ υἱὸς Πετewο Μενεσθεύς·
 τοῦ γὰρ δὴ πρὸς πύργον ἴσαν κακότητα φέροντες.
 πάπτηνεν δ’ ἀνὰ πύργον Ἀχαιῶν εἴ τιν’ ἴδοιτο
 ἡγεμόνων, ὅς τις οἱ ἀρὴν ἐτάροισιν ἀμύναι·
 ἐς δ’ ἐνόησ’ Αἴαντε δύω, πολέμου ἀκορήτω, 335
 ἐσταότας, Τεῦκρόν τε νέον κλισίῃθεν ἰόντα.
 ἐγγύθεν. ἀλλ’ οὐ πῶς οἱ ἔην βώσαντι γεγωνεῖν·
 τόσσος γὰρ κτύπος ἦεν, αὕτῃ δ’ οὐρανὸν ἵκεν,

"O Glaucus, wherefore do we twain receive
 Especial honours in the Lycian land—
 High seat, large mess, full cups? Wherefore to us
 Look all as if to gods? Why own we too
 By Xanthus' bank a wide domain and fair
 Of planted vineyard and wheat-laden land?
 For this 'mid Lycia's foremost now 'tis meet
 We stand, nor shun to face the burning fight:
 That of the stout-mailed Lycians each may say:
 'Not all inglorious rule in Lycia's land
 Our kings, who eat the fatlings of our flocks
 And drink the choicest of our honeyed wine.
 But surely now a goodly strength is theirs:
 For see, 'mid Lycia's foremost men they fight.'
 Truly, my sweetest friend, if thou and I,
 This battle once escaped, could then live on
 Eternal, never-dying, ever young,
 Neither myself would 'mid the foremost fight,
 Nor stir thee to the man-ennobling fray.
 But now—for fates of death, whate'er we do,
 Stand threatening near—a multitudinous host
 That mortal man may not escape or shun—
 Go we: to other's glory or our own!"

So spake he: nor did Glaucus turn him back
 Or disobey. Straight onward strode the twain
 Leading the mighty host of Lycian men.
 Whom when Menestheus son of Peteos saw,
 He shuddered; for against his tower they came
 Bearing disaster. Anxious gaze he cast
 Along the Achaian wall, if he might spy
 Some chief, to save his comrades from their bane:
 And soon he marked where stood the Ajaces twain.
 Insatiate they of war, and from his tent
 Teucer but now come forth. Not far were they;
 Yet could his shout not reach their ear—so loud
 The crash and rattle; rose to heaven the noise

βαλλομένων σακέων τε καὶ ἵπποκόμων τρυφαλειῶν
καὶ πυλέων· πᾶσαι γὰρ ἐπώχματο, τοὶ δὲ κατ' αὐτάς 340
ἰστάμενοι πειρῶντο βίῃ ῥήξαντες ἐσελθεῖν.

αἶψα δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντα προΐη κήρυκα Θοώτην
“ἔρχεο, διε Θοῶτα, θεῶν Αἴαντα κάλεσσον,
ἄμφοτέρω μὲν μῦλλον· ὁ γάρ κ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ἀπάντων
εἶη, ἐπεὶ τάχα τῇδε τετεύχεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος· 345
ᾧδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν Λυκίων ἀγοί, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
ζαχρηεῖς τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας.
εἰ δέ σφιν καὶ κεῖθι πόνος καὶ νεῖκος ὄρωρεν,
ἀλλὰ περ οἷος ἵτω Τελαμώνιος ἄλκιμος Αἴας,
καὶ οἳ Τεῦκρος ἅμα σπέσθω τόξων εὖ εἰδώς.” 350

ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα οἳ κῆρυξ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας,
βῆ δὲ θέειν παρὰ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
στῇ δὲ παρ' Αἰάντεσσι κιών, εἴθαρ δὲ προσηύδα·
“Αἴαντ' Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε χαλκοχιτώνων,
ἡνώγει Πετεῶο διοτρεφέος φίλος υἱός 355
κεῖσ' ἵμεν, ὄφρα πόνοιο μίνυνθά περ ἀντιάσητον,
ἄμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· ὁ γάρ κ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ἀπάντων
εἶη, ἐπεὶ τάχα κεῖθι τετεύχεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος·
ᾧδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν Λυκίων ἀγοί, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
ζαχρηεῖς τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας. 360
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε περ πόλεμος καὶ νεῖκος ὄρωρεν,
ἀλλὰ περ οἷος ἵτω Τελαμώνιος ἄλκιμος Αἴας,
καὶ οἳ Τεῦκρος ἅμα σπέσθω τόξων εὖ εἰδώς.”

ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας.
αὐτίκ' Ὀϊλιάδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα· 365
“Αἴαν, σφῶι μὲν αὖθι, σὺ καὶ κρατερὸς Λυκομήδης,
ἑσταότες Δαναοὺς ὀτρύνετε ἱφί μάχεσθαι·

Of blows upon the shields, upon the helms
Horse-plumed, upon the gates, which all were shut,
And foemen at them stood, striving by force
To break and enter in. To Ajax then
A herald sent he forth, Thoötes named :
"Godlike Thoötes, hie thee, run and call
Ajax, or rather both who bear the name :
For that were best of all ; since here full soon
There will be wrought on us destruction dire :
So heavy here the Lycian leaders press,
Who alway furious rage in stubborn fight.
But if they too have toil and battle there,
Yet let the valiant Ajax come alone,
The Telamonian, and with him attend
Teucer, that cunning master of the bow."

He spake : the herald heard the chieftain's word
Nor disobeyed ; but running passed along
The rampart of Achaia's mail-clad men,
And by th' Ajaces stood, and straight addrest :
"Ye leaders of the mail-clad Argive host,
Ajaces twain, thus bids you the dear son
Of Zeus-born Peteos, that ye thither go
To bear, awhile at least, a share of toil :
Both of ye he would have—far better so—
For there will soon be wrought destruction dire,
So heavy there the Lycian leaders press,
Who alway furious rage in stubborn fight.
But if ye too have strife and battle here,
Yet let the valiant Ajax come alone,
The Telamonian, and with him attend
Teucer, that cunning master of the bow."

He spake : nor did great Ajax disobey,
The Telamonian ; but Oileus' son.
Straightway with wingèd words he thus addrest :
"Ajax, do thou with Diomedes stout
Stand here, and urge ye both the Danaan host

αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κεῖσ' εἰμι καὶ ἀντιόω πολέμοιο.
αἶψα δ' ἐλεύσομαι αὐτίς, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπαμύνω."

ὥς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας, 370
καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἅμ' ἦε κασβήνητος καὶ ὄπατρος·
τοῖς δ' ἅμα Πανδίων Τεύκρου φέρε καμπύλα τόξα
εὐτε Μενεσθῆος μεγαθύμου πύργον ἵκοντο
τείχεος ἐντὸς ἰόντες· ἐπειγομένοισι δ' ἵκοντο,
οἱ δ' ἐπ' ἐπάλξεις βαῖνον ἐρεμνῇ λαίλαπι ἴσοι, 375
ἰφθιμοὶ Λυκίων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες·
σὺν δ' ἐβάλοντο μάχεσθαι ἐναντίον, ὦρτο δ' αὐτή.

Αἴας δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος ἄνδρα κατέκτα,
Σαρπήδοντος ἑταῖρον Ἐπικλῆα μεγάθυμον,
μαρμάρῳ ὀκρίοντι βαλὼν, ὃ ῥα τείχεος ἐντὸς 380
κεῖτο μέγας παρ' ἐπαλξιν ὑπέρτατος· οὐδέ κέ μιν ῥέα
χείρεσσ' ἀμφοτέρῃς ἔχοι ἀνὴρ, οὐδέ μάλ' ἥβῳν,
οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰς· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ὑψόθεν ἔμβαλ' αἰέρας,
θλάσσε δὲ τετράφαλον κυνέην, ξὺν δ' ὅστέ' ἄραξεν
πάντ' ἄμυδις κεφαλῆς· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἀρνευτῆρι ἐοικώς 385
κάππεσ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ πύργου, λίπε δ' ὅστέα θυμός.
Τεῦκρος δὲ Γλαῦκον κρατερὸν παῖδ' Ἴππολόχοιο
ἰφ' ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο,
ᾧ ἴδε γυμνωθέντα βραχίονα, παῦσε δὲ χάρμης.
ἀψ' δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ἄλτο λαθὼν, ἵνα μὴ τις Ἀχαιῶν 390
βλήμενον ἀθρήσειε καὶ εὐχετόφτο ἔπεσσιν.
Σαρπήδοντι δ' ἄχος γένετο Γλαύκου ἀπιόντος,
αὐτίκ' ἐπεὶ τ' ἐνόησεν· ὅμως δ' οὐ λήθετο χάρμης·
ἀλλ' ὃ γε Θεστορίδην Ἀλκμάονα δουρὶ τυχήσας
νύξ', ἐκ δὲ σπάσεν ἔγχος· ὃ δὲ σπόμενος πέσε δουρὶ 395

To fight amain. But I will yonder go
And of the battle meet my share, and quick
Return when I have borne them saving aid."

So spake great Ajax, son of Telamon,
And went his way: and with him Teucer went,
Brother and father's son; and with the twain
Pandion, bearing Teucer's curvèd bow.
Within the wall they past, and when they reached
High-souled Menestheus' tower—whom with his men
Sore pressed they found, for 'gainst the battlements
The stalwart Lycian kings and captains came
Like a dark-lowering storm-cloud—facing these
They closed in fight, and loud arose the cry.

There first did Ajax son of Telamon
A foeman slay: Sarpedon's comrade true
High-souled Epicles. With a rugged stone
He struck him—with a stone that lay atop
Hard by the battlement, within the wall.
Not lightly, tho' in fullest manhood's prime,
Would any with both hands sustain such stone,
As mortals now are born; but high in air
Ajax upheaved and threw it, and brake in
The four-plumed helm, and of the head within
Crushed all the bones. Like diver down he fell
From the high tower, and life forsook his bones.
Then Teucer smote from off the lofty wall
Glaucus stout scion of Hippolochus
As on he rushed, with arrow, where he spied
The arm left bare, and stayed him from the fray.
He from the wall leapt back unmarked, that none
Of his Achaian foes might spy his wound
And speak proud boast. Sad was Sarpedon then
For Glaucus gone, soon as he marked the loss,
Yet not forgot the fray; but thrust with spear
And pierced Alcmaon Thestor's son, then drew;
And following on the lance prone fell the man,

πρηγῆς, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε πύχρα ποικίλα χαλκῷ
 Σαρπηδῶν δ' ἄρ' ἔπαλξιν ἐλὼν χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν
 ἔλχ'· ἧ δ' ἔσπετο πᾶσα διαμπερές, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθευ
 τεῖχος ἐγυμνώθη, πολέεσσι δὲ θῆκε κέλευθον.

τὸν δ' Αἴας καὶ Τεῦκρος ὁμαρτήσανθ' ὃ μὲν ἰφὶ 400
 βεβλήκει τελαμῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι φαεινόν
 ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης· ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς κῆρας ἄμυνεν
 παιδὸς ἐοῦ, μὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι πρυμνῇσι δαμείῃ·
 Αἴας δ' ἀσπίδα νύξεν ἐπάλμενος, οὐδὲ διαπρό
 ἦλυθεν ἐγχείῃ, στυφέλιξε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα. 405

χώρησεν δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἐπάλξιος. οὐδ' ὃ γε πᾶμπαν
 χάζετ', ἐπεὶ οἱ θυμὸς ἐέλπετο κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.
 κέκλετο δ' ἀντιθέοισι ἐλιξάμενος Λυκίοισιν·
 “ὦ Λύκιοι, τί τ' ἄρ' ὦδε μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς;
 ἀργαλέον δέ μοί ἐστι, καὶ ἰφθίμῳ περ ἐόντι, 410
 μούνῳ ῥηξαμένῳ θέσθαι παρὰ νηυσὶ κέλευθον.
 ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτε· πλεόνων τοι ἔργον ἄμεινον.”

ὥς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλήν
 μᾶλλον ἐπέβρισαν βουληφόρον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα.
 Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας 415
 τείχεος ἔντοσθεν. μέγα δέ σφισι φαίνεται ἔργον·
 οὔτε γὰρ ἰφθιμοὶ Λύκιοι Δαναῶν ἐδύναντο
 τεῖχος ῥηξάμενοι θέσθαι παρὰ νηυσὶ κέλευθον,
 οὔτε ποτ' αἰχμηταὶ Δαναοὶ Λυκίους ἐδύναντο
 τείχεος ἀψ' ὤσασθαι, ἐπεὶ τὰ πρῶτα πέλασθεν. 420
 ἀλλ' ὥς τ' ἀμφ' οὔροισι δὺ' ἀνέρε δηριάασθον,
 μέτρ' ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες, ἐπιξύνῳ ἐν ἀρούρῃ,
 ὥ τ' ὀλέγῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ ἐρίζητον περὶ ἴσης,
 ὥς ἄρα τοὺς διέεργον ἐπάλξιες· οἱ δ' ὑπὲρ αὐτέων
 δῆουν ἀλλήλων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι βοείας, 425
 ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους λαισήϊά τε πτερόεντα.

Whose rich-wrought brazen arms around him rang.
Then with strong hands laid on the battlement
Sarpedon tugged. Yielding throughout entire
It came away, and left the wall above
All bare, an open path for many a foe.

But on Sarpedon twain at once made charge,
Ajax and Teucer. With an arrow one
Smote on his breast the shining belt that bare
His shield the body's ample guard, but Zeus
From his own son kept off the fates of death,
Nor suffered then by the ships' sterns to fall.
But Ajax leapt upon him with the lance
And dealt a thrust, yet pierced not through his shield,
But staggered him all eager, that he shrank
Back from the battlement a little space ;
But not retired downright : for still his soul
Hoped to achieve him glory. Round he turned,
And to the godlike Lycians shouted loud :
"Lycians, why slack ye thus your furious might ?
Too hard for me the task, how stout soe'er,
Alone beside these ships to breach a way.
Nay, follow on : more hands make better work."

He spake : they at his chiding awed pressed'round
Their king and counsellor in heavier throng.
And on the other side within the wall
The Argives strengthened well their squares : and great
The work now seen. For neither Lycians stout
Could by the ships breach through the Danaan wall
A way, nor Danaan spearmen from the wall
Drive back the Lycians, when they once drew near.
But as two neighbours for their bounds contend,
With measuring rods in hand, on common ground,
Who in a narrow plot debate their right,
So these, with battlements between ; o'er which
Each on the others' breasts the ox-hide shields
Full-orbed they hacked, and wicker targets light.

πολλοὶ δ' οὐτάζοντο κατὰ χροά νηλεῖ χαλκῷ,
 ἤμην ὅτέφ' στρεφθέντι μετάφρενα γυμνωθείη
 μαρναμένων, πολλοὶ δὲ διαμπερὲς ἀσπίδος αὐτῆς.

πάντη δὴ πύργοι καὶ ἐπάλξεις αἵματι φωτῶν 430

ἐρράδατ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἀπὸ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν.

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἐδύναντο φόβον ποιῆσαι Ἀχαιῶν,

ἀλλ' ἔχον, ὥς τε τάλαντα γυνὴ χερνῆτις ἀληθῆς,

ἣ τε σταθμὸν ἔχουσα καὶ εἶριον ἀμφὶς ἀνέλκει

ισάζουσ', ἵνα παισὶν ἀεικέα μισθὸν ἄρῃται. 435

ὥς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ Ἴσα μάχῃ τέτατο πτόλεμός τε,

πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὑπέρτερον Ἑκτορι δῶκεν

Πριαμίδῃ, ὥς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.

ἤυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Τρώεσσι γεγωνῶς

"ὄρνυσθ', ἱππόδαμοι Τρῶες, ῥήγνυσθε δὲ τεῖχος 440

Ἀργείων, καὶ νηυσὶν ἐνέετε θεσπιδαῆς πῦρ."

ὥς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων, οἳ δ' οὔρασι πάντες ἄκουον,

ἴθυσαν δ' ἐπὶ τεῖχος ἀολλέες. οἳ μὲν ἔπειτα

κροσσάων ἐπέβαινον ἀκαχμένα δούρατ' ἔχοντες,

Ἑκτωρ δ' ἀρπάξας λᾶαν φέρει, ὅς ῥα πυλάων 445

ἐστήκει πρόσθεν, πρυμνὸς παχύς, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθευ

ὀξὺς ἔην. τὸν δ' οὐ κε δύ' ἀνέρε δῆμου ἀρίστῳ

ῥηιδίως ἐπ' ἄμαξαν ἀπ' οὔδεος ὀχλήσειαν,

οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσ'· ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος.

τόν οἱ ἐλαφρὸν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω. 450

ὥς δ' ὅτε ποιμὴν ῥεῖα φέρει πόκον ἄρσενος οἶός

χειρὶ λαβὼν ἑτέρῃ, ὀλίγον δέ μιν ἄχθος ἐπείγει,

ὥς Ἑκτωρ ἰθὺς σανίδων φέρε λᾶαν αἰέρας,

οἳ ῥα πύλας εἴρυντο πύκα στιβαρῶς ἀραρυίας,

δικλίδας ὑψηλάς· δοιοὶ δ' ἐντοσθεν ὀχῆες 455

And many bodies by the ruthless blade
Were wounded, if a fighter turned him round
And bared his back, and many through the shield
By downright blow: and everywhere the towers
And battlements with blood of either host,
Of Troy and of Achaia, reeking streamed.
Nor could the stormers turn the Achaian foe:
But steady still they stood, as are the scales
In woman's hand, some honest working dame,
Who holding weight and wool adjusts the twain
To hang in equal poise, that she may earn
A poor scant hire to feed her little ones.
So nicely balanced hung the strife of war:
Till Zeus at last superior glory gave
To Hector Priam's son, who first leapt in
Within the Achaian wall. He now sent forth
A thrilling shout to all the sons of Troy:
"Rouse ye, steed-taming Trojans! breach the wall,
And set the ships ablaze with fire divine."

He spake to spur them on; they all gave ear:
And at the wall in mass they rushed, then clomb
The stony courses, bearing pointed spears.
But Hector seized and onward bore a stone
That stood before the gates, broad-based below
But sharp above—which not two men the best
Of all their tribe had without toil upheaved
From off the ground to place upon a wain,
As mortals now are born—yet he alone
Swung it with ease aloft, so light to him
By crooked-counselled Cronos' son 'twas made.
And as a shepherd lifts and bears with ease
A ram's fleece in one hand, and is but pressed
By little burden, so bore Hector then
The lifted stone straight for the panelled wood
That strengthened well the close and firm-framed gates
Double and lofty, by two crossing bars

εἶχον ἐπημοιβοί, μία δὲ κληῖς ἐπαρήρει.
 στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰών, καὶ ἐρεισάμενος βάλε μέσσας,
 εὐ διαβάς, ἵνα μὴ οἱ ἀφαιρότερον βέλος εἴη,
 ῥῆξε δ' ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρους θαιρούς. πέσε δὲ λίθος εἴσω
 βριθοσύνη, μέγα δ' ἀμφὶ πύλαι μύκον, οὐδ' ἄρ' ὄχῃες 460
 ἐσχεθέτην, σανίδες δὲ διέτμαγεν ἄλλυδις ἄλλη
 λαὸς ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς. ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔσθορε φαίδιμος Ἑκτωρ
 θυκτὶ θεῷ ἀτάλαντος ὑπώπια· λάμπε δὲ χαλκῷ
 σμερδαλέῳ, τὸν ἔεστο περὶ χροῖ, δοιὰ δὲ χερσὶν
 δοῦρ' ἔχεν. οὐ κέν τις μιν ἐρύκακεν ἀντιβολήσας 465
 νόσφι θεῶν, ὅτ' ἔσαλτο πύλας· πυρὶ δ' ὅσσε δεδήει.
 κέκλετο δὲ Τρώεσσι ἐλιξάμενος καθ' ὄμιλον
 τεῖχος ὑπερβαίνειν τοὶ δ' ὀτρύνοντι πίθοντο.
 αὐτίκα δ' οἱ μὲν τεῖχος ὑπέρβασαν, οἱ δὲ κατ' αὐτάς
 ποιητὰς ἐσέχυντο πύλας. Δαναοὶ δὲ φόβηθεν 470
 νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς, ὄμαδος δ' ἀλίσστος ἐτύχθη.

Within secured, in which one bolt was shot.
Right near he went, and stood, then planted firm
At the gates' centre full he hurled, with feet
Set well apart, lest weak might be his throw.
Both hinges he brake off; the stone by weight
Pressed on and fell within; loud groaned the gates
Around, the bars held not, the panels flew
Splintered and scattered wide beneath the blow.
Then in leapt glorious Hector, grim of face
As swift-descending night; terrific blazed
The mail that sheathed his limbs; a spear he held
In either hand. None but a god might meet
And stay his onset as within the gates
He bounded. Fiery flame glowed in his eyes;
And turning to the Trojan throng he cried
To mount the wall: who straight his hest obeyed.
At once some clomb the wall, some by the gates,
A ready way, poured in. Before them fled
Throughout the hollow ships the Danaan host,
And never-ceasing rose the battle-din.

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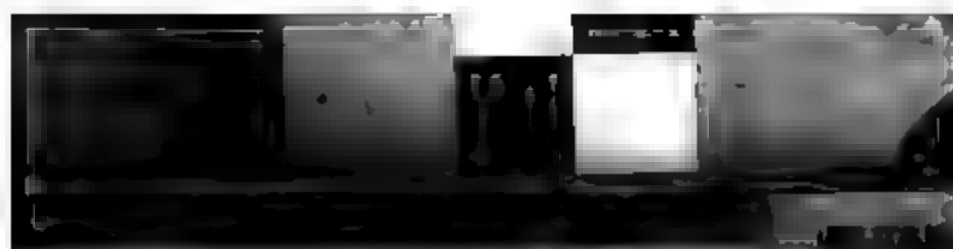
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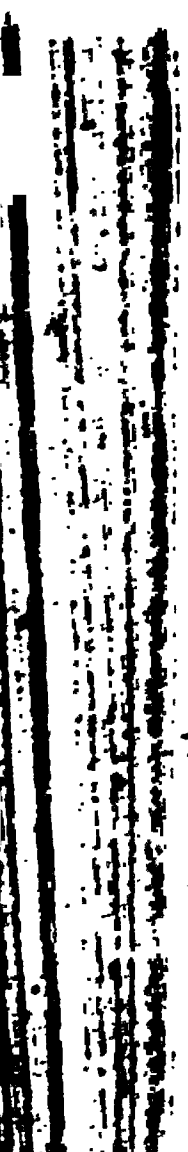
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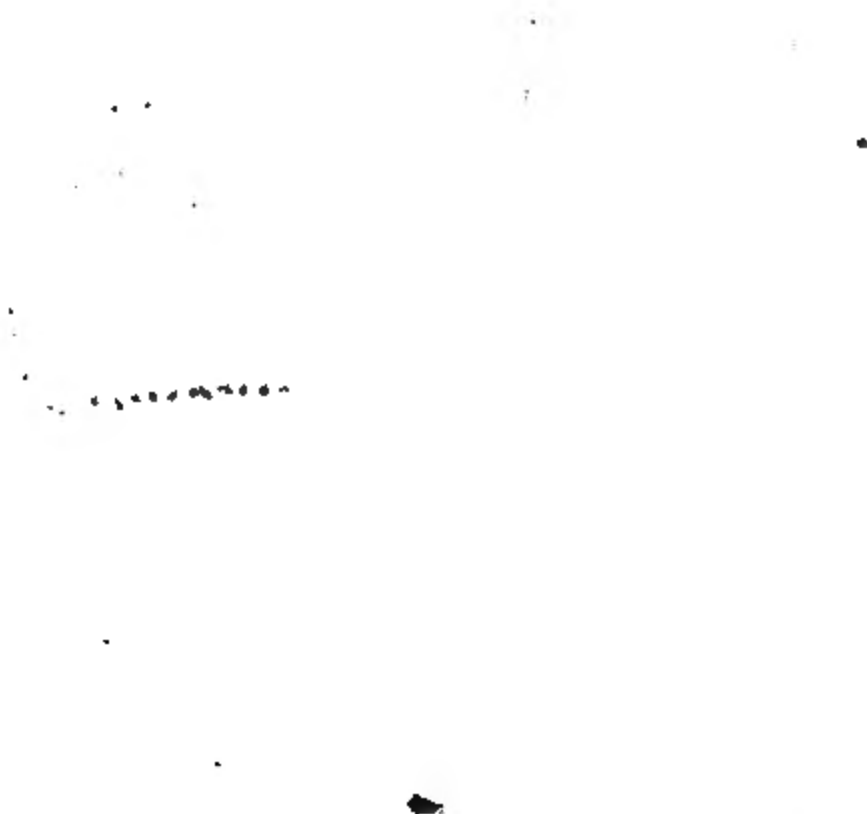






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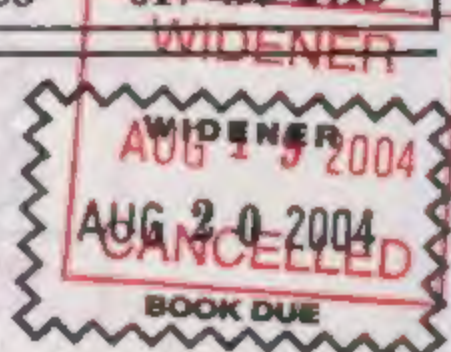
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